

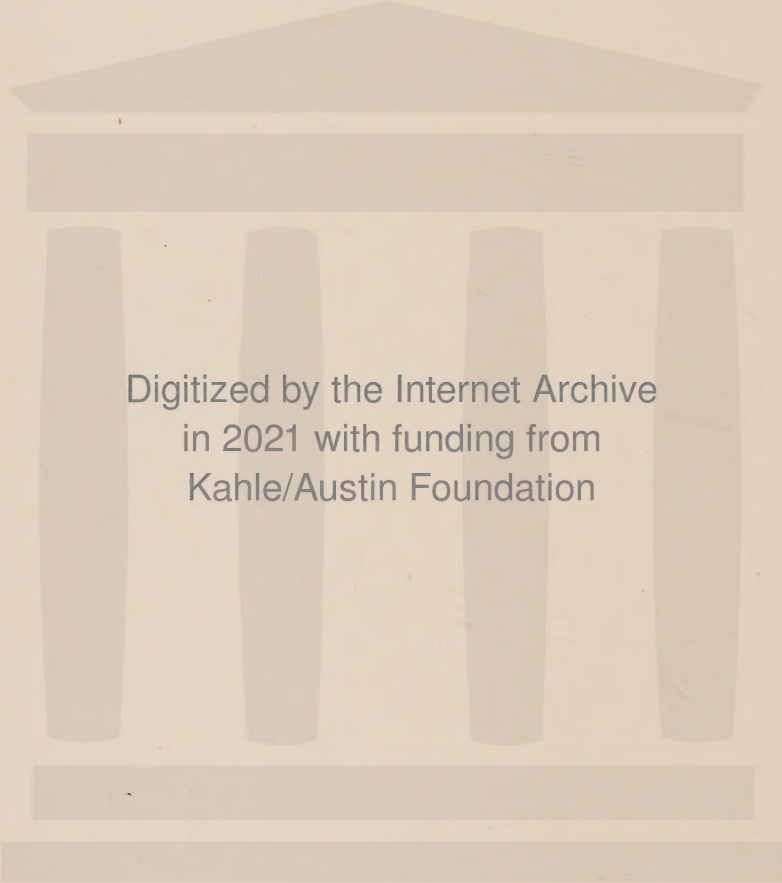
HOW I WORKED MY WAY AROUND THE WORLD



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How I Worked My Way
Around the World

BY
HARRY STEELE MORRISON

The Romantic Story of a Young American who Traveled Fifty Thousand Miles by Land and Sea, Interviewed Crowned Heads and other Notabilities, and Returned Home with Both Money and Experience, having Literally Worked His Way Around the World

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

RUSSELL SAGE



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TO
ELECTRA R. COX
OF CHICAGO

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF HER
MOTHERLY KINDNESS TO

THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION

R. MORRISON has asked me to write a few words of introduction to the narrative of his experiences, and I am glad to do so, though, to my mind, no introduction is needed. His story speaks for itself. It is the record of a young man who has achieved unusual success in traveling, and in gaining access to notable persons throughout the world. It shows what may be accomplished when a youth starts out with a determination to win, and to leave no stone unturned until he accomplishes his ambition. Mr. Morrison desired to gain experience with the world, and he gained it in the proper way. Men and women were glad to assist him, because they could see that he deserved to be helped. There was nothing loud or audacious about him when he sought interviews with the great ones of the world. He always knew perfectly what he wanted, and he wasted no time in having it understood. He had confidence in himself and in his success, and faith that every one would help him on, and these qualities in a boy are singularly attractive.

It would not be at all safe for other boys to undertake what he was able to accomplish, for in nine cases out of ten they would not come out so well. Mr. Morrison himself would be unwilling to start again from Chicago with twenty-five dollars in his pocket, to travel through Europe, and he would not advise others to emulate his example.

But there are other things that boys can do in order to gain a foothold in their chosen profession. It isn't necessary to travel in order to get on in the world, for many of the most successful men have never moved far from their native towns. Many of us who think we are poor, are rich in opportunities if we could only see them, in possibilities all about us, in faculties worth more than riches, in power to do good. In the large Eastern cities, it has been found that at least ninety-four out of every hundred found their first fortune at home, or near at hand, and in meeting common, every-day wants. It is a sorry day for a young man who cannot see any opportunities where he is, but thinks he can do better

INTRODUCTION

somewhere else. The story is told of several Brazilian shepherds, who organized a party to go to California to dig gold, and who took along a handful of clear pebbles with which to play checkers on the voyage. They discovered upon their arrival at Sacramento, when they had thrown most of the pebbles away, that they had been playing with diamonds. They hastened back to Brazil, only to find that the rich diamond mines had been taken up by others.

Professor Agassiz used to tell the students at Harvard of a farmer who owned a stretch of hundreds of acres of unprofitable woods and rocks, and who concluded to sell out and try some more remunerative business. He studied coal measures and petroleum deposits, and experimented for a long time. He sold his farm for two hundred dollars, and went into the oil business two hundred miles away. Only a short time afterward the man who bought the farm discovered a great flood of petroleum, which the farmer had ignorantly tried to drain off.

Every young man should look about him and see what he can do for himself and for others. Few boys are able to travel around the world, but every boy can attend school and college, and there acquire the foundations of true success. It must be borne in mind that the great things of the world have not been done by men of large means. Want has been the great schoolmaster of the American race: necessity has been the mother of most great inventions. There is power lying latent everywhere, waiting for the observant eye to discover it.

Mr. Morrison's simple story should be an object lesson; it teaches that with the foundation of good character and habits, with industry and courage, the young American who is early thrown upon his own resources, can rise through perseverance and make a success in life.

RUSSELL SAGE.

FOREWORD

In all our decisions and actions, it would be well for us to remember the suggestive inscription that was written on the gates of Busyrane. As the traveler entered that ancient city, he read on the first gate, "Be bold;" and on the second gate, "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold;" and then he paused as he read on the third gate, "Be not too bold!"

—EMERSON.

WHEN I first began to travel, I found that the above paragraph from Emerson was an excellent one to bear in mind. I discovered that as long as I had confidence in my ability to get along, people were glad and willing to assist me in accomplishing my ambition, and that when I was discouraged and hopeless, everyone seemed only too ready to help along that feeling, also. Therefore, I acquired the habit of being bold—of trying things, whether I was confident of success, or not. I sought to impress it upon people with whom I came in contact, that my object in traveling was not to seek adventure, but to gain an education, and the great men and women whom I interviewed were usually glad to encourage me in my plan. Probably I would not have fared so well had I been older; so I have never regretted that I started out at sixteen, for I was then at an age to be deeply impressed with all that I experienced in foreign lands.

The narrative of these experiences is written, in the hope that they may serve as an inspiration to young men and women who find it difficult to get on in their chosen occupations. "When you get in a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer," said Harriet Beecher Stowe, "never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide'll turn."

It is possible, of course, to be too bold and too persistent. The fortunate person is he who can combine perseverance with tact and discretion, and who not only knows what to do, but when to do it. Such a one may travel anywhere without fear of difficulty.

Some of the photographs used as illustrations were taken on my journeys. For many of the others I am indebted to Rensselaer W. Cox, Esq., of Chicago.

Harry Steele Morrison

New York City, Nov. 1, 1903.

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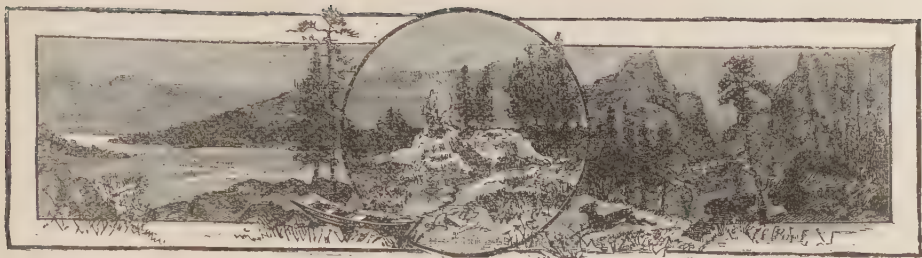
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CHAPTER I

Starting Out Into the World

THE town of Mattoon, Illinois, is a flourishing place of ten thousand inhabitants, surrounded with fertile farm lands, and boasting two railway machine shops, together with other smaller industries. Persons who spend their lives in larger cities will scarcely understand how busy a boy can be in a town of this size. During the fourteen years of my life which were spent in this town, I was never at a loss for something to do, and I was especially busy after I became ten years old. We had a large back-yard at home, where the soil was rich and deep, and in the spring of the year I planted radishes and lettuce and other vegetables, which I later peddled among the neighbors. The fresh garden stuff was always in demand, and I was generally able to earn forty or fifty cents before school in the morning.



In the winter, when there were no vegetables to sell, I supplied my customers with mince-meat, horse-radish and other home-made foods, so that my trade was about the same the whole year round. When I had visited my list of patrons in the morning, I went to school at nine o'clock and remained until three or four in the afternoon. Then, when school was over for the day, I began my duties as janitor and counter assistant in the small public library of the town. The work there was not very agreeable in some respects. The library occupied two good-sized rooms over a store in the principal street, and it required a great deal of work to keep them clean. They required to be swept and dusted three times a week, and in the winter a fire was necessary during the hours when the library was open. The windows, too, were often in need of washing, and the front stairs had to be scrubbed

once in every week. My salary as janitor was two dollars a month and I usually felt that I had earned it when the pay-day came round.

But if the wages were small, I was benefited in other ways by my labors in the library. The companionship of good books is of inestimable value to a boy of twelve or fourteen, and under the helpful training of the librarian I learned to appreciate the best in literature. She objected to my reading some of the books which are so popular with small boys, fearing, no doubt, that I would get some wild ambitions which would do me no good. And I afterward knew that she was right, for things appear very differently in books than when they are actually experienced in real life.

With my trade in vegetables and home-made foods to keep me busy in the mornings, with my schooling through the day and my library work in the evening, I was a very busy boy. I was also very happy. One is always content when every hour is occupied in some useful work, and the money I was able to earn gave me a feeling of independence which was a great satisfaction to me. After I was ten years old I was able to pay for my own wearing apparel, buy my own school-books, and to furnish my own money for the other incidental expenses which come to a boy in a small town. It seemed the natural thing to earn my own money when I desired any particular object, or wanted to attend an entertainment. When the circus came round in summer, I always managed to somehow work my way in to see the show, either by carrying water for the animals or running errands for the managers. On one occasion, when Barnum's was in town, I worked all day as an extra waiter in a restaurant to earn fifty cents, and in the evening I enjoyed the performance all the more because I had made the effort to see it.

The Sabbath in a Small Town

I was generally fully occupied on Sunday, as well as through the week. I think I used to visit the church on an average of four times on the Sabbath. This doesn't prove that I was an exceptional boy, or that I particularly desired to go, for in a town like Mattoon there isn't much that a boy can do on Sunday except go to church. But I usually enjoyed the services. There was Sunday-school and church in the morning, the meeting of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor at two-thirty in the afternoon, the prayer-meeting of the older Endeavor Society at six in the evening, and after that the regular evening service of the congregation. Sometimes I attended all five of the meetings, and when I skipped any it was the long church service in the morning.

The meeting of the Junior Endeavor meant more to me than all of the other services combined. I was proud of the fact that I was one of the charter members of the society, and usually the superintendent had made sure of my interest by appointing me to some official position. Every one of us, too, was expected to take some active part in the meeting, and some boy or girl presided over us,

sitting beside the superintendent on the platform. There was considerable rivalry among us to say something interesting when we rose to speak, and every member desired to please the good superintendent by attending regularly each Sunday afternoon.

My favorite position was that of Chairman of the Missionary Committee. When a very small boy, I delighted to read of the heroes of the mission fields, and at school, geography was the study I liked best of all. Whenever a returned missionary was to visit our town, I urged mother to entertain her in our home, and when the distinguished person arrived I listened open-mouthed to the narrative of strange experiences in far-off lands. So, as Chairman of the Missionary Committee, I thoroughly enjoyed arranging for the monthly missionary meetings of the society, when we learned about the great work carried on in many parts of the world.

Our interest in missions was not expressed solely by our monthly meetings. We managed to accumulate a sum of money each year to be sent to the home and foreign boards of the church, and our methods for securing the cash were often unique. One spring, near Easter-time, the superintendent presented each of us with five cents, which we were directed to make grow during the summer, and bring back the original nickel and its earnings at Thanksgiving time. This was a scheme which appealed to us all, and most of the members set to work to make the five cents become a dollar.

My plan was very simple and easily accomplished. I invested the nickel in radish seed, which I planted, and the money I earned by selling the vegetable was kept for the mission fund. One of the girls in the society bought five cents' worth of pop-corn and made some pop-corn balls. As her father was proprietor of the local hotel, she was able to dispose of them like hot cakes. She placed more on sale the following week, and so on through the summer, so that when the day of reckoning came she contributed the greatest amount to the fund. Other members sold home-made candy, and the boys made useful articles out of an original investment of five cents, so that everyone had multiplied his capital in some way, and we all had a good time doing it.

On another occasion the Missionary Committee determined to hold a Chinese Reception. There were several Chinese laundrymen in the town, and as they were members of our Sunday-school, we depended upon them to lend us enough articles to give the reception an excuse for its name. There were two vacant rooms next to the public library, which I cleaned up and prepared for the great event. We scoured the community in search of Chinese parasols, fans, or any article with an Oriental appearance, and managed to secure a sufficient quantity to decorate the bare walls and ceilings. Some of the girls in the society dressed in Chinese costumes, and for refreshments we served tea and wafers at the enormous price of five cents. This was the only charge for attending, and of course we did a thriving business during the afternoon. Everyone thought they received

their money's worth, we juniors had a most exciting good time, and the affair netted something like five dollars to the funds of the Missionary Committee.

Boyish Desires and Ambitions

What spare time I had at home I spent in reading. I was never so happy as when, with a book before me, I sat lost in the far-off countries of which I read. My favorite volumes were the *Boy Traveler* series, and the various books of Bayard Taylor, and I was interested in any stories which told of life in large cities or amid unusual surroundings. When mother wanted me to do chores about the house she accused me of reading too much, and at times she hid the books from me in order that I might take more interest in what she wanted me to do. But though the books were gone, I went on dreaming about the great world which appeared so fascinating. Back of our house ran a railroad which was the great artery of traffic between Chicago and the South, and often I leaned over the back fence and gazed upon the crowded trains of passengers speeding toward the Illinois metropolis. What would I not have given to have been of their number? It seemed to me then that if I could but once reach the great city there would be nothing more to be desired; I would spend my life 'mid the fascinating crowds and not return home until I had become a successful man of business.

This great desire to go to Chicago was the natural result of some books I had read in the public library. The principal character was usually a country lad, who had left home at an early age and gone to a neighboring city, where, after, many difficulties, he was started on the road to fortune, and ended by becoming both rich and famous. I delighted in tales of this sort, and there was no doubt in my mind but what my experience would be the same, if I could only get to the metropolis of my State.

In the spring of 1896 my life began to appear monotonous and uninteresting. Gardening, and janitoring the library were very well in their way, but I couldn't go on with such work indefinitely, and I longed to see something of the world outside the town in which I was born and reared. The more I thought of Chicago the more determined I was to try my luck in that great city, and as the end of the school term drew near, I decided that I would start as soon as I was free from my studies.

When I mentioned the plan to mother, she didn't encourage me to go further. She thought that if I wanted to work during the vacation I should be satisfied with a place in one of the dry-goods shops, and she declared emphatically that I would stand no chance of getting a position in Chicago, where I was without friends or influence of any sort. But I persisted in spite of these objections, and when it was evident that I would be unhappy until I made the effort, mother finally consented that I should go the day after school was out.

No one had an idea that I would be gone more than a week or two at the most,

and mother expected that in case I secured work I wouldn't remain longer than the regular summer vacation of the schools. I had in the bank about fifteen dollars, which I had saved from my earnings at home, and this I knew would be sufficient to pay my expenses for a week or two at least. If my money ran out before I secured anything to do, I would of course return home, and I would at least have had the experience of a few days in Chicago, and the satisfaction of making an effort to accomplish my ambition.

I went about bravely making my preparations to leave home, but toward the last my heart began to fail me a little. My desire to go was still strong through the day, but at night I doubted whether it was a wise step to take, after all. If mother had talked with me at night, and asked me not to go, I would readily have promised to remain; but she had evidently decided that I had better try my wings, and she made no effort to discourage me after she had once given her consent.

Breaking Home Ties

It would be impossible to forget that morning when I left the house where I had spent the fifteen years of my life. I tried not to cry, and thought of the stories I learned at school about the Spartan youth, but the tears came in spite of me. I was glad when the train pulled out of the station, and I had taken my last look at the red barn as we passed out of the town.

I was full of confidence when we reached Chicago. The sight of the endless rows of buildings acted as a tonic, and I was thrilled with the sense of the immensity of the city. I hunted a boarding-house when I left the railway station, and after the evening meal I walked out and feasted on the thousand and one new sights and sounds. It was exhilarating merely to watch the cable cars.

After breakfast the next morning I purchased a newspaper, and started out to answer the advertisements of "boys wanted." I made a weary round of dozens of offices, only to be told in each place that a boy had been already hired. It finally dawned upon me that I must have started out too late in the morning, and I gave up the effort for that day. The next morning I was out much earlier, and at the first place I visited I found about forty boys waiting in the hallway to be examined. They were taken into the office one by one, and when it came my turn to go I found myself before a spectacled gentleman who asked me all sorts of questions. He said he liked my appearance and that my handwriting was sufficiently good, and then he asked me if I lived with parents. Of course I answered No. "Then with whom do you live?" he asked. "I live with myself," I replied. "Do you mean to tell me?" he continued, "that you are alone in Chicago, among strangers?" When I answered in the affirmative, he told me I wouldn't do at all. "We never hire boys of your age who are living alone in a city like this. They are too apt to form bad habits and bad companions and be of

no use whatever in the office." I showed him a letter of recommendation which I had brought from the pastor of our church at home. "I think you can trust me," I said, "and I would like to come again and see if you have found anyone more suitable." "Very well," said the spectacled gentleman, "you may come to-morrow and I'll talk with you again."

When I called the next morning he hadn't decided upon a boy, and he asked me to come the following day. I did so, and when he wasn't yet prepared to make a decision, I went the next day, and so on until I had been to see him five times. Finally he said he would give me the place, and he explained after a few weeks that he had hired me not so much because he thought I was suitable, but because he thought that was the only way to get rid of my calling every morning to ask for a position. So, evidently it was perseverance rather than ability which won.


My First Position

The gentleman was in charge of a real estate office and my work there was that of an office-boy. My wages were only fifteen dollars a month, and I saw at once that it wouldn't be easy to make ends meet in Chicago upon any such sum of money as that. I realized that it would be impossible for me to remain at the boarding-house where I had gone to live, and in fact the only way for me to live was to do light-housekeeping in some cheap lodging. I had brought with me from home a small coffee-pot, and I purchased a skillet and an alcohol lamp, and with a few other dishes and utensils I knew I would be able to cook my own breakfast in my room. I found a good room within walking distance of the office, so that I didn't have car-fare to pay, and in this room I began my solitary life in a great city.

I wasn't very successful with my cooking in the beginning, but that was because I tried some difficult dishes. In a short time I learned to be content with coffee and rolls, and an egg or piece of bacon for breakfast, and for lunch I put up a couple of sandwiches, with some fruit and cake. I arranged to take my dinners in the evening at a cheap boarding-house, where I was allowed six for a dollar, with a deduction of sixteen and two-thirds cents for each time I was absent. I regularly washed my own underwear, handkerchiefs and socks, and by economizing in every possible way, and by getting as many invitations as possible out to dinner, I managed to come out even at the end of each week. So long as I did that, I was happy. I had accomplished my ambition to live in a great city, I was earning my own living, and so far the life in Chicago was every bit as fascinating as I had expected it would be. In the weeks to come I was to have some experiences which would change my impressions, but in the beginning my letters home were filled with glowing accounts of the interesting life I led.

CHAPTER II

First Traveling Experiences

HADN'T been many days in Chicago when I began to feel homesick. I found it rather lonesome when I returned to my little lodging in the evening and found none there to greet me, and it was very different from the home life to which I had been accustomed. The long boarding-house table at which I ate my dinner was different, too, from the cheery supper table at home, and there was often a lump in my throat as I thought of the family in Mattoon. When I finished dinner I usually took a walk about the city, and when I tired of walking I returned to the little room and sat down to read. But reading, also, seemed somehow different. The very silence round about me became oppressive. The street in which I lived was a very quiet place, and in the evening the house was absolutely silent; at first I thought the silence would help me in my reading; but I found that it got on my nerves and became intolerable. I would then go out and wander about the streets for the sake of the animation, the crowds, and the lights; or perhaps I would pay twenty-five cents to sit in the gallery of a theatre, if there was some famous actor playing in the city.

I was rather shy during those first weeks in the city, and I looked even younger than my age. I spoke to no one, and no one spoke to me. I suppose it was risky for me to wander about Chicago streets at night, but I came to no harm. I had no idea of the evil all about me, and I had no suspicion that any one would care to harm me. By observing the passing show I learned many interesting things about city life, and the training was of value to me when I began to travel over the earth.

Homesick Days

Even now I cannot think of those lonely evenings in my Chicago lodging without a touch of the old terror. I see myself sitting under the gaslight, with a book in my hand. I start with the story, but presently the book rests in my lap. I begin to think of the folks at home, and what they are doing at this hour. Presently the silence is too much for me. I take my hat and go out. In every city there are thousands of young fellows to-day who find, as I found every evening, the silence and loneliness intolerable. They wander out in search of excitement and a change, and too often they end in disgrace where they only meant to be amused. If some of our rich men had a fuller appreciation of the needs of these young men, they would contribute more liberally to the work of

the Young Men's Christian Association and other organizations, which aim to keep the fellows out of mischief.

After a few weeks the summer passed, and mother suggested that I had better return home and begin school with the fall term. I replied that I didn't like to give up my position, now that I was getting fairly started, and explained that I was doing some studying in my spare hours, and that I intended to continue my education. This satisfied mother, and she consented that I should remain. I was glad, for I had hardly begun to work out my ambition as yet, and it would be too bad to go home after only three months' experience in the city.

In October the first of the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra was announced to take place at the Auditorium, and I heard that there would be two concerts each week until the following spring. I had long heard of this famous organization, and it seemed to me that nothing could be finer than to listen to such excellent music every week. The admission fee, however, was more than I could afford to pay at every concert, and it occurred to me that I might be able to work my way in to hear the music. I went to see the manager, and was told that if I was willing to rent opera-glasses to the audience, he would be glad to pass me in, and pay me ten cents commission on each glass that I rented. This seemed a very liberal proposition, and I accepted at once.

The concerts were a boon to me in more ways than one. The music was a revelation; better than any I had ever heard before. They lessened the number of lonesome evenings I had to spend in my room, and I was always glad when Friday and Saturday arrived. I was interested, too, in watching the crowds of concert-goers, many of whom I learned to know by sight. For a few weeks I rented the opera-glasses, and evidently my work was pleasing to the authorities, for when the grand opera company arrived from New York for a season of four weeks, I was placed in charge of one of the check-rooms. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen each evening I took charge of the hats and coats of the assembling audience, and when the opera was over I gave them out again. Another boy was with me in the room, and after the crowd was seated he was willing that I should go inside and hear the music. This was a great delight to me. The singers ranked among the best in the world, and in their repertoire were the greatest operas ever written, so that before the close of the season I had listened to the best of music for thirty nights, and I had made a beginning in my musical education.

Earning Some Extra Money

The check-room was profitable, too. I earned about a dollar at each performance, and at the end of the season I had saved twenty-five dollars through this extra night-work. This money I deposited in a savings' bank. I didn't know that I would need it for any particular purpose, but I knew that I would feel more comfortable with a little something to fall back upon in case of illness or an

accident. Certainly I had no idea that this nest-egg would be the means of my visiting Europe later on, and if any one had told me that in six months I would be in London, I would have told them they were vastly mistaken, for nothing at that time was farther from my mind.

My work as office-boy was of the simplest nature, and I had a great deal of time during the day when there was nothing at all for me to do. Then I would sit and make plans for the future, and in the end I concluded that there was no prospect of advancement for me in that position. Probably my wages would be increased from fifteen to twenty dollars a month at Christmas time, but that was scarcely worth working for.

As the winter passed my discontent increased. I began to wonder if there wasn't something else I would rather be than an office-boy, and gradually it came to me that one of the most interesting professions in the world is that of a reporter on a newspaper. The more I thought of it the better I liked the idea, and I at once began to draw books from the public library on the subject of journalism and how to succeed therein. The men in the office had often told me that I appeared to have a gift for writing, and my letters home had frequently been printed in the town paper. So probably I had a little talent for the work to begin with. I determined to seek an opening on one of the Chicago dailies, and for some time I occupied my noon hour with calls upon the various editors. If I failed to secure an audience on my first visit I went again, and continued to go until I saw the editor himself and stated the object of my visit. I was usually received as an unconscious humorist, and perhaps it wasn't strange that the editors laughed. When they heard that I was only sixteen they usually told me to wait a few years before beginning newspaper work, and none of them found it possible to give me a trial.

There was one editor upon whom I looked as a sort of friend. He always checked his hat and coat at my window at the Auditorium, and he sometimes stopped to exchange a few pleasant words with me. So when all the others had refused to encourage me I went to him. "Well," he said, after I had explained my desire, "what have you got to write about?" I confessed that I didn't have anything in particular, but I told him I could find something if he would give me a trial. His reply was very straight and to the point. "You'd better find something first," he said, "and we'll see later on about the position."

At last I understood that in order to write, it is first necessary to have something to say, and I began to wonder what I could do and where I could go to find something to write about. Then I noticed glowing reports in the newspapers of the coming Queen's Jubilee in London, and it occurred to me that if I could cross the ocean, and witness that celebration, I would probably find something worth writing about, and in that way I could get the start which I wanted in newspaper work. Other persons had traveled abroad and sent letters to the papers, so why shouldn't I do the same? It was a rapturous moment for me when I reached

this decision. I felt instinctively that I had hit at last upon the very thing to do, and I began forthwith to make my plans.

Planning a Trip Abroad

Of course it wouldn't be an easy thing to reach London from Chicago. I had only twenty-five dollars in the bank, and that would scarcely more than pay my expenses to New York, so I must find some means of working my way. Perhaps, I thought, I could work my way from Chicago to Buffalo on one of the lake steamers, and once in Buffalo it would be a simple matter to reach New York. I had no conception of the great area of New York State, and I thought that since Buffalo and the nation's metropolis were in the same State, they must naturally be near to each other. If it cost very much to pay my carfare to the seaport, I planned to walk the distance. Had I known that it is four hundred and fifty miles, I would have arranged a different plan. Once in New York, I was sure I would have no difficulty in securing a position of some sort on one of the steamers going to England, and once on the other side, I would send articles to the editors, and they would send me large checks in payment, and after that it would all be smooth sailing.

When I had the trip planned in this fashion, I went round again to see the editors and tell them all about it. I also requested them to sign contracts with me for articles to be sent from the other side, and suggested that I would be very glad to have them pay some money in advance on account. The editors didn't receive my announcement with as much enthusiasm as I expected to see. Most of them, in fact, advised me to give up the plan altogether, and none of them were willing to make a contract for articles to be sent. They said they were afraid that I wouldn't be able to reach London unless I had more money with which to start, and when I mentioned that I expected to see Mr. Gladstone and Queen Victoria on the other side, they said frankly that there was no use trying it.

Finally I called upon Mr. Kohlsaatt of the *Times-Herald*, who had first advised me to find something to write about. He, too, was doubtful whether I would reach England, but he said that if I was determined to go, he would secure me a pass over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as far east as Philadelphia. This offer was the first encouragement I had received, and I determined that nothing should keep me from now carrying out my plan.

I had purposely delayed writing home about the trip, and when I finally informed mother of what I expected to do, she was naturally opposed to the plan. She even said that if I persisted they would send for me to come home. I had expected this opposition, and set to work to overcome it. Every day I sent a letter telling of what I expected to do, and how sure I was of doing it. I said that I couldn't be happy unless I was permitted to make the effort, and at last I received a reply saying that I could go. My persistence had had the desired



PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY AT HOME



SITTING-ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE

effect. I have never received a letter which made me more happy, for by this time I could think of nothing but my trip, and it was intolerable that anything should keep me from going.

I lost no time in starting from Chicago. The few belongings I wanted to take with me I packed in a shirt-box which was given me at a furnishing store, and with this and one other package I began an eight-months' trip. I included among the necessary articles my little coffee-pot and the alcohol lamp which I had used in my light-housekeeping, and they were of service throughout the trip.

It was a beautiful day in May when I started on my travels, and less than a year since I had first left home. I had learned much that was helpful during those months in Chicago, and I felt more sure of myself than when I arrived in that city. I started now on my trip to Europe, full of hope, ambition and determination to succeed. No one thought I would be able to accomplish my plans, and this fact in itself spurred me on to persevere. I must leave nothing undone to reach England.

A New Idea

As the limited train sped eastward and I sat very still in my seat, with my face pressed up against the window, a new idea entered my mind. I read again the conditions on the back of my railway pass, and saw that they provided for a stop-over at Washington. I decided that it would pay me to take advantage of the privilege and make an effort to see the President and Mrs. McKinley. If I were going to England to see Mr. Gladstone and the Queen, it would be well to start out by seeing the President of the United States. So when the train pulled into Washington the next day, I gathered up my box and my bundle and left my traveling acquaintances. They laughed when I told them that I was stopping off to see the President, but by this time I was above such slight discouragements. I checked my luggage at the station and started for the White House without delay, stopping en route to engage a lodging for the night. When I reached the Executive Mansion I gazed upon the beautiful structure with considerable awe. The fact that Jackson and Lincoln and so many others of my heroes had lived in that building was almost enough to deter me from entering. It seemed like sacred ground.

But the men at the door looked very business-like, and not at all scared, and I decided to go in. They stopped me, of course, and inquired the nature of my business, and I told them I wanted to see Mr. Porter, the Secretary to the President, about whom I had read in the papers. I was allowed to go upstairs to the waiting-room, and there I encountered an august official, as broad as he was tall, and very pompous and severe in manner. He demanded whom I wanted to see, and I told him I desired to talk with Mr. Porter. He looked at me with a ludicrous expression on his face. "Don't you know that this ain't no time to see Mr. Porter, child?" he asked. I told him I was sorry if this was a busy day, but that I would sit down and wait.

There were about fifty other persons waiting in the room to see the President or his secretary. Many of them were office-seekers, men and women who had come from every corner of the country to beg an appointment from the Executive. I hadn't been long seated when I saw Mr. Porter come out of his office to speak to some one. I knew him at once from the pictures I had seen published, and when he had finished his conversation, I walked up to him boldly and stated my desire. I told him something of the trip upon which I had started, and he appeared to be much interested. "It's impossible, though," he said, "for you to see the President now. All of these people have been waiting for some time, and I could hardly take you in before them. But if you are willing to wait until four o'clock, when the office will be closed, I will try and arrange it for you." So I sat down again. At four o'clock the doors were closed, the office-seekers filed out, and I was soon the only person left.

With the President of the United States

Mr. Porter appeared in a short time and asked me to follow him. "I think the President will see you now," he said, in his pleasant way, "and you are more likely to have a good visit with him now than in the busy part of the day." I followed him through several rooms, feeling just a little nervous, for I had never before had audience with a person of such importance. After we had passed through several apartments we reached what was evidently Mr. McKinley's private office, and I was disappointed when I didn't see the President anywhere about. But the secretary reassured me. "Never mind," he said, "we won't stop now. He's probably in the sitting-room. Come along."

We passed through another series of rooms and entered the private apartments of the White House. We seated ourselves for a moment, and Mr. Porter ascertained that the President was changing his coat and would be out shortly. While we were sitting there Mrs. McKinley entered the room, and I was thus afforded the unexpected pleasure of an introduction to her. I was delighted with the President's wife. She was greatly interested in hearing of my plan, and I thought it would be impossible for any one to be more pleasing. The President soon emerged from his room and I was presented. Mr. Porter told him what I had started out to do and he seemed to take a real interest in the plan. He encouraged me very much by what he said. "You have the right color of hair," he remarked, "and I'm sure you'll get along all right. Just keep your wits about you and don't get into bad company and you'll succeed."

Mr. McKinley talked with me for some time, giving me words of advice, and I was delighted with this encouragement from such a man as he. Most Americans know of President McKinley's impressive personality, and it is not to be wondered at that I was pleased with my reception.

I enjoyed what seemed to me a good visit with Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, and

when I left I thanked them from the bottom of my heart for their kindness. They said they wished there was more that they could do to help me on my way. After I had taken my departure I walked down Pennsylvania Avenue as if I were walking on air. It seemed to me then that the success of my venture was virtually assured, and that if the President and his wife had been so kind, every other person would treat me likewise.


I remained in Washington over night, and early the next morning I left for Philadelphia, where I had planned to spend a few hours in sightseeing. When I arrived in the Quaker City I went at once to see Independence Hall, only to find it "closed for repairs," which had been its regular condition for a considerable period. It was a disappointment not to see the interior of this historic building, but I knew that I was but one of many thousands who had been through this experience. I went down the water-front, hoping to find a boat which would take me to New York, for my railway pass wasn't good for the rest of my trip. I wanted to save every cent possible, and I hoped that the fare by water would be cheaper than by rail. But there were no passenger steamers, and I couldn't prevail upon the captain of a freighter to let me go with him. So I purchased a ticket by rail, and so reduced my slender sum of money by two dollars and a half.

It was a short journey to New York. The train sped across the Jersey meadows, and just as the twilight deepened into night I arrived at Jersey City and saw the towers and spires of the metropolis across the river. Then, for the first time, a fear that everything might not turn out as I hoped crept into my heart, for it isn't a pleasant experience to land in a great city alone and at night, particularly when you are only sixteen years old.



CHAPTER III

Experiences in New York

 WAS at a loss where to sleep when I had crossed the ferry and stood amid the crowds in Cortlandt street. I knew nothing of New York, and when I spied a policeman I asked him for information. I explained that I would like to find a cheap boarding-place where I could stop for a few days, but the gentleman in uniform wasn't of any assistance. He said he did know a woman in Harlem who kept boarders, but I would have to go several miles to get there, and probably I would get lost on the way. I thanked him for what he hadn't done, and walked on up the street. I came into a brilliantly lighted thoroughfare where street cars were running, and I saw by the sign-post that this was the famous Broadway. On a corner I saw a drug-store, and I followed the usual American plan and went in to ask for direction. The clerk was very obliging. He gave me the address of an hotel near-by, where he said I could obtain a bed for twenty-five cents, and I was delighted at the prospect of a lodging at such a price.

The "hotel" wasn't exactly what I expected it would be like. I discovered that it was situated in the Bowery, and I had heard that this was a dreadful street. Its appearance, too, was far from good; but it was too late to wander about in search of another place, as I was tired and ready for bed; so I accepted the little partitioned room which was assigned to me, and forgot my troubles in sleep.

Alone in the Metropolis

The next day was Saturday, and I was awakened early in the morning by the traffic in the street without. I arose and hastily washed myself, and then went out to get some breakfast. I knew that this would be a busy, important day. I had reached New York and the next thing was to reach London, and I had no time to waste. I bought coffee and rolls for breakfast, and when the meal was finished I wandered down Broadway to the Battery, where I sat for a long time, watching the animated harbor scene. I never before had witnessed such a spectacle, and the longing to travel was kindled anew by the sight of so many great ships passing down the bay.

After a time I left the Battery and walked up Broadway, wandering aimlessly along, with no object in view, and wondering what I had better do next. For the first time I began to appreciate the true magnitude of this undertaking upon

which I had launched myself. What if I couldn't work my way to England after all? What if I should find it necessary to return to Chicago and ask for my old position back again? I resolutely put these fears from me; it was impossible that I should fail after having gone this far.

Featured as the "Boy Reporter"

As I walked up the street I came to the City Hall Park, and beyond it, in Park Row, I saw the building of the *New York World*, with its great gilded dome. I remembered then that I had been advised to call upon the editor of this newspaper, and I decided to call at once. I entered the elevator, and was carried to the eleventh floor, where I came to a door with the words upon it "Editorial Offices, Evening World, Positively No Admittance." But I walked right in. I had learned in Chicago that it doesn't pay to stop at too many signs, if you are really anxious to see an editor. Once inside, the editor was pointed out to me, and I lost no time in stating my business. I took a chair at his side, and taking it for granted that he was busy, I spoke rapidly and to the point. "I am going to Europe in a few days," I said, "and hoped that I could send you some articles from there while I am gone. I expect to interview Mr. Gladstone and the Queen and a great many other famous persons, and if you want anything in the way of such interviews, I hope you can tell me now, for probably I won't have time to call again before sailing."

The editor looked at me in astonishment. I think they are used to seeing all sorts of persons in the *World* office, but evidently I was a new sort. "Is that so?" he said, and I could see that he was interested. Then he asked me how I expected to reach London, and I told him it was my intention to work my passage across the Atlantic. He didn't stop to ask me any further questions. He pressed a button, called a reporter, and told him to "write that boy up." Then he called one of the artists and asked him to make a sketch of me. I was surprised, of course, at all this attention, for from the beginning it had seemed to me a very natural thing that I should start for Europe with twenty-five dollars. The reporter, whom I liked from the first, explained matters, "We're going to give you two columns on the front page," he said, "and that will be a great help to you." Then I understood that I was to have my name in the paper and began to tell the interviewer all about myself, while he listened attentively. After a while he stopped making notes. "Can you write as well as you can talk?" he inquired. "I always thought I could write much better," I replied. "Well," he said, "if that's the case, you'd better write your own story of what you expect to do."

At first I didn't grasp his meaning. "Me write it?" I asked. "Of course," said the reporter, "why not?" So I sat down at one of the little tables with a pile of yellow paper before me, and in an hour I had written a complete account of my first experiences and what I expected to do on the other side. While I was

writing the artist made a sketch, and a couple of hours later, when I went out into City Hall Park, I heard a newsboy calling out "Extry paper, all about the *World's* boy reporter." I lost no time in getting a copy, and handed the boy a nickel in my lavish haste. There, on the front page, were the first two columns filled with the story of the trip I was going to take. There was also a double-column cut of me seated beside Mr. Gladstone, interviewing him. I could hardly believe my eyes, for I had not expected such a flattering reception. I sat on a bench and read the article through three times, for it was my first appearance in type, and I was very proud of my effort.

In the Office of a Millionaire

When I went back to see the editor, he suggested that I should interview the Mayor of New York, which I did. When I went in on Monday morning he said that there was one man in New York whom he wanted me to see, and he said that if I was successful, he had no doubt but what I would see Mr. Gladstone or any one else in England. This man was Mr. Russell Sage. I said I would try to secure the interview, and went at once to Mr. Sage's office. When I opened the door of the outer room I found myself at once in a small, cage-like inclosure, with two doors and two windows opening from it. Both doors and windows were tightly shut, and none seemed to be about. I tapped on one of the windows, and said to the clerk who opened it that I would like to see Mr. Sage. When he learned that I was a reporter, he said that would be impossible, and closed the window with a bang.

I sat down and looked at my watch. I saw that it was about lunch time, and it occurred to me that Mr. Sage must soon be passing out. So I waited, and in about half an hour, a tall, gray, old gentleman walked out. I knew this must be the famous financier, so I stopped him and explained my desire for an interview. "I can't possibly see you now," he said, "but if you'll come to-morrow morning I will try and give you a few minutes."

I was on hand very early the next day, waiting for Mr. Sage to arrive, for I wanted him to see me as he passed into his office. He came soon after eight o'clock, and when he found me seated in the cage-like room he couldn't do otherwise than to invite me in. While the great man opened his mail and read the reports of Wall Street, I talked to him and asked him many questions. Among other things, I inquired what is the surest way of getting rich. "Why," said Mr. Sage, "save your money, of course. And when you get a little ahead, invest it in some good concern. I don't believe in speculating, for there are plenty of safe investments which will pay you a good return on your money."

I returned to the editor with this interview and he was greatly pleased with my success. When this had been printed, I wrote no more until the day I sailed, for it was necessary for me to find an opportunity to work my passage across the



CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK. WORLD BUILDING IN CENTRE



THE BATTERY; LAST GLIMPSE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND

Atlantic. This proved to be a far more difficult task than I had anticipated. Day after day I tramped along the wharves of the North River, calling at every ship I could find, bound for any port in England, and offering to do any sort of work if the officers would only let me go. I offered to wash dishes or scrub the decks or peel vegetables, but somehow they had always some excuse to make. They said that I wasn't strong enough, or old enough, and that I was inexperienced. I knew, of course, that I wasn't very strong; but I was willing, and I was positive I could make myself useful on board ship in one way or another.

The days passed, and I met with no success in my effort to find work, and with each disappointment my discouragement grew. I almost wished that I had been content to remain in Chicago as an office-boy, for certainly it wasn't pleasant to be turned away from every ship with gruff words and ridicule.

At last I felt that I must end the suspense, and I determined to purchase a steerage ticket upon one of the fast liners going to Liverpool. I had earned a little money from the newspaper, and still had a little more than twenty-five dollars. If I bought this passage-ticket, I knew I would arrive in London without any money, but my chief desire at this time was to get started from New York, and I could trust to finding work of some sort when I reached the other side. It was on a Saturday morning that I reached this decision, and I knew that one of the Cunard steamers was to sail on this very day. I got my belongings together and hurried to the pier, where I arrived just in time to see the ship in midstream, headed down the bay. I was too late to go aboard, and stood there with a dazed feeling. It seemed that everything was against me, and that I was never, never, to get started for Europe.

A Cloud with a Silver Lining

But I was fortunate, after all, that I didn't succeed in getting aboard the Cunarder, for I saved my money and carried out my original plan of working my passage. I sat there on the pier for about an hour, during which I became more reconciled to my situation, and then I determined to try again to find a chance to work. I knew there would be no other fast ship which would reach London in time for the Jubilee, and that I had better try once more to find something to do on one of the freighters, of which several would be sailing on this very day.

I walked down West Street, and came shortly to the pier of the Atlantic Transport Line. I saw there a large freighter which was evidently making ready to sail, and I went on board to see the steward. I had some difficulty in finding him, and when I finally located him on deck I told him of the difficulty I had in getting work, and how much I desired to be in London in time for the Jubilee. He looked at me a moment and then said that perhaps he could use me as a pantry-boy, and that I had better go on board that evening, as the ship was to sail the next morning. This was joyful news, indeed. I had succeeded after all in

getting something to do, and I was now assured that I would see England, whether I accomplished any of my other plans or not.


My last day in New York was a happy one. I called to see the friends I had made during my stay, and they were warm in their congratulations on my success in finding work. There was an article in my friendly newspaper stating that the "boy reporter" was about to leave for Europe to see Mr. Gladstone, and after many dark days the sun was shining for me again. I sent a long letter home, telling of my good fortune, for I knew that mother would be anxiously awaiting news of my departure. She had been delighted with my success in seeing the President and with my reception in New York, and she said in her letters that she was reconciled at last to my going so far from home. And though of course she worried somewhat during my absence, she never knew of the unpleasant experiences which befell me, and supposed that I had nothing but good luck, for, of course, I mentioned every encouraging incident which happened.

It was after dark when I boarded the ship which was to be my home for twelve days, and when I reported to the chief steward, he told me I had better go at once to bed and secure a good rest before beginning work the next day. I was shown to my sleeping place by old "Butch," the watchman, and I was disappointed at first in my surroundings. I was assigned to a small room, in the forward part of the ship, which I was to occupy jointly with seven others. There were eight narrow bunks ranged about the walls of the room, and the one given me was short, as well as narrow. The quarters were crowded, to say the least, and I had difficulty in finding a place for my few belongings. I ended by stringing my band-box from the ceiling, and when I undressed I stuffed my clothing under the straw mattress for safety. I had caught a glimpse of one or two of my roommates, and I decided to keep all my belongings out of sight as much as possible.

I discovered that I needn't expect much sleep this first night. My bunk was not only narrow, but it was too short for me to lie at full length, and I twisted and turned without being able to lose myself in sleep. Whenever I dozed I was sure to be awakened by some one of my roommates who had been celebrating his farewell night on shore, and who came on board in a noisy mood. So I lay awake most of the night, thinking of the days and nights to come.

CHAPTER IV

Working My Passage

UST before daylight I had succeeded in going to sleep, when I was awakened by someone shouting in my ear, "Get up, my lad, don't be lazy," and when I opened my eyes there was old "Butch," who had been sent to rout me out of bed. "There's not much danger of my getting lazy if I have to get up at this hour every morning," I replied. I pulled my watch out from under my pillow and saw that it was just four-thirty o'clock. I climbed down from aerial bunk, and after dressing I went on deck at once. There were no facilities for making one's toilet in the "glory-hole," as the little room was called, and I postponed washing until I could find a basin or pail. When I reached the upper deck one of the stewards was waiting for me, and he lost no time in assigning me to work. "You're to help in the pantry, there," he said, "and your principal duty will be to wash dishes." This was good news to me. I had a mistaken idea that dishwashing is always easy work, and I had no conception of the number of dishes I would have to take care of.

First Day at Sea

When I entered the pantry, I found a large pile of dirty plates and cups and saucers waiting to be washed, and I began work without delay. I prepared the hot water in the sink, put in plenty of soft soap, and soon the pile was fast disappearing. I was congratulating myself that I would soon be done, when one of the waiters brought in another and larger pile from the dining saloon. That was only the beginning, for there was a continual stream of dirty dishes throughout the day. I no sooner had one pile washed than there was another awaiting my attention, and I soon decided that I never in my life had seen so many dishes. There were about sixty passengers on board the ship, in addition to the crew, and five meals a day were served in the saloon. I sometimes thought that each passenger must soil at least six plates, from the number I had to wash.

I soon found that I would have to remain in the pantry from half after four in the morning until about nine o'clock at night, with just an hour off in the afternoon between luncheon and tea. When I made my appearance in the morning my first duty was to clear away the refuse of the midnight lunch, which had been served to the night-owls among the passengers. Then, when these dishes were done, "Pants," as the pantryman was called, for short, would send me to the ice-

box and the cold-storage room, to get the butter and milk and other provisions for breakfast. Then, perhaps, he would order me to make the coffee for the passengers, and as I had never before made coffee in such quantities, the result of my effort was very unpopular in the dining-room.

"Pants" was a very hard man to get on with. I never was able to please him with anything I did, and I was scolded from morning until night. I realize now that I was greatly imposed upon. I was made to do the work of one or two others, as well as my own, and when I rebelled I was told by "Pants" that I had better be careful how I talked. "You needn't think that because you're out of sight of land you can do as you please," he said, "for there are plenty of laws to govern unruly youngsters. If you don't do your work properly we will put you in chains in the hold, and when we reach London we'll have you up in court and send you to jail for mutiny." This warning had the desired effect. I was ignorant of the laws of the British Board of Trade, and thought it very likely that "Pants" could carry out his threat. I worked as hard and as long as I could and tried earnestly to please.

Troubles of a Pantry Boy

My efforts, however, were unavailing. I was continually "in hot water" in more senses than one, for "Pants" was in a chronic state of dissatisfaction with me and my work. I had many experiences on board which he never knew anything about, for I did my best to keep them from his ears. One evening, for instance, I was sent with his bunch of keys to the cold storage to get some milk for the passengers' dinner. I opened the door, went inside, and laid the keys on a shelf. When I had the milk I went out, closed the door, and sprung the lock, with the keys still inside. When I realized that all the keys were locked in, and that "Pants" would need them every few minutes at that hour of the day, I was fairly paralyzed by the terror of my position. I had no idea how to recover the keys, and I couldn't bear the idea of going to the pantry and stating the facts of the case. I would have given a good deal at that time to be back in New York, for I could see nothing but trouble ahead.

I decided at last that the best thing to do, under the circumstances, was to see the chief steward himself, and ask him to help me out. So I went to Mr. Morgan with my tale of woe. "You can't guess what I've done, now," I said, with evident agitation. The genial chief laughed. "Well," he said, "if it's anything worse than what you've been doing, it must be bad, indeed." I laughed, too, then, and explained the situation. Mr. Morgan didn't see anything to worry over. "Why," he said, "the ship's carpenter can pick the lock and recover the keys, and 'Pants' will never know anything at all about it. But be careful that you don't lock yourself in there before the voyage is over. You might have to stay in over night, and in the morning there'd be a pantry-boy *glace* in cold storage."

The carpenter was successful in picking the lock, the keys were restored to me, and the pantryman never knew how near he came to getting a good excuse for scolding me. After that I was careful to leave the keys in the lock when I went after provisions. Another source of trouble for me was the hot water tank in the pantry. I was often warned not to let it go dry, and I watched it most carefully, but in spite of my vigilance there were times when it was quite empty. And every time this happened "Pants" repeated his lecture on this subject with great emphasis. One evening, when he was especially cross, I was the joyful witness of his total humiliation. He had been scolding one of the waiters from the saloon, and that worthy, for revenge, waited until "Pants" was out, and then placed a lot of soft soap on the pantry floor. The fat old man soon returned, bearing in his arms a pan of hot meat from the galley, and when he stepped on the tiled floor, both "Pants" and pan went down. There was a howl of anger and a scurrying of waiters in the corridor outside, and when the victim regained his feet there was not a person in sight, for I, too, had fled. The perpetrator of the trick was never discovered, but "Pants" refrained thereafter from losing his temper so frequently with the waiters.

Misery of the Mal de Mer

I had quite expected to suffer from seasickness during the voyage, and when I awoke on the second morning out of New York I saw that my expectations were to be realized. The dreadful feeling came over me as soon as I left my bunk, and a few minutes in the fresh air failed to improve me. When I entered the pantry to begin work I was nauseated by the stuffy atmosphere of the place, and I wondered how I would ever get through the day. I began at once to eat lemons, and I drank salt water and tried every other remedy of which I'd heard, but none of them had any effect. Finally I felt that I couldn't stand the pantry any longer, and I told the frowning "Pants" that I would have to go on deck for air. He was furious at the mere suggestion. "You stay where you are," he shouted, pointing to the garbage pail. "Use that, if necessary," he said, "but stay down here and get the dishes washed. Do you suppose the passengers can eat from dirty plates, just because you imagine you don't feel well. You're a jolly good one, anyhow, to come to sea with a stomach that can't withstand this sea."

I had to admit that the sea was fairly calm, but that didn't make me feel any better. I saw that "Pants" believed I was trying to shirk my work, and I determined then that I would stick it out, however badly I might feel. So for three days I had to wash dishes and be seasick at the same time, and I'm sure no one can imagine a worse combination than that.

The fact was, that I was quite as willing to stay in the pantry as to spend any time in the "glory-hole," where my companions and surroundings were not

altogether satisfactory. Usually one of my roommates was to be found drunk in bed, and those who were sober were not companionable. One of them in particular, who was the ship's sculleryman, made things very uncomfortable for me. He was a half-witted fellow, of massive build, and with the strength of an ox. He seemed to take a violent dislike to me from the very beginning, though I was careful not to do or say anything which could offend him. He was continually making threats against me, and sometimes, as I caught his eyes, I thought that he fairly gloated over the prospect of doing me harm, as a tiger gloats over its prey. He even whispered in my ear that he was only awaiting a chance to kill me, and my blood ran cold when I thought of what he might do as I lay asleep. When I mentioned my fears to the stewards, they said he was harmless, and that I mustn't mind him; but I couldn't believe that he was joking, and I was constantly on the alert.

He appeared to grow more vicious as the days passed, and I complained to the chief steward, who told me that this would be his last trip with the ship, as it had been decided to place him in confinement when the vessel reached port. The chief also considered him harmless, and it seemed that no one would take my fears seriously. I asked to be assigned another place in which to sleep, but there was no other bunk available, and I had to put up with the conditions as they were.

A Thrilling Escape

The affair reached a climax one night as I was seated on the after-deck, thinking, as usual, of what I would do when the ship reached London. Around the corner of the wheel-house, from where I was seated, were several waiters, who were enjoying the cool evening breeze after their hard day's work. It was a moonlight night, and the ocean was beautiful, indeed. All at once I heard a stealthy sound, and when I turned my head I saw standing over me the brutal sculleryman, with a diabolical grim upon his face. He made a move to seize me as I looked up. "I've got you now," he said in a low tone, "and I'm going to fix you, too." I understood his intention in a moment. I was seated near the rail, and it was his evident intention to shove me overboard, and then explain that I had lost my balance. As soon as I saw him I gave one scream that brought the stewards to my side in a moment. The sculleryman ran down the hatchway, with the waiters after him, and he was given a beating that he must remember to this day. After that he was carefully watched, and forced to sleep with the firemen, so that I felt safer than for many days.

I have but few pleasant memories of my life on this ship. The work was hard and the hours were long, and my only recreation was to sit on deck for an hour in the evening, and listen to the fascinating yarns of the cattlemen. These rovers, who were working their passage by caring for the cattle, had traveled the world over, and they had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and tales of

adventure. They were all very good to me, and I made many friends among them. Every evening we had an informal concert of popular songs, and on Sundays we joined in singing some of the good old hymns. The cattlemen would hardly have been picked out as types of Christian gentlemen, but most of them had been to Sunday-school at some period of their lives, and they had learned the Christian songs. Some of them, I discovered, had a far deeper realization of the meaning of our religion than I had imagined could exist, and I learned in this, the beginning of my travels, that one cannot judge by appearances.

Our ship was slow, and I came to feel quite at home on board before the voyage was over. After I had recovered from my seasickness, and after I became accustomed to the routine of my work, the days passed quickly and almost pleasantly. I had plenty to think about, and I was happy in the knowledge that I would soon set foot in England, where I could begin to do some of the things I had planned so confidently. Toward the last I began to count the hours, and it was a happy day when the vessel steamed up the English Channel and dropped anchor in the Thames River off London Town. I was filled with excitement as I looked about the famous stream, for the scene was both new and wonderful to me. Little tugs, puffing and blowing, hurried up and down the stream, great heavy barges floated lazily with the current, steamers carefully picked their way among the smaller craft and out to sea, and the wharves were lined with the vessels of all nations, discharging cargo. The river was not at all beautiful, and not as large as I had expected it would be, but the scene upon its waters was decidedly picturesque.

Our ship was to land the passengers first, and when this was accomplished she was to steam down the river to Deptford, where the cattle were to be unloaded. I was told that the members of the crew would not be permitted to go ashore the next day, and as I was counted as a member of the crew I supposed that I, too, would have to remain on board. This was not at all to my liking. There before me loomed the great city of London, the city of my desire, and it was intolerable that I should have to remain twenty-four hours longer a prisoner, so near, and yet so far. Then, too, I was anxious to disembark before the crew on account of the sculleryman, who had often told me what he would do when he got me alone in London. I sought the chief steward and told him my desire, and he sent me to the first officer. That official was far from agreeable. He looked at me with a frown when he heard my request. "Well, now," he said, "that's Yankee cheek, for you. Don't let me hear any such nonsense. You stay on until we're ready to let you go."

A Hurried Departure

I hurried down to the lower deck to interview some of my cattlemen friends, and they rose to the occasion. "They have no right to keep you on," said one of them, "Because you never signed articles. You have a right to leave as soon

as the ship has reached her destination." They set about to devise a plan for my departure, and they weren't long in reaching a decision. "Have you got a shilling?" one of them asked me. "No," said I, "but I've got a quarter, if that'll do." "It's all the same," remarked my friend, "and now we'll tell you what to do with it. There's a man over at that bank with a rowboat. We'll get him to come over here with it, and we'll hang a rope ladder overboard, up near the prow, and you can climb down into the boat. Once you're in the boat and pulling away, you're all right, because they have no power to bring you back."

I was a little shocked at the boldness of the plan, and suggested that it would perhaps be wrong to take "French leave" in that fashion. But they laughed at my scruples. "Why," said one of the men, "they'll keep you on here just as long as they can, of course. You're not costing them anything, and they can always find something for you to do. You'd better go while you've got this chance; you may not have another so good when you reach Deptford and the cattle-pens."


I went below for my box, and by the time I had it on deck the rowboat was alongside and the rope ladder was in position. I asked the man to wait for just a minute, and I went to say good-bye to the chief steward, who had been so kind in giving me work. He smiled when I told him how I was going ashore and cautioned me to be careful. "Don't let the first officer see you," he said, "or he may try to make things uncomfortable for you."

When there was no officer in sight I shook hands with the cattlemen, dropped my box into the boat, and hurried down the ladder. In almost less time than it takes to write it I was moving toward the shore, and in a few minutes I set foot for the first time on foreign soil. It was a joyful moment. At last I had accomplished my ambition of reaching England, and I had done the thing which no one expected I could accomplish. Now for London Town, and the other things I had planned to do.



CHAPTER V

London Days and Doings

 I STOOD on the dock where I had landed and looked about me. There, on my right hand, was the famous old Tower of London, grim and terrible in appearance, just as I had expected to find it. Not far away, up the river, rose the dome of St. Paul's, dark with age. On every side, as far as I could see, were endless rows of buildings, and in the air was the hum of a world's traffic. It was all very inspiring, and I could have shouted with enthusiasm.

I seated myself on a cargo box and considered the situation. I had in my pocket nearly twenty-five dollars, almost as much as I had started with from Chicago, so thus far the trip had paid for itself. It was necessary now to find work of some sort so that I could save this money for use in emergencies, for my travels were scarcely more than begun. I expected to send articles describing my experiences to two American newspapers, and I expected to get large checks in return, but until the money began to arrive I wanted to save as much as possible of my present funds. So I decided that the best plan was to look for some situation which would net me enough to pay my necessary expenses.

I walked from the wharves to St. Paul's Churchyard and entered the cathedral, to do a little sightseeing before I faced the problems before me. I found it very impressive, and would have been satisfied to remain there for hours instead of minutes, but I must find a place to stay and the day was short. I saw a newsboy with copies of the papers, and I purchased one to look at the want advertisements. I thought it likely that someone would be advertising for a boy to work, and that by answering an "ad." I might find a suitable position. There weren't many "wants" which looked favorable at all, but I noticed at the end of a column one which called for a boy to do chores during the morning, for his room and board. It occurred to me that it would be fortunate if I could have my afternoons to myself, and I asked a policeman to direct me to the address which was mentioned. I found it to be almost in the neighborhood. It was a quaint old inn near the heart of the city, and the pleasant old lady who was in charge said she thought I would answer their requirements. She was greatly impressed when I told her I had just landed from America, and said I was certainly a brave boy to travel alone so far from home. I told her I didn't feel brave at all, because if I had known in the beginning what was ahead of me I would probably not have started from Chicago.

My Home in London

The inn was one of the quaintest places imaginable, a solitary relic of some bygone age, for it was very old indeed, and looked ready to tumble down. It was just such a house as I had pictured in my dreams of London streets and I was glad to have it for my home. I was told that I was to act as if it were my home, indeed, and the landlady was most kind. My work, too, was easy. In the morning I was expected to kindle fires, trim the lamps and candles and sweep the floors. After a few days I was trusted with errands to the market, and in a couple of weeks I was sent to buy all the provisions for the inn. I was always through by noon, and after the midday meal I started out to see some of the famous places of which I had read. I must have walked miles before I returned at night. There wasn't much method in my sightseeing; I wandered through one quaint street after another, and when I reached a public building or gallery I went inside.

I never failed to be impressed with the traffic of the London streets. It seemed that I could fairly feel it in my bones that I was in the very greatest city in the world, and I sometimes thought that all the millions of inhabitants must be in the streets. Everything was very different from what I had seen in Chicago and New York. Instead of the trolley and cable cars, the streets were crowded with innumerable 'buses, which were always filled with passengers, inside and out. They looked very strange at first, covered with advertisements, and I thought them very inferior to the Broadway cable. I had learned something of English money on the steamer, but I had difficulties with it, just the same. On one of my afternoon walks I entered a tea-shop, to follow the English custom of taking tea in the afternoon. The place was filled with people who were eating bread-and-butter with their tea, so I ordered the same, when a waitress with pink cheeks and frizzled hair came to take my order. When I had finished eating I asked her for a check. "Thrippence-ha'penny," she said, and I couldn't imagine what kind of a sum that could be. I handed her a shilling, and as she gave me eight and a halfpence in change, I decided that what she meant was three pence and a halfpenny. I soon learned that a "bob" is a shilling, a "tanner" is a sixpence, and a "dollar" in England stands for a five-shilling piece.

I noticed particularly, during the first days of my stay, the English boys. Many of them appeared in the streets in the uniforms of the different schools, and I was astonished when I first saw an Eton boy in his regulation costume. It consisted of long trousers, a short black coat, similar to waiters' jackets, and a high silk hat. It impressed me as decidedly strange that a boy of twelve or thirteen should be wearing such a hat, but after a few weeks I learned that it is quite the proper thing for English boys to wear top hats as soon as they have donned long trousers.

When I returned to the little inn after a day of wandering, I found it very interesting to sit there and listen to the people of the neighborhood as they gos-

siped and argued the questions of the day. There was a strong feeling against Germany among the working class, and it was a source of never-failing amusement to hear the threats of the workmen as to what would be done to humiliate the haughty Teutons. America, too, was always an interesting topic of conversation, and I was plied with questions regarding my native land. The ignorance of most uneducated Englishmen regarding American geography is something peculiar, and I soon gave up any attempt to set them right in their ideas. One evening, for instance, there was a serious argument regarding the situation of the Hudson River. One "navvy" insisted that it flowed between two ranges of the Rocky Mountains, while another held that the Rocky Mountains were at least three hundred miles west of the Hudson. I thought it a shame to shock them with the truth, and so let them argue it out to suit themselves.

The Queen's Diamond Jubilee

The one great event to which I had looked forward on my arrival in London was the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and the celebrations which were to take place on that occasion. I had read about the event for so long that my expectations were greatly exaggerated, and I thought I was to witness something which would be almost beyond description. There were evidences when I reached London that the celebration was not far off. Great reviewing stands, capable of seating many thousand people, had been erected along the streets through which the Queen's procession was to pass, and enormous prices were being asked for the seats. Decorations in gas and electric lights were placed on the principal public buildings and business houses, and there was scarcely a hovel anywhere in the great metropolis which didn't show its Union Jack or bit of bunting. All London was occupied with preparations for the great day, and when it finally arrived the city presented a gala appearance.

Preparations were made for handling a crowd of many millions. The restaurants and hotels stored up great quantities of provisions, and every householder who could spare a room was advertising it for rent at a fabulous price. There were predictions that even the greatest city in the world would be unable to accommodate the crowd which was sure to come, that grand stands would probably collapse, and that all sorts of calamities would happen before the celebration was finished. Every one was interested in the condition of the weather, for a rainy day would cause a loss of millions of pounds.

There was more excitement in London than there is in America during a Presidential campaign, and I was greatly impressed with the British enthusiasm for the Queen. They seemed to fairly worship the good woman who had reigned so long and so well, and I was filled with curiosity to see what such a great Queen looked like.

When the eventful day arrived, I think all London rose about four o'clock

to see what the weather was like. The day was fair, and millions were made happy. I was up early in order to finish the necessary chores I had to do, and at six o'clock I started out in order to find a good place from which to view the procession. I was surprised to find a crowd which was much smaller than I had expected to see, and as the day advanced it was evident that the calamitous predictions had scared many people into staying at home. There was such a throng, however, that I found it impossible to find a point from which I could see over people's shoulders, and I was becoming discouraged, when I came to a church which fronted on a street through which the parade would pass. The building was surrounded with grand stands with the exception of one window, and there I saw two small boys seated. There was room for one more boy, so I got up beside them, and I'm sure that we three had a better view of the procession than many people who had paid twenty and twenty-five dollars for seats in the reviewing stands.

First Glimpse of Royalty

It was a long time before the procession reached my neighborhood, but in the interval of waiting I found much that was interesting to watch. In the street below I observed nearly every type of humanity to be found in London. There were the costers from Whitechapel, the aristocrats from the West End, and the working classes from the suburban districts. It was easy to know when the procession approached. The crowds started cheering while the Queen was yet a half mile off, and as she approached the din grew in volume until it was fairly deafening. There was an awful crush in the street below, for every one was pushing and shoving to get near the Sovereign. I hadn't a very good look at the Queen as she drove past. The carriage moved rapidly, and I could only see her bowing head over the shoulder of the Princess Beatrice. I determined then and there that I would get a closer look before I left London, but I had no idea how I would be able to manage it, as I had learned during my short stay in London how difficult it is to get audience with royalty, unless one has a proper introduction.

The Jubilee celebrations at night were far more spectacular than those of the day. The illuminations surpassed anything I had dreamed of, and the fireworks were on a larger scale than I would have believed possible. Nearly every building in the city bore its crown of light and the familiar royal initials "V. R." and there were dozens of portraits of the royal family, outlined in fire. The streets were thronged with people, those who had remained home in the morning venturing out at night in the hope that there would be fewer pedestrians. The police, however, as usual in London, were equal to the occasion, and there were no serious accidents. But when I finally returned to my little inn I felt completely exhausted from struggling with the crowd. It had been a wonderful and a memorable day, and I had enjoyed the experience of a genuine British holiday, but I was glad it was over.

When the Jubilee celebrations were over and London had begun to resume its normal life, I continued my explorations in the out-of-the-way corners of the city. I spent several afternoons in the famous East End, where I never tired of watching the coster folk, with their picturesque donkey wagons and their queer costumes. They were different from any people I had ever seen, and I was glad to see their unusual manner of living. The little donkeys which they drive to their carts were particularly interesting to my boyish mind, and I felt that I couldn't be satisfied until I had experienced a ride behind one of them. I one day asked a costermonger if he would be willing to let me drive the donkey just one block and back, and he very readily consented. If I had known then what I afterwards discovered concerning the disposition of the donkey, I would have been suspicious of his readiness, but at the time I was delighted with the prospect. I had little more than started when the donkey began to buck, and then, when I whipped him, he started off as fast as he could go. The little beast acted as if he were determined to upset me on the pavement, and he did his best to collide with the other vehicles in the street. I decided that if I kept my seat a catastrophe was inevitable, and at the first opportunity I jumped out. I got a few bruises, but was so glad to escape with my life that I thought them hardly worth noticing. The donkey was stopped by a policeman a couple of blocks off, so the incident ended without any loss to anyone. The coster, indeed, seemed delighted with the adventure, and said he hadn't laughed so much in a long time.

A Night of Fashionable Life

Occasionally I visited the fashionable West End district, and saw something of the city's gilded life. But in all my wanderings through Hyde Park I witnessed less of splendor and fashion than I saw in one evening at the famous ball of the Duchess of Devonshire. This was the principal society event of the Jubilee season, and the papers were filled with accounts of the people who were to be there and the entertainment which was to be provided. The more I read of this function the more I desired to witness it. Certainly it was an occasion that I shouldn't miss, if I desired to see anything of high life in the British capital. I puzzled my brain to devise ways and means to accomplish this new ambition, and finally it occurred to me to visit the authorities at Devonshire House and state my case. I explained my desire to be present, merely to look on, and asked if I couldn't make myself useful in some way. At first I was laughed at, but when I told something of my experiences, and how I had worked my passage across the Atlantic, I was more favorably received. Finally I was told that if I would be willing to wear a uniform and do as I was told, they would arrange to accommodate me, and I willingly agreed to obey their directions.

When I reported on the eventful night, I was dressed in a servant's uniform and stationed at one of the doorways of the great ball-room. I couldn't have

desired a better place from which to view the guests, and I was in ecstasies of delight. The novelty of my position, a servant in the household of an English duke, was sufficient to make me happy, and I realized that this would prove one of the most interesting adventures of my trip.

It was a fancy dress ball, and the costumes were dazzling in their magnificence. I never imagined there were so many jewels in the world as I saw worn that night, and the silks and brocades were gorgeous beyond description. Occasionally I had a chance to exchange a word with one of the servants, and had pointed out to me the more distinguished guests. All the famous people of London society were in attendance, and several members of the royal family passed through the door where I stood on guard. I recognized the Prince and Princess of Wales by the deference shown them as they entered the ball-room, and I thought I had never seen a sweeter face than that of Britain's future queen.


The evening passed like a period spent in fairyland. I was fascinated with the brilliant scene passing before my eyes, and though I must have been on my feet for many hours I hadn't the least sense of fatigue. When it was all over, at last, the sun was rising in the east, and when I reached my little inn I kindled the morning fire before I went to bed. Later in the day I regaled the landlady with an account of the nobility as they appeared in fancy dress, and several times during the recital, she remarked that "These Yankee boys beat all."

My time was not altogether occupied with exploring the city. I had many serious problems to solve, and one of them was how to earn some money while I was in London. I was under very slight expense while I lived at the inn, but I didn't expect to remain there always, and I was anxious to accumulate enough money for a tour of England and Scotland. For some time I tried in vain to think of a plan to enrich myself, and was feeling rather discouraged when at last my finances took a turn for the better.



CHAPTER VI

An Interview with Mr. Gladstone

T occurred to me that the editors of some of the London papers might be interested in hearing about my travels, and that perhaps they would accept from me some articles describing my experiences. So I called one morning at the office of one of the most influential afternoon papers, and when I had given some account of my past adventures and my future plans, the editor said he thought his readers would be very much pleased to read an article from my pen. He said that I might furnish two thousand words, and that probably he would pay me two guineas, or ten dollars, for them. I was delighted to accept his proposition. Ten dollars seemed a good deal of money to me at that time, and I thought it would be easily earned.

Earning More Money

When this first article appeared it caused some discussion among the other newspapers, and was the means of making me many friends. There was one editor who didn't believe that any boy of sixteen could have traveled from Chicago in the way I described, and I immediately called upon him to prove my identity. He was so pleased with what I told him that he, too, ordered some manuscript from me, and I realized that I would probably be able to earn quite a little money in this way. Whenever I had anything interesting to say I took the article to one of my editor friends, and they were usually glad to get it. It was considered very unusual that a boy of my age should be alone in London with such purposes in view, and they were glad to assist me in any way possible.

Amid the many experiences which had occupied me since my arrival in London I had not for a moment forgotten my determination to seek an interview with Mr. Gladstone, but I thought it best to postpone any effort to obtain an interview until after the excitement of the Jubilee. There was no doubt in my mind but that I could obtain an audience with the Grand Old Man without much difficulty, and from what I had read and heard, I gained the impression that he was always glad to see any one who went to the village where he lived.

I had learned to revere Mr. Gladstone, from what I had read of his character and his efforts in behalf of the unfortunate ones of every race and clime. Few English statesmen have equally earned the gratitude of the oppressed. In the fall of 1896, while I was working in Chicago, I read a report of his last speech in

public, which was delivered at Liverpool in behalf of the Armenians, and I was thrilled by his courage in the face of opposition. In the spring of 1897 he had issued a pamphlet in behalf of the freedom of Crete, and though both of these efforts were doomed to failure, the world was impressed with these actions by a Christian statesman. Regrets were expressed throughout civilization that Mr. Gladstone was no longer able to take effective action in the cause of humanity; yet it was a consolation to be assured that age and infirmity had not dulled his sympathies with that cause.

Seeking an Interview with Mr. Gladstone

Soon after the Jubilee celebrations were over I addressed a note to the great man at Hawarden Castle, stating that I was in London, and asking when it would be convenient for him to give me an audience. I expected a favorable reply in a short time, but I waited several days before any reply whatever was received, and then I had only a short note, written in the third person by "Mr. Gladstone's Secretary." It stated that the aged statesman was too unwell to receive strangers, and that it would be of no use for me to visit the castle.

This note was disappointing, but I determined to persevere. I wrote another letter, addressed to "Mr. Gladstone's Secretary," stating how important it was that I have an interview. I said that I had already promised it to the editors in America, and that if I failed to secure it they would hereafter have little faith in my ability. I made the appeal as strong as possible, but I received no second reply.

I was wondering what my next move had better be, when I noticed that there was to be a cheap excursion by rail to Chester, which is not far from Hawarden village, and I determined to go there and see what I could accomplish when I was on the ground. It was a full day's ride to Chester, and I was obliged to change cars several times before I arrived, and I frequently wondered whether it was worth while going all this way when success appeared so doubtful. I arrived about seven o'clock on a Saturday evening, and the first thing I did was to call upon the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who was serving as rector of the parish church. He received me in a friendly way, and seemed to be really interested in hearing about my trip. He said that he would be glad to take me to the castle if he thought it were any use, but just the day before he had taken an American bishop there, and when he arrived with him, his father had refused to see them. "And I'm afraid," he said, "that he won't see a small boy, when he refused audience to a bishop." I had to confess that it didn't appear likely that he would.

The Rev. Mr. Gladstone suggested that I call to see him again the next morning, and he evidently hoped that something favorable would transpire in the meantime. But when I went to the rectory there was no encouragement for me.



REGENT STREET, THE GREAT SHOPPING THOROUGHFARE



THE TRAFFIC ACROSS LONDON BRIDGE

Mr. Gladstone suggested that I call at the castle to see his sister, whom he said was in charge of affairs at that time. He said I mustn't mind if I was coldly received, for there was a procession of strangers there all day long, who wanted to see his father. On the Monday morning, therefore, I visited the castle itself. I walked up through the handsome park which surrounds it, and in a few minutes found myself at the garden gate. I was allowed to pass through without being stopped; I suppose I was mistaken for some boy from the village. I found Hawarden Castle to be a beautiful structure, the most beautiful of its sort I had ever seen, and I was somewhat overawed when I reached the main entrance and rang the bell. The footman asked me for my name, but I said the family wouldn't know me, and he went off murmuring to himself.

Turned Away at the Door

In a few minutes Miss Gladstone made her appearance. She was attired in a bicycle costume and was evidently about to start for a ride. When I mentioned my business, and said that I was the boy who had written down from London, she made no effort to hide her displeasure. She said that she had written me that it would be of no use to come, and that I should have remained in the city and have saved my carfare. "It is quite out of the question for you to see my father." Then she went indoors and left me standing at the entrance, without affording me an opportunity of explaining why I was so anxious to secure the interview. As she passed out of sight I called after her that I would return the following morning.

These various discouragements made me more determined than ever to succeed. In talking with some of the villagers I learned that when all other means failed, Mrs. Gladstone was often able to arrange audiences for people with her husband, and I thought it would be a good plan to ask for her when I returned to the castle on Tuesday. I was received at once when I sent in a card, and then I was given an opportunity to tell of my ambition to see Mr. Gladstone. The dear old lady listened carefully, and when I showed her a copy of the *Evening World* of New York, with the story of the trip, and the picture of me seated beside Mr. Gladstone, she was very much amused. "I think if my husband will receive you," she said, "it will at least be a change for him."

Evidently Mr. Gladstone was of the same opinion, for in a few moments I was ushered into the famous library. The great man was seated at the far end of the room in a large arm-chair. He had a shawl about his shoulders, and many cushions about him in the chair, for the day was cool, and he had been ill for a long time. I was impressed at once with his apparent feebleness, but in spite of that he was very cordial in his manner. He shook hands with me, and asked me to bring my chair close to his, as he was rather deaf, and couldn't hear me if I sat far away. He began the conversation at once. He asked me all sorts of

questions about my life at home and my trip, and throughout the audience Mr. Gladstone interviewed me a great deal more than I interviewed him,

A Great Statesman at Close Range

I was impressed with his personality and the wonderful tone of his voice from the moment he began to speak, though I couldn't describe what there was in it so to stir me. One would have to see the gestures and the expression of his face to understand. Mr. Gladstone's voice was naturally rich and resonant. It was a fine singing voice, they say, and certainly it was a pleasant voice to listen to in conversation. Some have said that when he passed his seventy-fifth year it became sensibly inferior in volume and in depth of tone, but its variety and delicacy remained. No trace of the moroseness of old age appeared in his manners or his conversation, and he spoke as vivaciously as if he were a boy of twenty-one.

The stately simplicity which had always charmed those who saw Mr. Gladstone in private, seemed more beautiful than ever in this, the evening of his life. His intellectual powers were quite unimpaired, his thirst for knowledge undiminished. One could notice, however, that a placid stillness had fallen upon him and his household; and in seeing the tide of his life begin slowly to ebb, one thought of the lines of his illustrious friend, Lord Tennyson:

Such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

I had to remind myself continually that this simple gentleman seated beside me had been four times Premier of the British Empire. No one could have been more free from that taint of snobbishness which is frequently charged upon Englishmen, and he was interested in the most minute details of what I had to tell him of my life and ambitions. He even enjoyed hearing about the Junior Christian Endeavor Society of which I had been a member, and carefully inquired about church work as it is conducted in America. I was glad indeed to be able to tell him that I myself was a church member, for I realized that such a fact as that would influence him in my favor.

Mr. Gladstone did not devote himself altogether to questioning me. He told me some interesting incidents of his own boyhood, and gave me a great deal of good advice, which I have ever carried with me. He said I must continue my education when I returned home, and that I must devote some time to Bible study; and when I left him, I was convinced that the best thing which could happen me would be a course in college.

More Than Repaid for My Effort

I was more delighted with his personality with every minute of my stay. Mr. Gladstone was the kind of great man who seemed to breathe greatness all about him, and I felt that if I didn't do anything else in Europe except see him, that I would be quite repaid for washing dishes, and being seasick, and passing through the other unpleasant experiences which had come to me.

At the time of my visit the great man was far from well, yet he continued his habit of working for about seven hours each day. He carried on his multifarious reading, planned a treatise on the Olympian religion, and filled up the interstices of his time with studies on Homer. He told me that he never sat up late, and always slept soundly. His friends say that he never seemed oppressed or driven to strain his strength. No pressure of work was sufficient to make him fussy, nor can anyone remember to have seen him in a hurry. It has been said that he lived two lives—the life of the statesman and the life of the student, and passed swiftly from one to the other, dismissing when he sat down to his books all the cares of politics. But it is also true that Mr. Gladstone led a third life also, the secret life of the soul. Religion was of all things that which had the strongest hold upon his thoughts and feelings. Nothing but his father's opposition prevented him from becoming a clergyman when he quitted the university. Throughout his long life he took the warmest interest in everything that affected the Christian Church, and he allowed nothing to interfere with his Christian duties. After an attack of influenza, which left him very weak, in the spring of 1891, he endangered his life by attending a meeting on behalf of the Colonial Bishops' Fund, for which he had spoken fifty years before.

Mr. Gladstone's religion affected his daily life and his political opinions. His views upon questions of theology filled him with a dislike of the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister; they made him a vehement opponent of the bill which established the English Divorce Court in 1857, and a watchfully hostile critic of all divorce legislation in America afterwards. He had an exceedingly high sense of the duty of purity of life and of the sanctity of domestic relations, and his rigid ideas of decorum inspired so much awe that it used to be said to a person who had told an anecdote with the slightest tinge of impropriety, "How many thousand pounds would you take to tell that to Gladstone?"

While the great man was in residence at Hawarden it was his practice to attend the daily morning service in the parish church, and during my stay in the village I saw him walk down through the castle park each morning and take his place in the family pew. On Sunday he read in church the lessons for the day, but in 1897 he had grown too feeble to render that service. He rarely, if ever, transgressed his rule against Sunday labor, and observed the Lord's day as rigidly in London as in the country, declining to attend the Sunday entertainments of fashionable society, and doing all in his power to discourage them.

A Model Christian

Mr. Gladstone will be remembered as a model Christian gentleman, and what I saw of his daily life and what I heard of it in the village made a deep impression upon my young mind. I couldn't but realize that if a man like Mr. Gladstone found Christianity so necessary to a happy life, there must be something in religion which I hadn't fathomed as yet. It was impressive to know that a man in his position who has so much of the world's honors to make him satisfied, found his only true pleasure in following Christ. Religious feeling was the mainspring of his life, a guiding light in perplexities, a source of strength in adverse fortune, a consolation in sorrow, a beacon of hope beyond the disappointments and failures of this present world.

During my interview, I was obliged to tell what were my plans for the future, and what I expected to do after I left London and when I again reached America. And I told them as if I were talking to an old friend, who would be interested in whatever I intended to do; for in spite of the dignity of his presence, I felt that Mr. Gladstone was truly interested in me, and that he would like to know all about my desires. He was always fond of conversation, and enjoyed it to the last, talking as earnestly and joyfully at eighty-seven as he had done at twenty upon every topic that came up, and exerting himself with equal zest whether his interlocutor was an archbishop or a boy traveler from America.

When I at last rose to take my departure I felt that I had been with him for only a few minutes, when it had been in reality very nearly an hour. He took my hand, and said that if there was anything at all which he could do to help me while I was in England I must not hesitate to let him know. I thanked him with tears in my eyes, for I felt certain that I would never again look upon the face of the Grand Old Man. I felt, indeed, that I need never expect to see his like again, for such men do not live in every generation. I will remember always his lovely face, his beautiful voice, and his remarkable dignity. Mr. Gladstone had a largeness of soul which would not condescend to anything mean and petty.

His Record Clean

Of how few who have lived for more than sixty years in the full sight of their countrymen, and have been, as party leaders, exposed to angry and sometimes spiteful criticism, can it be said that there stands on record against them no malignant word and no vindictive act! His wonderful self-control kept his record clean.

As I remember Mr. Gladstone, his dignity is the quality which impressed me most, and this feature of his character dwells most in the minds of those who knew him best, as the outline of some majestic Alp thrills one from afar when all the lesser beauties of glen and wood, of crag and glacier, have faded in the distance.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AT HAWARDEN CASTLE

I left him, feeling that I had been upon the heights, and I walked back to my village lodging feeling well repaid for the effort I had made to gain the interview. When I returned to London, the editors of the papers there seemed surprised that I had been successful. "Why," said one of them, "I have sent a reporter there several times of late, and he was unable to gain admittance." "Probably," said I, "he didn't try in the proper way."



CHAPTER VII

An Audience with Queen Victoria

WHILE I was in London, I discovered that it would be very difficult for an obscure American boy, without influential friends, to gain the favor of a private audience with Queen Victoria. Her Majesty was receiving people daily during the Jubilee season, but they were usually persons of importance from foreign lands, or members of the British nobility, who were presented at the drawing-rooms. I witnessed the ceremony which was observed at the approaches to Buckingham Palace while the Queen was in London, and I began to think that I stood a very poor chance of ever seeing her at close range. I was neither a member of the nobility, nor rich, nor distinguished, so I had no excuse for asking for an invitation to the receptions. I was quite unknown to the American Ambassador, so it is hardly to be expected that he would introduce me, and altogether my case seemed quite hopeless.

But I never forgot my ambition to see Queen Victoria. It was one of the things I had planned to do when I started from Chicago, and I had faith that if I waited long enough there would surely be some way for me to do so. I realized that many of the difficulties mentioned by Englishmen were greatly exaggerated. The average Briton would no more think of trying to speak with Queen Victoria than he would try to reach the moon, so it was very natural that none of my friends in London should think my chances worth considering.

Glimpses of the Queen

I was several times able to get a glimpse of the Queen as she drove out in the royal borough of Windsor, but such passing views were far from satisfactory. Any one could look at royalty in that way; what I wanted was the favor of a presentation.

When I visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, I had almost given up my desire to see the most famous ruler of the century. There appeared to be no way in which I could make progress with it, and so there was nothing to do but give it up. My experience at Hawarden, however, revived my courage. I learned that great personages are often very easy to see if one can only go about it in the right way, and I thought to myself that my success with Mr. Gladstone ought to be of assistance at Windsor. When I was about to leave the library in which my interview took place, the Grand Old Man said that if he could help me in any way while I

was in England I must not fail to let him know. He seemed so sincere, that I mustered up courage and described my ambition to see Queen Victoria, telling of the various efforts I had made. "If I can only see the Queen," I said, "I will return home happy, and satisfied with my trip in every particular."

Mr. Gladstone smiled at my eagerness. "That is a very high ambition," he said, "and one that a great many people have. You probably have no realization of the number of people who are always seeking audiences; it would be quite impossible for the authorities to grant all of the requests. I think, however, that if her Majesty knew of some of your adventures, she might see you as a curiosity." Then the great man smiled again, and seemed to thoughtfully consider the possibilities. Finally he called me to sit down again. "I'll give you a note to the Chamberlain," he said, "and if anyone can arrange for your admission he is the man." I took my seat trembling with excitement. I had no doubt whatever that now that Mr. Gladstone had interested himself in my behalf the audience was as good as accomplished, for I knew that his recommendation would be a powerful aid. What I had most needed was a sponsor, and now I had the best in the land.

The Lord Chamberlain

When I returned to the metropolis, and was settled once more in the little inn, I lost no time in presenting my letter to the Chamberlain. I found him to be an elderly man, very stern and dignified in appearance, and when he was reading the letter my heart fell within me. He didn't look like a man who would feel very kindly toward a boy who presumed to seek an audience with royalty. When he had finished reading, he merely told me to return in three days' time. "I will be able to let you know at that time whether your request can be granted," he said. There was nothing in his manner to encourage me, and I went away feeling that it was hardly worth while for me to go back again. I thought that if there was any chance of my success the Chamberlain would surely have been more friendly.

Those three intervening days were far from happy. I spoke with some of the frequenters of the inn, and when I told them that I hoped to see Queen Victoria they laughed uproariously. "The very idea," said one fellow, who had a cousin who was a stable-boy to the Prince of Wales, "do you suppose they'd let a youngster like you into Windsor Castle? They'd as soon think of giving audience to a bootblack." I was quite unable to argue the question. I had no proof that I would be admitted, and in fact I hadn't much confidence in my success. It is very easy to grow depressed when everyone laughs at your ambition.

I had no intention, however, of remaining away from the Chamberlain's office. If the answer was unfavorable I was quite prepared to receive it, and if it proved to be satisfactory, I would be very glad I had gone. So when the third day came round I presented myself at the appointed time, and was shown at once

into the presence of his Lordship. I was again asked to be seated, and I realized at once, from various signs, that my request had been favorably received at the castle. I had to answer a great many questions about my experiences since I had been in England, and I had to tell the Chamberlain all about my life at home and my connections in America. Finally he seemed satisfied with what he had learned, and when his Lordship arose I understood that I was soon to know my fate. "If you can be at Windsor to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock," said the Chamberlain, "I think you can be permitted an introduction to her Majesty. At the last minute it may be impossible, and you must be prepared for disappointment. Ask for me when you arrive, and present this card."

A Glorious Prospect

I left the room in a daze. It seemed almost too good to be true that I was at last to see the greatest living monarch, and I went home without noticing what streets I traversed. Once in my little room, I began to realize that the interview might not be an unmixed joy. Before I visited the Chamberlain, I had determined to ask his Lordship about the clothing to be worn and the rules to be observed when I went to Windsor; but in the excitement I had forgotten to ask anything of the sort, and now I was in a dilemma regarding what I had better do. All that I knew about court etiquette I had read in fairy tales and other books, and how was I to know how to conduct myself when in the presence of royalty. Would I stoop and kiss the hem of her Majesty's gown, as in the fairy tales, or would I merely sit on a chair and talk as if she were our next door neighbor at home? I had read somewhere that people customarily kissed the Queen's hand on presentation, but might it not be considered rude if I did such a thing as that? It was silly, of course, for me to concern myself about these things, but I was only sixteen, and it was an unusual position for a boy of that age to be in.

My concern was finally so great that I betook myself to the Guildhall Library and asked for a book on etiquette at court. They handed me a monster volume of closely printed pages, which told what should be done on all sorts of special occasions. I soon found that it would be quite impossible for me to carry out such rules without practice and without someone to advise me, and I finally gave up in despair. I decided to go out to Windsor dressed in the only decent suit I had, and trust to fate that I would look all right.

A Day to be Remembered

When I arose on the morning of the eventful day, I hurried through with my chores at the inn, and then went up to my attic room to prepare for the journey. I brushed and brushed, and scrubbed and scrubbed, and looked in the mirror every minute to see if everything was right. I wanted to look as well as

it is possible to look in a five-dollar, department-store suit, and I spent a long time in dressing. Then I started for Windsor at about eleven o'clock, for though I wasn't expected at the castle until two, I wanted to make sure that I would be in time. When I reached the picturesque little city it was only twelve o'clock. I purchased some bread and cheese for luncheon, and walked about the castle grounds eating it, and trying to imagine the Queen at luncheon within the royal residence.

As soon as the town clock struck two, I presented myself at the appointed entrance, and my card gained for me immediate attention from the footman. I found the Chamberlain expecting me, and he was exceedingly friendly and pleasant in his manner. "Everything is all right," he said, "and I think you can be received at once. I hope you appreciate this high honor which you are about to enjoy?" I told him that no person could appreciate it more. His Lordship said he was glad I had made no effort at ceremony. "The Queen is interested in you as a plucky boy," he said, "and it would have been quite out of place for you to have tried to observe the etiquette of the court." I said that I was rather surprised at the absence of ceremony within the castle, and the Chamberlain laughed. "I suppose you expected to find me in uniform?" he said, and I confessed that that had been my expectation.

I followed my guide through a great many large rooms and hallways, which were more beautifully furnished than any I had ever seen before, and finally we reached a small antechamber, where his Lordship asked me to be seated, and excused himself for a few minutes. When he returned, he opened a door and asked me to step inside.

In the Presence of Royalty

The occurrences of the next few minutes were not easy for me to remember in detail. When I passed through the door I had no idea that I was to find myself at once in the presence of royalty, and I was struck dumb when I noticed the Queen seated near one of the windows, with a book in her lap. There was no mistaking her appearance. I knew that this short, stout old lady, with a sweet, grandmotherly expression, was none other than the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and the Empress of India, mightiest of earthly sovereigns. I was so surprised at finding myself at once in her presence that I stopped immediately inside the door, and the Chamberlain beckoned me to go forward. The Queen looked up then, for the first time, and without waiting for any introduction she spoke to me. "Come nearer, my boy," she said, "I cannot talk to you so far away."

I obeyed with alacrity, and came near stumbling over a rug as I approached. The Chamberlain then presented me in a very informal way, "This is the boy," he said, and I understood that he must have been with the Queen just previously and told her that I was outside. I was so occupied in looking at her Majesty that I hadn't noticed the other occupants of the room, and the Queen called my attention to the Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Princess Victoria of Wales.

I was so greatly embarrassed that I had neglected to bow, as the Chamberlain had instructed me to do, for I felt a rebuke in the voice of the Queen as she spoke to me.

The Princess Beatrice smiled at me in the most cordial way, and I felt that she, at any rate, would do her best to make me feel at ease. Her Royal Highness began at once to question me, and I told them all about my experience at washing dishes and being sick, and how I had thought of visiting England in the first place. When the Princess learned that I had been seasick she was all sympathy. She explained that she had once crossed the Atlantic to visit Canada, and had been unable to get up on any day of the voyage. "I can't imagine," she said, "how any person could wash dishes and be seasick at the same time, and certainly you have my sympathy."

What We Talked About

I was asked about my life in London, and where I was staying there. The Princess Beatrice desired to know what famous places I visited in the metropolis, and I felt so much at ease that I related frankly my opinions of London "sights." I soon observed that all three of my listeners were laughing at my sincerity, but I insisted on telling what I objected to, as well as what I liked. I stated that I was pleased, on the whole, with what I had seen of England. "But you would rather live in America, wouldn't you?" said the Princess Beatrice, smiling at the Queen.

"Most certainly," I said, "for I was born there, and that is my home."

"Bravo," said the Princess, laughing.

The Queen herself said very little during the interview, though she listened with evident interest to the conversation. I was surprised at finding her Majesty so feeble, and I was surprised, also, at finding her so pleasant in appearance. The majority of her portraits show Queen Victoria with a stern and rather homely facial expression, and I am sure that no one could have looked more beautiful than the Queen did when she smiled. It is unfortunate that the royal photographs have not been more successful in catching the smile in her Majesty's portraits.

Of course I couldn't remember the exact length of the interview, but it probably lasted not more than ten or twelve minutes. As I moved to leave, in response to the Chamberlain's motion, the Queen spoke a few words of congratulation. "You have made a brave start," she said "and I hope you will continue to succeed." I assured them that if I was received with such friendliness elsewhere as I had experienced at Windsor I couldn't help but win. I also said that I purposed writing a book when my travels were finished, and asked the Queen's permission to print an account of the interview. It was readily given, with the proviso that I forward a copy of the book to the castle.

A Dignified Departure

I managed to bow myself out of the royal apartment without falling, and



THE QUEEN AND PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND BEATRICE



HER MAJESTY'S SITTING-ROOM

once in the antechamber I sat down to collect myself. The Chamberlain smiled at my evident nervousness, and encouraged me by saying that I had conducted myself very well indeed. He asked me if I had been disappointed with my view of royalty, and I answered emphatically that I had not. Queen Victoria could not have been called beautiful in 1897, but certainly no one could have been more impressive. Her face wore an expression of kindness which would be creditable to any American grandmother, and I afterward thought that she would probably have been recognized anywhere as a great personage. There was an indescribable something in her manner and bearing which stamped her as born to rule. Both she and the royal princesses were attired in very simple costumes. The Queen, of course, wore black, with just a touch of white at the throat and in the quaint old lady's cap. Her face showed lines of sorrow, and when I noticed the portrait of the Prince Consort in her sitting-room I remembered their probable reason.

Return to the Little Inn

After the audience I was permitted to view some of the more interesting rooms in the castle, and there was so much to see that I was loath to leave the place at all. When I left the great building at last I went to see St. George's Chapel, where the royal family attend divine service, and then I took an evening train for London. It was bedtime when I reached the inn, but I had no thought of sleep. I had to tell the dear old landlady all about the day's experiences, and she listened with mouth wide open. She said she had never before seen anyone who had talked with the Queen, and she henceforth treated me as a curiosity. All my London friends were vastly surprised when they learned that I had succeeded at last in my cherished ambition, and they never tired of asking about the experience. It was hard for them to understand that perseverance sometimes wins where wealth and social position have been of no effect, and that boys can sometimes win where men have failed. My youth was the one great thing in my favor. If I had been older, Mr. Gladstone and the Queen would have been less willing to aid me; it was the fact of my being alone in a strange land which won their interest.

Having seen the Queen, I felt that I had accomplished the two principal objects of my trip to Europe, and I now had plenty to write about for the American newspapers. I found it pleasant to think of the surprise of the doubtful editors when they learned of my success, and I loved also to think how pleased the folks at home would be. Every one would now agree that it had been a good idea for me to visit Europe, after all, and henceforth I would have all the encouragement I needed. Since I had seen two of the greatest personages in the world, I knew that there would be fewer difficulties in the way of my accomplishing other interviews, and, altogether, I seemed to have entered upon one of the most pleasant periods of my trip.

CHAPTER VIII

A Tour Through England and Scotland



S the end of my stay in England drew near, I hurried about, trying to see as much as possible of the country. Though I spent most of my time in the great metropolis, I felt that I couldn't be satisfied to start for the Continent without having seen something of the English country as well. London was great, but I knew that there was much of interest to be seen elsewhere.

One trip which I particularly enjoyed was a visit to the English Lakes. It was interesting, not only on account of the beautiful scenery, but from the associations connected with them; so many of England's distinguished poets and authors having lived, written, and died there. My first sail was by a steam yacht around Lake Windermere. The residence of Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") was the first place of note that met our view; then Mrs. Heman's "Dove Nest", a little white cottage, was seen embowered amid the trees on the slope. After leaving the yacht, at the head of the lake, I made a pedestrian tour of the neighborhood, and was enchanted by the lovely views of mountain and mere, and residences nestling by the waterside. The first house of special interest was "Nab Cottage," the humble white homestead on the roadside, by the margin of Rydal Lake, where Hartley Coleridge, the poet, lived and died. Then came Rydal Mount, near the summit of which stands Wordsworth's house. The grounds are called Rydal Park, and I had hoped to see them, but entrance was forbidden. The property was rented, and the occupant did not care to be annoyed by visitors.

The Beautiful Lake District of England

I soon came to the quiet, smooth and beautiful Lake Grasmere, and then visited the churchyard, where Wordsworth's family lie buried, under a simple and modest slate-colored tombstone, about three feet in height, with the following inscriptions: "William Wordsworth, 1850;" "Mary Wordsworth, 1859." Beside them lies their daughter, and, next to her, her husband. Close behind this family group I saw the monument of Hartley Coleridge, about two feet in height, of gray granite, and surmounted with a Greek cross and crown. Around the crown were the words, "By thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver us." I entered the quaint old church near-by, where both these famous men had worshiped, and saw the pews they had occupied. It was all wonderfully interesting,

The country round about this district was beautiful almost beyond description. The vale of Grasmere is thus described by Wordsworth: "This vale of Grasmere, the loveliest spot that man hath ever found," and I felt that I could perfectly agree with the sentiment. I found a path which led me past the house where the great poet had first lived, and where he was visited by Sir Walter Scott and other authors. This path afforded me a splendid view of the whole region, of surpassing loveliness, and led me past several beautiful homes laid out in English style, with lawns and flower-beds of almost every imaginable shape. I never walked over such velvety lawns, yet their beauty was somewhat marred by the queer-shaped flower-beds.

One could hardly find a more interesting and beautiful walk in all the world than this one among the English Lakes, with thirty-four mountains in view, and in the vicinity sixteen lakes and eleven waterfalls. At Keswick, I walked by the side of Derwent Water to the Cascade of Lodore. Near-by was Greta Hall, where the poet Southey lived and died, and in a near-by churchyard I visited his grave. On the tombstone were the dates of his birth and death and the following inscription: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord." At Greta Hall I saw the poet's study, where he wrote more than one hundred volumes and one hundred and fifty articles for different reviews. It was a memorable experience to see these scenes where great men lived and worked; the impressions gained have remained with me ever since.

British Workmen and Their Methods

Since my ancestors had been Scotch, I felt that I must see something of the country north of the Clyde, and from the lake district I started for Glasgow, making a detour by the way to visit Ayr, the birthplace of Robert Burns. There I saw the splendid monument erected to the memory of the poet, near the scenes of some of his most beautiful verses. I found that the Scotch are very enthusiastic over Burns, and there were great crowds of excursionists from Glasgow, Paisley and other cities, since it was a Saturday afternoon, and the workmen had a holiday. The workmen were little different in appearance and actions from those with which I had become well-acquainted in London. As far as I could observe, the laboring classes all over Britain were terribly demoralized by drunkenness, and the skilled artisans were losing their power over other nations as superior workmen, by their dissolute habits, which deadened their sensibilities. When I saw the way in which work is done in some of the British factories, I thought to myself, that in a short time the country would surely be overrun with workmen from America, or, if not that, with the finished products from our establishments. The British workmen can never accomplish as much in ten days as the Americans do in a week. They take the Saturday half-holiday and almost invariably get drunk. On Sunday they are unfit to go to church, and it is a fact that

they often take Monday as their day for rest and religion, so that it has come to be called "Saint Monday."

I was young, perhaps, to make such observations, but I couldn't fail to observe distress among the working people wherever I went. In every considerable town there were persons who were actually suffering from hunger and want, and the workhouses are always full to overflowing. Many families were apparently too poor to buy meat, and lived on bread and beer. The most unobservant traveler in any part of Britain could see that whisky and beer drinking are a terrible curse. It is said that twelve times as much are spent for alcoholic stimulants in Great Britain as for clothing, and that would seemingly be enough to ruin any country, if the proportion be long continued.

The Ownership of Land

Another condition which impressed me as contrary to our American ideas was the system of landownership. The laboring classes are often unable to purchase a home, because the land is owned by a small number of large landholders. It is stated that more than half the land of Great Britain is held by two thousand persons, and sometimes these aristocratic gentry think less of the poor than of their thousands of acres for deer parks. One estate, that of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, contains two thousands acres for his private park, and thousands of acres for farming. His flower-garden embraces two hundred acres, and there are two thousand deer on the place. This arrangement might not be objectionable in the boundless plains of western America, but in a small country like England, it means that someone must suffer on account of this extravagance.

I sometimes traveled for miles without seeing any house except two or three large castles, occupied by families living in great splendor; while at the little villages, I saw the renters of the land, who were nearly always miserably poor, and hardly able to make ends meet after paying their taxes, rents and church dues. It is not to be wondered at that the poor tenants are absolutely without ambition. There is no inducement for them to try to more than make a bare living; they cannot hope to own a home, and they feel that the laws are made to protect the aristocratic class. It is too often true that the English landowner overrides all justice. He takes precedence of all ordinary creditors on the helpless tenants of his estate, he controls the system of cultivation, often in utter disregard of private rights or private judgment, and, in addition, secures to himself the absolute reversion of every improvement which the tenant may make on the land. I couldn't help contrasting the condition of the British peasantry with our happy, prosperous farmers at home. One renter with whom I talked in Scotland, told me that he paid two thousand dollars a year for one hundred and sixty acres of land, and when I told him that he could buy three or four hundred acres of the best land in Kansas or Nebraska for that sum, he looked incredulous.

The Scotch Metropolis

After visiting the home of Burns, I went to Glasgow, the largest city of Scotland, and the second in Great Britain. It is a substantial, business-like place, with buildings of stone, and many handsome public edifices. I was particularly impressed with the large number of churches, and the number of people who attended religious service on the Sabbath. Not only were the churches well-filled, but there were lay preachers holding forth in the parks, and on the public corners, and every preacher had a crowd. I followed my usual custom of attending service in the most historic place of worship, and visited the ancient cathedral, which was founded in 1133. It had lately been restored, and I thought it as beautiful as any I had seen in England. The stained-glass windows, in fact, were the finest I had seen anywhere. It is now controlled by the Presbyterians, and it seemed odd to witness the beautifully simple services of this denomination conducted in such a stately edifice. I wished that some of the members of our Presbyterian church at home could have been present with me.

From Glasgow I determined to make the tour of the Highlands, for I thought it best to visit all the interesting places of the neighborhood while I was near-by. I went by way of the Scotch Lakes and the Caledonia Canal, and the scenery was picturesque and beautiful beyond any I had seen in Britain. I passed many beautiful watering-places, and obtained fine views of Dunglass Castle, with the monument arising amid its ruins to the memory of Bell, who perfected and launched, for practical purposes, the first steamer in the world. One could not desire a more lovely tour than this, and I was sorry when I had to leave the beautiful country and go to Edinburgh.

The Beauties of Edinburgh

I had long heard and read of the beauty of the Scotch capital, and I wasn't disappointed. It is certainly one of the most fortunately located cities, for natural beauty, in the world. Built upon a group of hills, from nearly every point the place appears to advantage. The city is rich, too, in historic interest, and my short visit was crowded with interesting jaunts to the Abbey of Holyrood, the Castle, Arthur's Seat, and other noted places. I could have sat for hours on the walls of the old castle, looking at the city stretched out below me, and when I reached Arthur's Seat I felt as if I never wanted to leave. But I had been absent from London for several days, and I felt that I must cut my stay in Edinburgh short.

On my return to the metropolis, I of course visited Melrose Abbey, which is only about thirty-six miles from Edinburgh, and I found it larger and more perfect than any piece of ecclesiastical architecture I had seen. I also visited Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, whose novels I had so enjoyed while

I worked in the public library at home. It is a magnificent residence, and I could well believe that it cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to construct it. The library consists of sixty thousand volumes, and the dimensions of this single room are sixty by fifty feet. In the armory, I enjoyed seeing the old muskets and other ancient instruments of war, and in one room I found copies of the great author's writings, and the clothing which was worn by him just before his death. I felt that after this visit I would be more interested than ever in the stirring novels, for I had been amid the very scenes of some of them.

A Gorgeous Christian Temple

After leaving Abbotsford I stopped at York, where I desired to visit the famous cathedral. I had seen so many pictures of it and had read so much of its beauty that I was quite prepared to be disappointed in the reality. But I found it to be even more beautiful than I had imagined. It may well be considered one of the finest in the world, as it is one of the oldest, having been begun in the seventh century and completed in the fourteenth. The view across the great transept is said to surpass, in architectural effect, that of any other Gothic edifice. The deanery, chapels and canons' residences give to everything a grandeur and a lavishness of wealth which was fairly stunning to my American simplicity. I had never witnessed such magnificence in connection with religion, and could hardly grasp it in one visit.

The great east window in the cathedral is seventy-five feet high, by thirty-two feet wide. It is one of the glories of the building, and it is the largest window in Britain that retains its original glazing. The contract for the glazing between the Dean and Chapter and John Thornton, of Coventry, is dated 1405. The glazier was to receive for his work four shillings, or one dollar a week, and was to finish the window in three years. There are two hundred compartments, each about a yard square. The subjects in the upper division, above the gallery, are from the Old Testament, beginning with the Creation, and ending with the death of Absalom. Those below are from the book of Revelations, except those in the lowest tier, which are representations of kings and bishops.

On the way from York to London I had some excellent views of England's country scenery. The train seemed to pass through a continuous city, which was dotted with small farms, like garden-spots. There were no handsome farm-houses, on the American plan, to be seen anywhere, only small cottages with tiled roofs. I couldn't help wondering what one of these English farmers would think if he could visit an American farmhouse, with the conveniences of gas, telephone, and electricity, and could see the vast extent of one of our Western farms. The wonderful machinery for mowing, reaping, and harvesting would seem marvelous indeed to the English countryman. American machinery, however, is being rapidly introduced in the British Isles.

Back to My London Home

I was very glad to return to the little inn after my wanderings, for it now seemed like home to me. Sometimes the old lady was a little cross, but as a rule she treated me kindly, and I was always congratulating myself that I had succeeded in finding such a good place in which to stay. The work was never hard, after the first, and they were good about allowing me to take trips into the country. When I returned from these sightseeing jaunts, the people at the inn were always curious to know what I had seen. They always expected that I would have some unusual adventure, and usually I was able to gratify their expectations in this regard.

The people of the neighborhood filled the tap-room each evening, come to spend the evening in gossip, and they never tired of listening to what I had to tell of the things I had seen. It was surprising how little of England, and of London, even, these people had seen. Many of them confessed that they had never been inside Westminster Abbey, and there was hardly one who had visited the British Museum. The good women of the street thought it a terrible thing that I should be alone and so far from home, and several of them were bent on being mothers to me while I was in London. I appreciated all their interest, for such kindnesses kept me from growing homesick.

There were times, however, when it was impossible to keep my thoughts from the dear ones at home, and very often when I went to bed at night, I lay awake for a long time, thinking of what they might be doing, and wishing I could see them, if only for a few hours. Each Friday I sent a long letter home, telling of all the things I was doing and seeing, and mother wrote in reply every week or two. She was solicitous about my health, feeling that I might fall ill in some strange place, but otherwise she seemed pleased that I was learning so much from my experiences. I was always able to send home good reports of my health, and I was careful never to send any word of my disappointments and failures.

A Distressing Lack of Money

There was one thing which worried me a great deal after I had been in England for a couple of months, and that was the failure of the American editors to send me any money. I had begun to send letters to the two newspapers soon after my arrival, and I knew that some of them had been printed, for I had seen them in the papers. I couldn't understand, therefore, why the money wasn't sent in payment. I sent several letters of inquiry, and expected that every mail would bring the expected checks, but day after day I was disappointed. I was glad that I hadn't depended altogether upon the money from America, and I exerted myself to write something which I could sell to the London journals. They were generous in their dealings, and through their kindness I earned suffi-

cient money to pay my expenses in England and Scotland. I also saved up a small sum, and finally I had forty-five dollars deposited with the British Post-Office Savings Bank.


As the weeks passed, and I had no word from the American editors, I determined to wait no longer before starting upon a tour of the Continent of Europe. The money I had would be sufficient, I thought, to pay my expenses for a few weeks, and I felt certain that the expected checks would soon arrive. I left word with the dear old lady at the inn to send my mail to three different addresses which I gave her, and I confidently expected that the money would be waiting for me when I reached the first place.

My ideas of Continental travel were rather vague, or I would have wanted more than forty-five dollars to start with from London. But I had great confidence by this time in my ability to get along, and I had faith that since I had so far succeeded so well, I would surely be able to get through the remainder of my tour. So I arranged to travel from London to Ostend, in Belgium, where I planned to begin my Continental journey. If I could have looked ahead a few weeks, I would probably have remained at the little inn, where I was comfortable, and sure, at least, of my board and lodging.



CHAPTER IX

From London Through Belgium to Brussels

HAD arranged to travel from London to Ostend upon a cargo-boat, because the fare was only four shillings, or one dollar, and this was much cheaper than the rate via Dover and the express steamers. The vessel was hardly constructed for passenger service, and there were only about a dozen berths, in all, so that when these were full the other passengers had to sleep on deck, or sit up all night. I talked with the steward, and he said that if I didn't want to sit up I could sleep on the table in the dining-saloon. I accepted this offer, and lay down on one of the hardest pieces of wood I had ever seen. I was in danger of falling to the floor almost any minute, and I felt sure that when we left the river for the English Channel I would find myself in that predicament. But I had been through with a hard day in London and a tired boy can sleep almost anywhere, so the night was not so bad after all.

Misery of a London Fog

When I opened my eyes in the morning, and looked at my watch, I saw that it was six o'clock. We were due at Ostend at eight, and I thought that by this time we must be within sight of land. When I reached the deck, however, I found that I could hardly see six feet ahead of me, and realized that we were experiencing one of the famous London fogs. I asked one of the officers whether we would reach Ostend on time, and was informed that we had not yet left the Thames, and would be in the river for some time to come, judging by the appearance of the fog. This was a considerable disappointment. I had brought along nothing to eat, and I wasn't sure that there would be any meals served on board. I was hungry already, and likely to be ravenous before we reached the Belgian shore. It was impossible to remain on deck, so I returned to the dining-room table. As I lay there, trying to sleep, I could hear the steady din of the fog-horns on every side of us. Evidently there were many other vessels fog-bound in the neighborhood, and it was a perilous situation. There would certainly be collisions if any ship tried to make the Channel in such a fog.

It was twelve o'clock before the mist began to disappear, and we were unable to continue our journey until two o'clock. Then, when the fog had gone, we could see dozens of vessels on every side, bound in and out, and the sight impressed me with the immense commerce of the Port of London. We accompanied the

others down the river, and toward evening we were in the English Channel, steaming toward Ostend as rapidly as possible. The water was far from smooth, but I was fortunate in escaping another attack of seasickness. I looked for the most elevated spot amidships, and sat there without moving about. I ate nothing all day long, except some biscuits which were given me by one of the passengers, and I was glad, indeed, when the lights of Ostend came within view at last. It was about ten o'clock, then, and midnight before I finally landed at the pier.

In a Queer Predicament

Once arrived on Belgian soil, I found myself in a rather unpleasant position. I could speak no words of French or Flemish, and I didn't know where I was to find a bed. There were large hotels, of course, where my English would be understood, but I wanted to find a cheaper lodging, if possible. It occurred to me that by walking through the streets I might find some householder who would be willing to take me in, so after leaving the pier, I started off briskly in the direction of the lighted thoroughfares. My fear was that all the people would be in bed at this hour of the night; and anyhow, they would think it suspicious that a boy of my age should be wandering about alone at twelve o'clock. I had on my back a small knapsack which I had purchased in London, containing the clothing and other necessities I had brought with me. No doubt my appearance was peculiar, and I shouldn't have been surprised when pedestrians stopped to stare at me. There were a considerable number in the streets, and in a public square a band was playing, so I decided that this must have been a holiday of some sort.

I couldn't help feeling a little homesick as I walked through the narrow, dark streets of this foreign city. I didn't meet any one who looked at all friendly, and it wasn't pleasant to be without a bed, and I thought a great deal of the home I had been so anxious to leave a few months before. Yet I didn't wish to be anywhere else than in Belgium, for I knew that my real European tour was just beginning, and that some of my most interesting experiences were ahead of me. But I was certainly very tired, and when at last I came to a pleasant-looking old lady, who was seated in the doorway of her house, I determined to ask her to take me in for the night.

A Pantomimic Conversation

It was a puzzling question, how to make her understand what I wanted, but I was equal to the occasion. I rubbed my eyes vigorously with my fists, laid my head on my arm, and went through all sorts of motions intended to convey the knowledge that I was sleepy and wanted a bed. The old lady was slow to comprehend, and actually looked frightened. I then decided to attempt some French, and said, "Un Americaine," pointing to myself. This she seemed to understand, and, rising from her seat, she hurried into the house. In a few moments

she returned with a pencil and a piece of paper, on which she wrote the price she would charge for lodging. As it was very little, I readily accepted; I would have accepted at almost any price, for I was tired enough to have slept in the street. The old lady lit a candle, and took me up two flights of steep and narrow stairs to one of the queerest old rooms I had ever been in. Its ceiling was very low, and calcimined a brilliant blue. There was a small window, with tiny panes of glass, and a rough, uneven floor, scrubbed until it was fairly white. I thought that I was indeed a stranger in a strange land. The furniture was of a sort I had never seen before. The bed was so high from the floor that I wondered how I would ever get in it. When I stood beside it I could look over the edge, but it would be impossible, I knew, to climb into such a bed in my usual fashion. When I undressed, and wanted to retire, I simply took a run and a jump and landed on the feather tick, head foremost. It proved to be an excellent bed in which to sleep, in spite of its peculiarities, and I was glad to find that there was at least one good thing in Belgium. The old woman came up with her candle to see if everything was all right, and the last thing I heard was the noise of her heavy shoes as she went downstairs again.

First Morning in a Strange Land

When I awoke the next morning to my first day in a strange land, I found awaiting me in the old woman's kitchen a steaming cup of black coffee, and some hot rolls to eat with it. It tasted better than anything I had eaten for several days, for I was ravenously hungry. The coffee would have been improved if I had had some hot milk to mix with it, but as I didn't know the word milk in French I had to go without, as I was unwilling to try to make the old woman understand by means of signs. During my tour of the Continent I became well-accustomed to dine without things I couldn't ask for, and developed into a person easily satisfied. After a few weeks I was able to get along very well with my pantomimes, and in Germany I found many people who could speak English, but in Belgium I was necessarily self-denying.

When I had finished my light breakfast, I made my way to the famous Ostend beach. It is a favorite European resort, and one of the finest bathing-places to be found anywhere. The great hotels extend along the water-front in a seemingly endless array, and even at the early hour of my visit the promenade was gay with fashionable folk. After I had seen the beach, I took a walk through the town, and found the contrast rather bewildering. For while the casino and the hotels give the promenade an extremely modern appearance, the older part of Ostend retains many of its ancient characteristics. It was interesting to see the buildings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, after I had enjoyed the up-to-date pleasure of the bathing beach.

I naturally felt queer at being in a place where no English was spoken. It

was my first experience in a truly foreign country, and it was some time before I became accustomed to the chattering of French all about me. I purchased a French and English vocabulary, and made several attempts to pronounce some of the most common words in the foreign language; but my effort was fruitless. The Belgians only looked at me in wonderment, as if I were a curiosity. I determined to persevere, however, because I knew the only way to learn would be to keep on trying until they recognized my meaning.

A Poor Pedestrian

One day was sufficient for me to accomplish all I cared to do in Ostend, and I decided to start for the capital of Belgium on the second morning. I had purchased a map of the country, and it seemed to me that it ought to be a comparatively easy matter to go to Brussels from Ostend on foot. I had often read of persons who had made pedestrian tours on the Continent, and in planning my trip I had decided that this was the thing for me to do. I knew that it would be cheaper to walk than to travel by rail, and I knew, also, that I would see more of the people and their manner of life than if I hurried from one large city to another by express train. I felt, too, that I was almost independent of the hotels. I had in my knapsack the little coffee-pot and the alcohol lamp which I had used in my Chicago light-housekeeping, and with these utensils I could always make my own coffee in the morning. My other meals I could buy wherever I happened to be, and at night I could probably find a bed of some sort, wherever I might find myself at dark.

From Ostend my first objective point was the ancient city of Bruges, and I started along the fine old public highway at about five o'clock in the morning. I'm sure I presented a strange picture as I trudged along, my knapsack and overcoat over my shoulder, and a heavy staff in my hand. I hadn't walked far until I decided to take off my shoes and stockings; the temptation to go barefooted was more than I could resist. It was so long since I had walked in my bare feet, and the road was so smooth and hard, that I ignored conventionalities. The majority of the peasants whom I met were barefooted, and my appearance attracted no special attention on that account.

A Main-traveled Road

The highway was a much-traveled one, being one of the principal public thoroughfares of the kingdom, and there was no lack of company as I went along. I was never out of sight of some farmhouse, and usually I could see a village, for Belgium is thickly settled. I was delighted with what I saw of the queer old cabins, the quaintly-costumed people, and the picturesque country hamlets. The country was mostly flat and well-cultivated. In many of the fields I saw women

at work, harvesting the grain, and I was shocked at such an unusual spectacle. I had never heard that women worked in the fields of Europe, and it was hard for me to believe that the custom is so general as I found it to be. The men, too, seemed always busy, and everyone in Belgium seemed very industrious at some kind of work. Nearly everything I saw was new and strange to my young mind, and the days were almost as interesting as if I had been in Central Asia instead of in Central Europe. The farms were invariably small, and the farmers had to work very hard to earn a sufficient income from so little land.

I hadn't covered many miles on the first day before my feet began to hurt me, notwithstanding that I had covered many miles on foot while I was in England and Scotland. I began to think that it wouldn't be so easy, after all, to go through the Continent as a pedestrian, and there were times when I could hardly resist the desire to find a railway station and board a train. But in spite of the blisters, I continued on my way, and soon I grew thoroughly accustomed to walking about twenty miles each day. I had no particular reason for hurrying. If I liked a town I was free to remain in it as long as I wished, and if I found a district uninteresting, I merely pushed on toward Brussels as rapidly as I comfortably could travel.

Beware of the Dogs

There were few unusual incidents on the way to Bruges. I had one experience, however, which might have resulted seriously, and certainly it taught me to beware of dogs. Toward evening I was passing through a tiny hamlet on the very outskirts of the city, when I stopped at a house to ask for a drink of water. I had no sooner entered the dooryard than two great dogs came leaping round the corner, and before I knew it they were upon me. As quick as thought I dropped my knapsack and did my best to defend myself with my staff. I was making but poor progress, when the door opened and their mistress called them off. She explained that she had supposed the dogs were tied up, else she would have warned me not to enter. I had a good fright, and after that I looked about me carefully before I entered strange dooryards.

Most of the dogs with which I came in contact were of a very docile sort. As everyone knows, the dogs of Flanders are quite different from the ones we have in America, for they are obliged to haul vehicles to pay for their living. It was a common sight, as I walked along, to see a milk or vegetable cart drawn by some faithful canine, and I can imagine that such dogs are greatly prized by the farmers. While they hardly take the place of a horse, they must be extremely useful about a farm.

I entered Bruges just before nightfall, and set about hunting a place to sleep. After some difficulties in making people understand what I wanted, I found a bed at a reasonable price in a modest inn, and I also found a "cremerie" where I could get my food at a low rate. After walking all day there was no

difficulty about going to sleep, and I awoke the next morning greatly refreshed, and ready for a day's sightseeing in the old city.

Poor Old Bruges!

The first place I visited was the "Belfry Tower of Bruges," of which I had read in Longfellow's beautiful poem. I found it in the market-place, just as the poet described it, very picturesque and interesting in appearance. From the tower I went to the gaudy cathedral, where I rested for a time, and after that there was the canal and other places to visit. I purchased a guide-book, in which I read that Bruges had once been the most prosperous city of Western Europe, with a vast commerce, and many flourishing industries. It was hard to believe that the quiet, almost deserted streets were ever the arteries of business, and it was evident that Bruges had experienced a remarkable decline. At the time of my visit it seemed that most of the people in the street were beggars, and it was told me that practically half the entire population were paupers and unable to make a living. I thought again of our prosperous American towns and cities; certainly it isn't surprising that we have so many European immigrants.

I found it necessary to take many meals in the little "creameries" while I was in Bruges, and I learned a good deal through experience. I found, for instance, that meat was apt to be very expensive, and that I had better do without it as much as possible. During my first day in the city I asked a waitress to bring me some roast beef, after I had practiced saying the word in French, so that she would be sure to understand me. I was presented with a piece of meat about three inches square, for which I had to pay a franc, or twenty cents. I also had to pay for bread and potatoes, so that before I was through I had eaten what seemed to me a very expensive meal. I had been trying to keep my expenses down to about thirty cents per day, and here I had paid out that much for a single meal. But I learned through experience, and in the end I was able to keep my expenses down to a very satisfactory point. I didn't always have all that I wanted to eat, and the food was often of poor quality; but I was quite willing to economize in any way possible, so long as I could remain that much longer in Europe. Every day I saw something new and interesting, and every day I was more glad that I had undertaken the trip.

From Bruges to Ghent

From Bruges I walked to Ghent, which was on the direct road to Brussels. My knapsack, which had seemed too heavy during the first days, was lightened by the removal of some superfluous articles of clothing, and was now much easier to carry. The road to Ghent was even more interesting than the one to Bruges. The tiny villages were more frequent, and there were more people traveling in

the road. I was always curious to observe the attire of the peasants, for it was hardly the same with any two people. They appeared in public in all sorts of strange costumes, composed of the colors of the rainbow, and cut without any idea of form. Probably the poor folk have other more important things to think about than dress.

I remained two days in Ghent, visiting the important places of interest. I found many curious things which would have been too commonplace to be noticed by older travelers, as practically everything was new to me. I had no comprehensive guide-book from which to form my opinions of things, and depended upon my own taste to guide me. I am sure that I will never again enjoy any journey so much as I did that walking tour through Belgium, for I will never again have the enthusiastic appreciation which belongs to the age of sixteen.



CHAPTER X

Adventure in the Royal Palace at Brussels

WHEN I arrived in Brussels from Ghent, I found myself in a city which was very different from the others I had seen in Belgium. The capital has lost the primitive style which so many of the other towns retain, and has become a second Paris. I was successful in finding a lodging which made but moderate demands upon my purse, and I settled down to spend several days in the bright little metropolis. My room was a mere attic, away up in the top of one of the houses of the Rue des Prairies, but it was far from unattractive. The view from the dormer-window took in a great part of the city, the great Palais de Justice, the Cathedral, and the Horticultural Gardens, which were only a block or two distant.

I established myself as comfortably as possible, and I grew to feel so much at home in the little room that I was sorry to leave when my stay in Brussels was ended. With my alcohol lamp and my coffee-pot I was able to get a very satisfactory breakfast, and often, too, I prepared myself a supper in the evening. In this way I fared very well indeed, and my living expenses in Brussels were low. My noonday meal I purchased at a cheap restaurant, where at first I had some difficulty in making the waitress understand my French. Eventually, however, they recognized my expressions for roast beef and veal, and I was content to alternate the two meats day after day.

“Petit Paris”

I didn't waste much time getting settled in my lodging before I started out to see something of the gay little capital. I was pleased with the city from the very first day, for it possessed a certain air of gayety which was quite refreshing after my sojourn in staid old England. The boulevards were so bright and so lively with people that one couldn't help imbibing something of the festival spirit which seemed to be abroad. The cafes were especially attractive to me, and after I had spent some time during my first day in walking about the city, I seated myself at one of the sidewalk tables with the intention of enjoying a cup of chocolate. When a waiter came I had a lot of trouble making him understand what it was I wanted, and he brought the wrong thing twice before he finally appeared with the drink I had ordered. The chocolate was delicious, and as I sat there drinking it I took in the passing show in the boulevard.

My pleasure was spoiled, however, when I looked at the check the waiter had given me. It was marked one franc, which is twenty cents in American money, and I thought it outrageous that they should demand such a sum for a tiny cup of chocolate. It was too bad, when I was living in an attic in order to save every possible cent. My only consolation was that this experience would be a lesson to me, and that in the future I would know better than to take my ease in front of boulevard cafes.

The Brussels Exhibition was in full sway during my stay in the city, and of course I visited it. It had been widely advertised in Europe and was considered a great show by the Belgians, but I didn't think it compared to the similar exhibitions I had seen in America. It seemed a success in the point of attendance, and there were crowds of visitors from all parts of the Continent. I was disgusted when I looked for the American exhibits, and found only a few bicycles and typewriters and desks, in an obscure corner, where the crowd would never penetrate. I thought it just as well that the location was no better, for the showing made was no credit to the United States, and it was fortunate that so few visitors were witnesses of our humiliation. I remained in the neighborhood but a very short time, being afraid that someone would recognize me for an American and ask me if that was the best we could do.

How Lace Is Made

There were not many "sights" to see in Brussels such as are to be found in some other cities of the Continent. The Art Gallery was fine, and there were some beautiful buildings, but the city as a whole was too modern to be very interesting in a historical sense. One thing that I particularly enjoyed was a view of the lace industry. No one should visit Brussels without seeing the lace-makers. The ladies in America all know something about Brussels lace, but they can have but little idea of the intricacies of its manufacture. I saw some of the female operatives at work on a Valenciennes lace scarf, which took nine hundred little spindles or bobbins, and on a lace parasol which required seven thousand spindles, and the skill with which the workers handled them was wonderful. The women looked poor and haggard, as they bent intently over their absorbing and delicate tasks. All the beautiful little figures are wrought by hand, and each girl has her separate piece to do. Some of the young girls wore glasses, and held their work near to their eyes, as if their eyesight were already affected by their too close application. The lace-makers each receive a name from the work assigned them. The *Platteuses* are those who work the flowers separately, and the *Faiseuses de point à l'aiguille* work the figures and ground together. The *Striqueuse* is the worker who attaches the flowers to the ground, while the *Faneuse* works her figures by piercing holes or cutting out pieces of the ground. The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands is an

operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention that it does not seem possible ever to supplant the hands of women by machinery. The finest of this point lace is made in damp, underground cellars, for its fibre is so extremely delicate that it is liable to break by contact with the air above ground. Of course this continual working underground has an injurious effect upon the health of the operatives, so that they are paid good prices in order to induce them to follow this branch of their occupation. The girls in the other departments, however, may work wherever they please. They are allowed to take their work home if they like, or they can sit under the trees in the parks. I used to see large numbers of them in the shade of the boulevards. It was curious to see them seated there in groups with their lace pillows, making every species of this delicate fabric, while enjoying the fresh air and bright light away from their own darker places of abode.

Dogs at Work

In Brussels, as in Bruges and in Ghent, I saw milk carried about the city in little carts drawn by large Newfoundland dogs, and the quaint, neat dress of the girls dealing it out, and the bright, silvery cans, were always pleasing to the eye. I sometimes wished that a few of our American milkmen might see the condition of the equipment of these Belgian pedlers.

One of the things I wanted to accomplish while I was in Brussels was a view of the King of the Belgians, who was staying in the city at the time of my visit. I had been so unfortunate as to just miss seeing him on the day I visited the Exhibition, and on another occasion, when I heard a commotion in the street below, I rushed downstairs to find that his carriage had just passed. After these two disappointments, I determined that I would go to the Palais Royale, hoping that I would be able to see something of him there.

The palace of King Leopold is not a beautiful building on the exterior. It is surrounded by a high stone wall, and there are heavy iron bars at all the windows which are visible from the street. When I first saw it I thought to myself that it was a very disagreeable looking place, and I wondered if the King couldn't spend some money to improve its appearance. There was apparently no place to enter except at a large gate, which opened on the square in front of the building, and one of my first observations was that this gate was guarded by two stern-looking soldiers. I wondered whether it would be possible to walk past them without being stopped, and I determined to make the attempt. If they stopped me, I would be no worse off than I had been before, and if they didn't stop me, I would have an opportunity to enter the palace itself and state my business.

I put on an air of unconcern and marched through without looking at the guards. One of them, I noticed, made a move as if to stop me, but as I walked calmly ahead, he evidently changed his mind, and let me pass on. As soon as I was within the gates I found myself in a broad courtyard and at my right hand



A STREET IN BRUSSELS



THE PALACE OF THE KING

was the entrance to the palace building. I took in all my surroundings as quickly as possible. At the entrance were two officers, and from their appearance I guessed that they would probably make trouble for me if I tried to walk through the door. I could hardly back out, now that I had proceeded so far, so I walked up to the officers and stated the object of my visit. They looked at me closely as I approached them, and I was suddenly conscious that I wasn't particularly well-dressed. The five-dollar suit with which I had started from Chicago was beginning to show some signs of wear, and I wished that I had some better clothes.

In the Palace of the King

I had been studying my vocabulary, so I said in carefully prepared French, "Is the King at home?" The officers looked their astonishment, and one of them, immediately seizing me by the shoulders, began to speak to me rapidly in French. Of course I couldn't comprehend a word he was saying, and I had no chance to say that I couldn't understand. I realized, however, that I had probably made a break in asking if the King was at home. I saw that such a question from a youth of my age must have given them a shock, and I reproached myself that I hadn't studied up something else to say.

The officers talked to me, and they talked to each other, and it was two or three minutes before I explained that I couldn't understand French, and that all their effort was wasted. Then they consulted with each other, and one of them started off in post haste as if in search of some one else. The other continued to hold me tightly by the arm, as if he were afraid that I might escape, and when I undressed that night I found blue marks where his fingers had been.

While all this was taking place I noticed that a small-sized crowd was gathered at the outside gate, and I could see them peering through the bars, trying to see what was going to happen. The sight of the crowd didn't improve my feelings. I began to think that they must take me for some criminal who had been apprehended in an attempt on the life of the King.

When the absent officer returned he brought with him a couple of gentlemen in brilliant uniforms, and one of whom seemed to be very high in authority. He looked me over carefully, much as a prospective buyer examines a horse, and he wasn't long in reaching a decision. He gave some orders to the others, and I was led away. I had not been able to understand any of the conversation, and as I was taken off I began to fear that this adventure might result in something very unpleasant. I had no idea who these officers were, and they might be intending to keep me in confinement for some time to come. I remember some stories I had read of the strange happenings in European palaces, and I wished heartily that I had remained outside, where I belonged. My fears increased with every minute, and when we entered a low building at the far end of the courtyard, I was all in a tremble. This building seemed to be the head-

quarters of the guard, and I wondered whether they intended to try me before a military court.

An Interpreter to the Rescue

It occurred to me after a few minutes that I had better ask for an interpreter, so that I could explain why I was within the palace gates, and what my business was. I expressed this desire in as good French as I could command, and when they understood, I was told that an interpreter had already been sent for. This was good news. It gave me confidence in my captors, for certainly it was kind of them to do this, and I knew that as soon as the interpreter arrived I would be able to prove my identity, and consequently my innocence of evil intentions.

When the interpreter appeared, I found him to be a pleasant, elderly gentleman, who was treated by the officers with marked deference. He spoke English fluently, and I wasn't slow in telling him who I was and that I visited the palace because I had hoped to see the King. He inquired how it was that I was alone in Brussels, and I told him then about some of my experiences, and showed him some newspaper clippings to corroborate my statements. He was interested at once, and we chatted together for several minutes. The officers stood by, listening, and evidently surprised that our conversation should be so lengthy and so rapid. When the interpreter stopped talking to me and explained things to them, they laughed heartily, and poked fun at one another over the arrest. They shook hands with me, also, and congratulated me in French. The interpreter told them about my English experiences, and they listened as if they were indeed very much interested.

When the officers started away I got up, too, and walked toward the gate, but my friend called me back. "Do you know," he said, "I think his Majesty might possibly be interested in seeing you, now that you've such an experience in trying to see him. If you'll come with me, I'll speak to the King about it."

When the officers heard this they raised their eyebrows, and followed us into the palace, where two of them kept me company during the absence of my friend the interpreter. We couldn't carry on much of a conversation, but I could see by their smiles that they were friendly toward me now, and I was very happy that my fortunes had taken such an unexpected turn.

Within a few minutes I received the good news that the King was willing to receive me, and I followed my friend into a large, richly decorated room, where we seated ourselves for a few moments. I was greatly impressed with the furnishings of the apartment, and I saw that though the palace might look like a penitentiary from the outside, it certainly had a different character within.

A Lack of Ceremony

There was no ceremony about my introduction to King Leopold. The kind,

old monarch extended his hand to me in greeting, and I was asked to be seated, which I thought an unusual privilege in the presence of kings. "Here is the boy," said my friend, by way of introduction, "you can tell by looking at him that he's American." "Yes," said the King, "I think he's American all right, or he wouldn't be traveling alone so far from home." Then his Majesty asked me a great many questions about the United States, and before long we were engaged in an animated conversation. The King said that he hoped to visit America before long. "I have always been interested in meeting your people," he remarked, "and I think I would like to see what your country resembles. It must be very different from anything we have over here." I assured him that he would find America different, at any rate, and that he would certainly receive a warm welcome if he came.

The King, in parting, shook hands in good American style, and I left him, feeling that he must be one of the most charming rulers in Europe. If a pleasant manner and true friendliness count for anything in European politics, the King of Belgium should be able to hold his own with any other monarch.

I left the palace overflowing with joy that my adventure had resulted so successfully, and when I reached the house in the Rue des Prairies, I went up to my attic room two steps at a time. I threw myself on the bed to think over the events of the afternoon. Certainly, I thought, I had every reason to be satisfied with the experiences of my Continental tour thus far, for more interesting adventures could hardly have been crowded into such a short period. I had seen the life of the Belgian peasants, and I had obtained a glimpse of the Belgian King, and the contrast was something I would remember.

Thoughts of Home

As I lay there, I thought, too, of the home in Illinois, and my life in Chicago. It all seemed very far removed from the romantic existence through which I was passing, and I could hardly believe that it was such a short time since I had left the real-estate office. So much had been crowded into my life that the time seemed much longer than it really was, and I felt as if I must be much older than sixteen. I had seen more that was memorable in the past few weeks than in all my previous existence.

Before I went to bed that evening I washed out my coffee-pot and cleared the alcohol lamp. Then I carefully folded all my belongings and arranged them in the knapsack. I wanted to have everything ready for an early departure in the morning, for now that I had seen the principal places of interest and had talked with the King, there was nothing to keep me longer in Brussels. I would have liked to remain in the fascinating city for weeks, instead of days, but my funds were rapidly diminishing, and I wanted to push on toward Holland and Germany.

CHAPTER XI

Through Belgium and Holland to Germany

WITH my knapsack again on my back, and my sturdy staff in my hand, I set off in the early morning in the direction of Antwerp. I was sorry to leave the gay little Belgian capital, where I had enjoyed such pleasant times, and I promised myself that I would return there on my next visit to Europe, whenever that might be.

I planned to go to Antwerp first, to see the attractions of Belgium's chief commercial city, and then I determined to see something of Holland. It wasn't a long journey, and the road was quite as good as that which I traversed from Ostend to Brussels. I was now quite accustomed to pedestrianism, and I walked contentedly from early morning till noon, and from noon till night. I seldom stopped for long in any of the little villages, unless I found one which was more picturesque than the others. As a rule, they were all very much alike, and as I wanted to reach Antwerp, I pushed on as rapidly as I could.

I found the Belgian peasantry which I met along the road rather more pleasant than those with whom I came in contact during my first days in the country. They were usually of German stock, with many of the excellent characteristics of their ancestors in the Fatherland. They invariably treated me with great hospitality. It was seldom that I was obliged to pay for a glass of milk, and very often they even refused payment at farmhouses for meals which I had eaten. And when they did charge me anything, it was always a small sum.

Increased Expense

When I reached Antwerp, however, I was obliged to spend more than I had saved in the country districts. I found it impossible to get a lodging and sufficient food in the city for less than forty cents per day, but in spite of that I remained in the city for three days. It was easy to see that Antwerp is the commercial capital of Belgium. I found it a most interesting town, with its narrow, ancient streets, where you see the Flemish peasants with their antique headgear, and everywhere around you the great, old-fashioned mansions, lofty-gabled and quaint-looking. I learned that here was the birthplace of several of the greatest painters of the Low Countries, notably Van Dyck, the two Teniers, and others, and all about one seemed to breathe an atmosphere of art. But the cathedral, of course, was the great place of attraction for me, as it is for all visitors.

Its spire, four hundred and four feet high, was the finest I had seen in Europe, and its sculptured tracery was so exquisite that I wasn't surprised that Charles V. had said that it deserved to be kept in a glass case, while Napoleon compared it with Mechlin lace. The people of Antwerp are very proud of the magnificent pictures which adorn the interior of this church. "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, is one of the noblest efforts of art in existence, and there are fourteen choice paintings beside, called the "Scenes of the Passion" illustrative of the scene of the Crucifixion. Another great picture by Rubens, "The Assumption," was said to have been painted in sixteen days, at the rate of a hundred florins a day, that being his fixed price for work. There are a great many other valuable pictures, perhaps three hundred in all, and more than any other church in the world can exhibit. I thought it strange that the greatest pictures of Rubens should be kept covered from the public view, and that the authorities of the cathedral should charge a fee for seeing them. It would seem that since they were placed in a church, they ought to be left uncovered, to accomplish whatever good was within their power.

A City of Beggars

Antwerp was full of beggars, who were continually pestering the tourists for money. They didn't bother me, because my appearance warned them that it would be no use, but it was sometimes very funny to see them after the guide-book tourists. The sight of the red guide-book was always the signal for attack, and they seldom desisted until the tourists had given them something.

I found that it cost money to see most everything there was worth seeing in Antwerp, and when I left the city it made me heartsick to see my account book. The money with which I had started from London was diminishing a great deal more rapidly than I had expected it would, and I saw that if this rate of expense was kept up, it would be quite impossible for me to continue my tour of the Continent. I would have to return to England as quickly as I could, and earn some more money. There were several items of expense in Antwerp which I might have escaped. I had visited a great many museums and public places where an admission fee was charged, and these fees had amounted to what appeared to me a considerable sum. Still, I could hardly have been satisfied to have left the place without seeing what there was of interest. I couldn't be sure that I would ever pass that way again, and it was my duty to make the best possible use of the opportunity.

I left Antwerp for Holland determined to live more cheaply than I had done in Belgium, and I hoped also, that I would have a chance to earn some money before I proceeded into Germany. I looked forward to my visit with considerable enthusiasm. I had long considered Holland one of the most interesting countries I knew of, and now it was delightful that I was to see it for myself. The country was not disappointing in any way. As I approached Amsterdam the land was all

flat and marshy. In every direction I could see the picturesque windmills, and I regaled my eyes on old-fashioned Dutch farmhouses and the numerous canals, with their boats. When I reached Amsterdam itself, I decided that it must be one of the most interesting cities on the globe. It is built on wooden piles. All through the city you cross the canals, bordering which are many of the principal streets, with long rows of shade-trees and clean, paved roadways on either side; the canals intersecting the city streets being so numerous as to form ninety islands, with two hundred and ninety bridges crossing them in different directions. Amsterdam has now a population of about four hundred thousand, and is a very wealthy place. I thought its style of architecture very singular. It impressed me as being decidedly picturesque, but while I was there I heard other tourists call it angular and stiff, and totally without taste. I thought the curiously carved gables, fronting upon the streets, were admirable in their way.

A Chance to Earn Some Money

As soon as I reached Amsterdam, I called upon an English gentleman to whom one of my London friends had given me a letter of introduction. He had a wide acquaintance among his countrymen in the city, and when I told him that I would like very much to get work of some kind, he sent me at once to a large exporting house. They wanted to know there if I could use a typewriter, and as I had learned to do so in Chicago, they gave me work at once. I had to write letters and circulars which were to be sent to England and America, and I was paid enough for what I did so that I was able to save quite a sum of money before I left the city. It was a godsend at the time, for it enabled me to continue my tour without returning to London, and it was a satisfaction to be able to carry out my original plans.

I enjoyed every day of my stay in the city. When I could secure the leisure from my work I visited the various places of interest, and I spent my evenings in walking about the principal thoroughfares. One thing which surprised me was the condition of the buildings occupied by the millionaire bankers of Amsterdam. They were invariably plain and modest, if not actually shabby, and one would never have imagined that transactions amounting to millions of dollars were annually accomplished amid such surroundings. Two of them that I visited were in the back rooms of the basements of the proprietors' residences. I couldn't imagine one of our American bankers doing business in such a place.

My route from Amsterdam to the Hague, when I continued my journey, led through Haarlem, which is the home of many beautiful plants which we have in our American gardens. The horticultural exports of the town amount annually to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and I was told that one dealer alone had exported in one year three hundred thousand crocuses, one hundred thousand hyacinths, and one hundred thousand ranunculuses, besides other flowers.

Ten miles from the Hague is Leyden, a place which interested me greatly on account of its connection with the Pilgrim Fathers. It will be remembered that the English Separatists, as they were then called, were driven out of England and went to Amsterdam and Leyden in 1611, and established a church at the latter place, under the care of John Robinson, its first minister.

A Delightful Time in Holland

At the Hague, one of the prettiest and most pleasant cities in Holland, and indeed in Europe, I had a delightful time. No more tidy city could be found in a journey round the world. As I went about the city in the early morning, I noticed that in front of almost every house of prominence there was the clean, tidy, blonde housegirl, with her white apron and white ruffled cap and wooden shoes, scrubbing the pavement. The streets seemed as clean, almost, as the insides of the houses. All the servant girls in Holland seem to dress in the same attractive fashion. I found the market full of them, wearing on their heads only these ruffled white caps, with no sign of a bonnet to be seen on one of them. The Dutch peasant or village girls, when I encountered them upon the road, always had a cheerful "Good-day" for me, and I soon learned to say "Goeden dag" in reply. They were always friendly, so it was little wonder I carried with me a warm feeling for the Dutch peasantry.

All the quaint and beautiful towns which I saw in Holland had in their centres large and beautiful parks, which everybody, rich and poor alike, could easily reach. At the Hague, when I arose in the morning, I looked out upon a herd of about twenty deer feeding quietly in Williams' Park, a pleasure-ground adorned with villas, monuments and statues. A certain Dutch author has written, "The Hague has a tree, a flower, and a bird for each of its sixty thousand inhabitants." In the capital city, as in the other towns of Holland and Flanders, there appeared to be scarcely any sidewalks at all. The streets were narrow, and horses, vehicles and pedestrians filled up the roadway, and the hack-drivers were continually cracking their whips as a warning for foot-passengers to get out of the way. The houses were all about four or five stories in height, and looked, as I passed along the streets, as if they were about to topple over and fall upon me, they were so out of the perpendicular.

A Piece of Extravagance

When I went from Holland into Germany. I walked a part of the distance, and then, as the country became commonplace and rather uninteresting, I decided to take a train for the remainder of the distance to Cologne. I thought myself justified in this bit of extravagance on account of my economies in Holland, and because I had accumulated some extra money by my work in Amsterdam. But

I didn't find traveling by rail so pleasant as I expected it would be, after my long period of pedestrianism. When I arrived at the village where I planned to take the train, I couldn't find anyone who spoke English, and I couldn't decipher the time-tables which were posted on the bulletin, so all I could do was to wait until the train came along. I had to wait for a long time, and when a train finally appeared, bound in the direction I wished to go, I jumped aboard a third-class carriage. When the guard appeared I told him I wanted to go to Cologne, and he quieted my fears by nodding his head that I was in the right carriage.

The journey wasn't a pleasant one at all. The third-class carriage had only hard benches on which to sit, and it was so small that one could hardly stand up in it without bumping his head. It was occupied by a peasant woman with three children, and by a portly German who snored throughout the trip, so I wasn't solitary. The country through which the train passed was flat and uninteresting, and in spite of the discomfort of the train, I was glad that I hadn't tried to walk through such a commonplace region. The peasants I saw at the stations looked just as uninteresting as the district in which they lived, and I was glad that I didn't have to ask them for food and lodging.

In a short time the train arrived at the German frontier, and the train was stopped while the customs' officers examined the luggage of the passengers. It didn't require much time for them to go through my knapsack, and they smiled when they saw how little I had. I found during my entire trip that one avoids a great deal of anxiety and discomfort if he hasn't trunks to be examined at the frontiers.

We all changed from the Belgian to a German train, and I was glad to get out of the carriage in which I had been riding. The German carriages were far superior, and in a short time I was enjoying a pleasant ride through a beautiful country to Cologne, where we arrived shortly before dark.

Homesick

When I left the train in the beautiful Bahnhof, I felt more alone than at any time since leaving London. The flow of German all about me, the strange appearance of everything in the station and in the street, caused me to feel that I was indeed in a far-off country, away from home and friends. I fought the feeling as best I could, and stepped out into the busy streets, hardly knowing where I intended to go. I had taken only a few steps, however, when I looked up and saw before me the beautiful Cologne Cathedral. I was impressed at once with its wonderful architecture, and I determined that before I sought a place to sleep I would see something of the interior of the church.

I took a seat near an aisle when I entered, for there was a service in progress at the altar, and I examined by degrees the magnificence of the interior. As I gazed down the aisle, with its massive pillars for four hundred feet, it seemed

to me that I looked into a perfect forest of columns. Art critics say that the Cologne Cathedral is one of the most beautifully proportioned in existence, and as I sat there in the evening light it seemed to me that no building could be more perfect.

When I found myself again outdoors I hurried down a side street near the cathedral, bent on finding a cheap lodging. The street looked as if it might belong to a cheap neighborhood, so I knocked at the door of one of the cleanest-looking houses and asked for a bed. I wonder now that the woman ever understood my signs at all, for I had even less knowledge of German than I had of French. When she found that I couldn't understand her German words she brought a pencil and a piece of paper, and wrote down the words. Then I looked them up in my dictionary, and in this roundabout fashion we arrived at an understanding. When I entered the room I unpacked my knapsack, for I expected to remain in Cologne for two or three days at least, and I wanted to be as comfortable as possible.

The next day after my arrival was rainy, and I remained indoors most of the time. On such days as this I devoted myself to my correspondence. I prepared my articles for the newspapers in New York and Chicago, and sent home an account of what I had been doing since my last letter. It sometimes made me homesick to write to mother, but I took comfort in the thought of how they would all enjoy my letters. They wrote that they were following me all the way, and that they thought of me every hour of the day, so it was my duty to keep them informed of everything good which happened to me. I kept the unpleasant occurrences to myself.

Difficulties of the Language

While in Cologne I was preparing my own meals, and whenever I tried to purchase anything at a shop, I had all sorts of difficulties with the language. I had tried to learn some German, and had committed a few words to memory, but I never seemed to be able to pronounce them in a way to make myself understood. Usually I depended upon signs, in which I had become proficient, but there were times when they failed me, also. One morning, for instance, I was passing a shop, when I saw in the window some stuff which looked like the white vanilla taffy which is peddled in the streets of New York. I hadn't eaten any sweets since leaving England, and as I was hungry for some, I entered the shop to make the purchase. I pointed to the stuff in the window, handing the woman a few *pfennig* in payment, and she gave me a few pieces in a paper bag. I went out very happy, eating a piece, but I had no sooner swallowed some of it than my feelings were changed. The stuff was terribly bitter, though it had a kind of a sweet taste, too, and at first I thought it might be the German kind of taffy. I went to a fountain to wash the taste away, but it remained with me for some

time, and I decided to keep the rest of the supposed-to-be taffy until I met some English-speaking German, so that I could learn its true character.

In a few days I met such a person, and when I displayed my purchase, he could hardly speak for laughing. "Why," said he, "if you had eaten much of that you might have died. It isn't candy at all, but a kind of disinfectant, warranted to kill all bugs and germs." I joined in the laugh, and wrapped up the disinfectant, to keep as a souvenir. After that I was exceedingly careful about what I bought to eat, for I learned by this experience that appearances are often deceptive.



CHAPTER XII

Along the River Rhine



COLOGNE is a large city—the largest in Rhenish Prussia. The expulsion of the Jews and other events in the fifteenth century, when it was almost unexampled in prosperity, caused it to decline; but now its numerous shops and busy thoroughfares indicate that it is once more in a flourishing condition. In my little guide-book I read that the peculiar manufacture of the city is *cau de cologne*, and I visited the most noted establishment, that of Farina, and purchased a bottle of it as a souvenir of the city. I was successful at last in bringing it to America without the bottle being broken; but I was obliged to place it carefully in my knapsack, and there were times when I wished myself rid of such troublesome luggage.

While in the city I had an insight into many German customs which seemed very peculiar to me, and some of them were very uncomfortable, too. I came near to leaving my lodging when I discovered that the landlady had given me a bed with two feather ticks and no quilts or comforters. She had a hard time making me understand that I was to sleep between the two feather beds, and the first night it seemed quite impossible to keep the upper one from floating to the floor. Every time I kicked it went off, and I passed a restless time. After a while, however, I became used to the feather beds and learned to be quite comfortable between them.

From Cologne I started on a pedestrian tour up the River Rhine, and this was a stage of my journey to which I had looked forward with great anticipation. I had a strong desire to see for myself the famous stream of which I had read, and of which there was such an entrancing picture in the school geography. The Rhine at Cologne was disappointing. I had pictured it in my mind as a silvery stream, flowing between lovely green mountains; but as it flows through the city, its banks are flat and its waters are a dirty yellow in color. I was told that it would be quite different after I had walked upstream for a few miles, so I wasn't altogether discouraged.

Along the Historic Rhine

When I saw the fine steamers which ply between Cologne and Mayence, it was a temptation for me to give up my pedestrian trip and go up the stream by boat. But I knew that the less I walked the less would be my desire to do so.

and I determined to carry out the original plan; and I hadn't proceeded far from Cologne when I was delighted with the prospect before me. After a few miles the river became more interesting, and the country districts along the banks were beautiful. Later in the afternoon I reached the famous university town of Bonn, where so many of the German royal family have been educated, and from there I inquired the way to Konigswinter, which was not much farther up the river. After leaving Bonn the hills became higher and higher, until they almost attained the dignity of mountains. Their sides were one mass of green, partly forests and partly vineyards, and from a distance they had a purple hue which was beautiful to see. The stream, much cleaner now than in Cologne, flowed between the hills, and along the bank there was a fine, broad road, along which I trudged with my knapsack over my shoulder. I wanted to stop about every five minutes to look at the magnificent panorama which was spread out before me, it was all so different from anything I had seen elsewhere. I decided that the Rhine was truly great, and that its beauties hadn't been exaggerated in the least.

I walked until the sun was about to sink behind the hills in the west, and then, as I came to a turn in the road, the most beautiful picture I had ever looked upon was spread out before my eyes. It was the region of the Seven Mountains, which extended up the river in an array of greenish purple, their sides dotted with ancient ruins and modern palaces, and their summits crowned with purple clouds, illumined by the sun. I lifted my knapsack from my shoulder and sat down to feast my eyes upon the lovely scene. Then I decided that I had walked quite far enough for one day, and certainly I couldn't hope to find a more charming district in which to spend the night.

A Fascinating Country

So I went to the little village of Konigswinter and found there a cheap lodging where I could sleep. Then I lit the alcohol lamp and made some coffee for my supper, looking out of the window all the while at the river and the hills. When I had eaten the sandwiches and fruit and had drunk the coffee, I went out and climbed to the summit of one of the Seven Mountains, passing upward through great forests which appeared to be a thousand years old, and past old buildings which must have stood for centuries. As I climbed higher and higher, passing the cave where lived Siegfried's dragon, I experienced a sense of exhilaration which I had experienced in no other place, and I thought it no wonder that Wagner had such great conceptions amid such surroundings as these. When I stood upon the summit, and looked down upon the river, glistening in the fading light, it appeared like a winding silver ribbon between the hills. I stood there on the ruin of an ancient castle, looking up and down and all around. It was a happy time, and I again congratulated myself that I had undertaken this trip and that I had persevered in order to see such places as this.



THE RHINE AND THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

When I awoke the next morning I decided to spend the day in the neighborhood, where there was so much that was worth exploring. Across the river from Königswinter I found another picturesque village, and above it were more purple mountains and more ruined castles. The whole district seemed to abound in ruins, and there was a strange legend about every one. My second night I spent in Rolandseck, which is about two miles from Königswinter, and there I had my first experience in a German hotel. I reached the village at nightfall, and though I looked everywhere for a cheap room in some peasant's house, I could find no one to accommodate me, and there was nothing to do but to seek a room in some hotel. I accepted this as a last resort, for I expected that a hotel in such a place as this would be an expensive one.

But I couldn't walk about all night, so I visited the most modest of the hotels and asked for the landlady. She appeared, and I was glad to find that she spoke English very well. I told her that I would like to obtain a room for about seventy-five *pfennig*, which is about nineteen cents in American money. She was astonished at such a request, but when I explained my circumstances she agreed to accommodate me at that price. My room that night was a better one than I had enjoyed for some time, and I rested well after a day of tramping through the hills.

Cheap Living

On several occasions, when I was obliged to stop over night in German hotels, I found that I could obtain a room at a very low rate. Doubtless the proprietors often took pity on me for being alone in a strange land, and were unwilling to charge me more than I could afford to pay. I usually explained that I was from America, and they always understood that, and then they would ask, in astonishment, "*Aline?*" And when I nodded my head, that I was quite alone, they would murmur their sympathy and try their best to be hospitable. I found it easy to keep my expenses down to a very satisfactory level during the whole of my stay in Germany. When I arrived in a village at nightfall, I would say *schlafen* to the first pleasant-looking person I met in the street. I didn't know exactly what the word meant, but I knew that it had something to do with sleep, and that when I used it I was always able to get a bed.

One night I entered a village about half-way between Cologne and Mayence, and following my usual plan, I accosted a pleasant old lady, and used my single word. She laughed, as if she understood, and calling a small boy, she instructed him to take me somewhere across the village. I hadn't the least idea where I was going, but I followed him obediently. He led me through one street after another, greatly to the delight of the children in the street, who noticed my knapsack and staff, and finally we stopped in front of a low, white building, over which were the words "*Herberge zur Heimath.*" I didn't know the meaning of the phrase. "*Heimath,*" I knew, was home, but the first word was new to me.

In the hallway I met a neatly-attired woman, and to her I said "*schlafen.*" She nodded, and then called some one from the rear room. In came a great fat man, who motioned me to enter the front room. I did so, and found myself in a large apartment, which was filled with men and boys of every description. There were two blind men and one cripple, and I had an idea at first that I must be in an infirmary; but there were a great many young fellows, with knapsacks like myself, and I soon saw that this must be some sort of a hotel.

The "Home for the Friendless"

Everything looked clean and neat, and some of the men were eating what appeared to be excellent food. I slung my knapsack from my shoulder, and made myself at home. Upon the wall I saw a printed bill-of-fare, and I saw that for a very few cents I could obtain a better supper than I had been accustomed to having of late. For about eight cents I had enough to satisfy my appetite, and when the food was before me I found that it was all clean, well-cooked and wholesome. I decided that this was one of the best places I had yet found, and I wondered what the beds would be like.

When I had finished supper I took out my diary and began to write. Most of the others in the room were busy reading or writing, and I thought it would be safe for me to do likewise. I continued at it until I noticed that everyone had laid his work down and was sitting up straight, and then I saw that the fat landlord had come into the room with a great book in his hand. Stepping to the centre of the room, he opened the book and began to read. I couldn't understand a word he said, so I began to write again, but the landlord called to me and demanded that I pay attention. So I listened very carefully, and it dawned upon me at last that it was probably the Bible which he was reading. All the men in the room were listening with every outward mark of respect, and I thought it very nice that there should be this simple devotional service in the public room of a roadside inn.

When the landlord had finished his reading the men arose and repeated together the Lord's Prayer, and then a large book was produced in which we all registered our names. We chose our beds, also, and I was surprised to find that it was possible to get one for four cents, or six cents, or eight cents. I decided upon a six-cent bed, for I was afraid to try one at four cents the very first night. There was no telling what it might be like.

The landlord led us upstairs with his candle, and when we reached the top I found that I was to sleep in a room with five others. There were six little beds, all as clean and nice as they could be, and the room was well ventilated. The fat gentleman stood by with his candle until we were safely in bed, and then he went out and locked the door behind him. I suppose he was afraid we would escape in the night.

A Toilet on the Roof

I was soon asleep between straw ticks, instead of feather ones, and I knew nothing until six in the morning, when we were all awakened by our host. We washed ourselves in a trough of water on the roof of the building, and then went downstairs, where we had bread and coffee for breakfast, at a price so low that I saw it wouldn't pay me to light my alcohol lamp and prepare my own. After the meal there was another reading from the Bible, and a prayer, and most of the men left the inn with their luggage.

I saw upon the wall of the large room a list of other institutions similar to this in various part of Germany, so I realized that this was only one of a number, and that they were all controlled by a central organization. I learned afterward that they are kept up principally for the benefit of young mechanics and artisans who are traveling about the country practicing their trade, so that they may always be able to sleep and eat in a cheap place, amid Christian surroundings. After this first experience I always inquired for the "Herberge zur Heimath" upon entering a German village at nightfall, and by living as much as possible in these places I was able to bring my expenses down to a very low point, and to thereby prolong my tour of the Continent.

I never tired of the lovely Rhine, for every half-mile brought me to some new and interesting sight. My only objection was to the weather. It rained almost every day; but when I got used to being wet I didn't mind it, and I continued my journey up the river, rain or shine. In the grape district every hillside was terraced with green vineyards, and I was able to have delicious grapes three times a day, for when they weren't given me, I could buy them very cheap. Just after leaving the village where I discovered the "Herberge zur Heimath" I came opposite the famous Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower of which I had heard so much. A strange legend, which has been versified by Southey, the English poet, connects the tower with a certain Bishop Hatto, who, for hoarding corn which the starving people needed, and burning in a barn a number of them who complained, was devoured in this tower, whither he had taken refuge, by an army of mice. It was interesting, indeed, to see the scene of this well-known legend, and I was sorry that I couldn't explore the tower itself.

Pleasant Days 'mid Pleasant Scenes

Every little while, in a turn in the river, some grand old castle met my view, and all day long I was on the lookout for new scenes and the fresh interest excited by the legends connected with them. The scenery did not improve in beauty as I went up the river, and had it not been for the historic interest of the many old castles and ruins, I would have thought the stream far less beautiful than our own Hudson. Certainly the Rhine has no such grandeur of beauty as


belongs to the American stream, nor has it such a variety of scenery. I have never seen any river anywhere which boasts anything to compare with the Hudson at West Point—not even the far-famed Lurlei of the Rhine.

The villages, however, snugly built between the river and the hills, were always picturesque, with their queer old public buildings, their tumble-down shanties, and their winding streets. Some of them looked to be a thousand years old, and probably they were. The peasants looked happy and prosperous; like the land of Canaan, the country seemed to flow with milk and honey—a land of corn and wine, of beautiful hills and steep slopes, terraced and green with vineyards. I never saw any fences or hedges in the fields. The heifer and the ox were yoked together to the plough, and whole families, without regard to sex, were busily engaged in the fields and vineyards. The Rhine country is altogether so pleasant, that I wondered why any of the inhabitants care to leave for far-off North or South America, where their future is uncertain, and where they can scarcely hope to be more comfortable. The only explanation is that they look upon America as a land of gold, whence they will speedily return home rich.



CHAPTER XIII

Two Monarchs at Close Range

 USED to meet a great many Americans as I went from town to town along the Rhine, and one day I met a party of New York people, who told me they were on their way to Homburg, where the German Emperor and King Humbert of Italy were to hold a grand review of the troops. When I learned this fact, I determined to visit Homburg, too, and see what these two great monarchs were like at close range. So I immediately shouldered my knapsack and started for the famous watering-place, where I soon arrived.

The next few days were among the most interesting of all my trip. When I reached Homburg, and had settled myself in a little boarding-house, I set out to see what was happening. I found that I was just in time to witness the great review, which was to take place that afternoon on the plains without the city. So I hurried through the streets, which were filled with handsome carriages and richly-dressed people, until I reached the great open plaza where the review was to take place. I had no difficulty in finding a spot from which I could see the display, for the area was so great that one could see the soldiers a mile away.

I was fortunate in taking my stand near the point where the carriage came which contained the Queen of Italy and the Empress of Germany, and soon after they arrived the King and the Emperor came riding up on handsome chargers. They were given a great reception by the crowd, and then the review began.

The Army of an Empire

It was a magnificent spectacle, and as I had never before seen any such military display, I watched it with the greatest interest. An immense body of cavalry came moving majestically across the plain, and when they arrived opposite the royal party the horses were made to canter. It was wonderfully effective in the bright sunlight, and I thought to myself that this German army must be indeed the finest in the world. After the cavalry there came troop after troop of foot-soldiers, and after them the artillery. I had no idea how many soldiers were in line, but certainly there were more than I had ever seen in all my life before, and it seemed to me that there must have been more than two hundred thousand.

The Emperor and the King rode up and down the line as the troops were passing, and they were saluted by every man. I had never before realized so

well what it means to be a king, and it was no wonder that Emperor William's face wore an expression of great satisfaction. What ruler could help being proud of such a wonderful army?

There was a great deal of cheering, the bands played continually, and the function appeared to be a success in every way. I was glad that I had journeyed to Homburg to see it all, for it isn't likely that another such review will be held for some time to come.

On the day following the review I called at one of the hotels to see my acquaintances from New York. They had been greatly interested in hearing about my tour, and had asked me many questions about my audiences with Mr. Gladstone and the Queen. They told me that I ought now to shake hands with the Emperor William, and that then I would have good reason to congratulate myself. I told them that I thought the Emperor would be a very difficult person to approach, since he was always surrounded by soldiers. They laughed, and said they thought they could arrange the matter for me.

It developed that they were personal friends of the Emperor, and that they were to call on him that very day. They said that if I would be at his hotel at the time of their visit they would ask him to shake hands with me, anyhow, and that he would gladly do that. I was only too glad to agree to this arrangement, and promptly at three o'clock in the afternoon I stationed myself in the appointed place. My friends came out in about half an hour, and when they were smiling I knew it was all right. "Yes," said the youngest woman of the party, "run right in now; tell his Majesty who you are, shake hands with him and come out at once. We told him your history, and he said we might send you in."

An Audience with the German Emperor

I thanked them, and hurriedly opened the door and entered. The footman seemed to expect me, for he asked no questions. He conducted me through a hallway and into a pleasant reception room. There, in an arm-chair, I saw the Emperor, and as I entered he looked up with a smile. "Oh," he said, "you are the Yankee boy." I was almost too embarrassed to speak, but I managed to say that I was that boy, and then I placed my hand in his. He said but a few words, and I thanked him and left the room. My friends were awaiting me outside, and they asked me what I thought of the German Emperor. "Oh," I exclaimed, "I think he's simply great," and that expressed my feelings very well. For certainly Emperor William has an impressive personality, even when you are in his presence but a moment, and I found him extremely kind, and very different from the stern person I had expected to meet.

When the Emperor and the King left Homburg, the little town resumed its normal condition of peace and quiet, and I started on my way to Heidelberg, where I arranged to stay several days. My stay in that old college town was memorably

pleasant. I was fortunate in meeting some Americans who were residing there, and since they were wealthy people, they were able to make things very nice for me. They were even able to give me an opportunity to earn some money, for they were literary folk, and had a great deal of manuscript which they desired to have copied upon the typewriter. I was glad of a chance to earn even the smallest wages, for by this time I had only about fifteen dollars left of the money with which I had arrived in Germany. It was surprising that I had so much, for since leaving London I had traveled several hundred miles, and had seen some of the most interesting places in Europe. I don't think any traveler ever had more for his money than I had for mine.

Old Heidelberg

I found much that was worth seeing during my spare time in Heidelberg. The grand old Schloss, fulfilling all my preconceived ideas of a castle, is situated "high on the forehead of Jettenbuhl," with mountains behind and in front. From the broad terrace of masonry you can almost throw a stone upon the roofs of the town, so closely do they lie below this massive, half-ruined structure, with its octagon and its round and square towers, battered and shattered by the mace of war. It is said to be the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages to be found in Europe.

Of course I visited the famous University, with its celebrated schools of law and medicine, whose professional chairs have been adorned by many noted scholars, and where many Americans have studied. It is a very plain and unpretentious building. The students are divided into five different corps, distinguished by the color of their caps—Prussian, white; Rhinelander, blue, etc. They have a very good time while they are at the University, and live a life which is very different from that at American schools.

When I tried to go to church on Sunday, I started for the old Church of the Holy Ghost, whither I was directed to go, under the information that I should there find a Presbyterian service. When I arrived at the building I found myself in a Roman Catholic church, and I thought my informant must have misunderstood me. But on my way through the street I met my American friends, who told me that if I would enter another door of the same church I would find myself among the Presbyterians. I did so, and sure enough, there was the Scotch minister, perched up in a little pulpit far away from his audience, which consisted of only about twenty worshipers. I discovered that the old church had the odd peculiarity of being partitioned through the centre, so that the Romanists held services at one end, and at the same time the Protestant service was conducted at the other. This is an arrangement which is probably not repeated elsewhere in the world, though it has much to recommend it, encouraging, as it does, a spirit of tolerance among Christians.

Sunday in Germany

A Sunday in Heidelberg, as in other German cities, was very much like a holiday. I found that the stores and banks were open, and that people were enjoying themselves in all sorts of ways. Sunday excursions were exceedingly popular, and the people generally seemed to look upon the Sabbath as a day set apart for recreation and a good time.

I made a short trip from Heidelberg to Frankfort-on-the-Main, which is a famed commercial city, and one which presents a fine appearance. It looked indeed, like some capital city, and as I walked through the well-paved streets I thought I had never observed anywhere a more general air of prosperity. Frankfort is still one of the great money centres of the world, and was the first foreign city to take any of the United States Government bonds. I found the banks, as in Amsterdam, to be plain-looking buildings, with iron gratings at the windows, giving them the appearance of jails.

In the Judengasse, or Jews' Alley, Rothschild's first banking-room was shown me. It is about eight feet by ten, without a window—only a door; and over this entrance were a few old boots hung up for sale. From 1460 until recent times the Jews were compelled to reside here, and the thoroughfare was closed by gates at each end, all night and on Sundays and holidays. Those old, dingy, antiquated houses have beheld many a dark scene of Jewish persecution and suffering. Now, many of this once oppressed and downtrodden people live in the most splendid palaces and mansions of Frankfort, and one is encouraged to hope that the day of Jewish persecution throughout the world is over.

I stopped to look at the old, slate-colored house called "Lutherhaus," where Luther preached from the balcony when on his way to Worms. It bears his portrait, and the inscription, "In silentio et spe erit fortitudo vestra."

Ignorance of Some Americans Abroad

Goethe seems to be the God whom the Frankforters worship, and the house where he was born, in 1749, has this inscription: "In Diesem Hause wurde Johann Wolfgang Goethe, am 28 August, 1749, Beboren." I happened to be with a party of Americans when I visited the historic house, and when we were asked to pay the fee of one mark for admission, one of them objected. "I don't think it's worth it," he said, "who ever heard of Goethe in America?" The man had been very successful in business, but his poetical education had been sadly neglected, and he knew absolutely nothing of this literary idol of the Germans. His case was similar to that of a woman whom I met at Heidelberg. I was showing her some exquisite bits of china which I had purchased at the request of a friend. "Yes," she remarked, "they're very nice indeed, but I haven't been buying anything of that sort. You know you can get all of those

things in the New York department stores." I managed to refrain from laughing, for indeed it was no laughing matter. It was really pitiable that a person should have no better appreciation of the gems of art which may be found in out-of-the-way corners of Europe and nowhere else in the world. I knew very little about art myself, but I knew enough to know the beauties of the things which I saw on my travels.



CHAPTER XIV

A Fairyland of Lovely Scenery



AFTER leaving Germany, my next objective point was Switzerland, the land of snow-capped mountains and lovely lakes. I would have liked to visit Leipsic, Dresden, and others of the great German towns, but my supply of money was rapidly diminishing as the days passed, and I thought it wise to continue on my way to Paris, where I felt sure there would be some money awaiting me from the American newspapers. My mail in Cologne had consisted of but two letters from home and one from the old lady at the London inn, and now I would have to wait until Paris was reached before I could hope for any more. I calculated that I could spend about a month in Switzerland, and then have sufficient money to enable me to reach the French capital. Once in Paris, I would surely find one or two checks, and, if not—well, I didn't know what I would do then. I didn't worry over the prospect. So far I had been favored with good fortune in almost every place, and I had confidence that it would continue. Having progressed so far on my tour, I felt that I would surely be able to complete it.

Into the Land of the Alps

From Frankfort I returned to dear old Heidelberg, where I said farewell to my kind American friends, and then I started for the Swiss city of Basle, through which most tourists pass when on their way south from Germany. I traveled through the edge of the Black Forest region, which was picturesque and beautiful, and I remained over one night in the ancient town of Freiburg, where I enjoyed seeing the quaint headdress of the women in the market-place. Some of them wore great bows of cloth upon their heads which must have been four feet from tip to tip; they were sometimes elaborately embroidered, and from a distance their wearers had the appearance of miniature windmills.

On my arrival in Basle, I was at first disappointed with the surroundings of the city. I had an idea that as soon as I crossed the Swiss border I would find myself among the high Alps, and when no mountains were visible I felt as if I had been somehow cheated or deceived. But I was told by a friendly Englishman that I would find all the mountain scenery my heart could desire when I reached Lucerne, and I had to be content with that assurance.

At Basle I had my last view of the Rhine, which I had followed on foot for so many miles. In Switzerland it had a very different appearance than in Ger-

many. It was a swift-flowing mountain stream, with cold, blue water, which was delicious for bathing. I was tired and warm after my day's journey, and I will long remember the pleasant experience of my swim in the Rhine at Basle. It was wonderfully invigorating, and I thought to myself that it was worth living in the town just to enjoy the river baths.

It was a chilly night that I spent in Basle, and I found the German feather beds very comfortable. I had become used to those peculiar institutions by this time, but the ones in Basle were so narrow and so lofty that I actually required a ladder to mount them. Once I had trusted myself to its sleek-looking surface, I felt myself sinking into fathomless depths of feathers, where I was warm and cosy for the night. Most American tourists find it impossible to sleep between two feather ticks, and many are their humorous experiences in trying to obtain blankets and quilts. Some of them, as a last resort, have been known to remove the covering from the ticks, and sleep under that, much to the disgust of the thrifty German *hausfrauen*.

More Beautiful than I Dreamed

I found Basle to be a pleasant city, with wide, well-paved streets, and substantial buildings. I was particularly pleased with the trolley-cars, which reminded me of Chicago; the sound of their gongs was the first thing I heard when I awoke in the morning, and it was enough to give me a home-sick feeling, which quickly departed when I started out sightseeing through the town. It required only a short time to visit the historic church and the little picture gallery, and when I had made the round I lost no time in starting for Lucerne.

The tramp from Basle to Lucerne, through a beautiful, hilly country, was like some lovely dream to me. With every mile the beauties of the scenery were more evident, and I was ever enthusiastic over the unfolding view. I was more surprised and delighted to find the Switzerland of reality was even more beautiful than the country of my dreams, for as a matter-of-fact I had never imagined that there could be such beautiful places in the world as I saw in the Bernese Oberland. When I was very young I was continually dreaming of traveling in some foreign country, and very often I visited Switzerland in my dreams. But I had never seen any such scenery as was now before my very eyes.

It was night when I reached Lucerne, and I set about to find a lodging, for I was tired after my day of admiration. I was so weary that I didn't spend much time in looking for a place, and when I saw a tumble-down building called the Hotel du Boeff, I at once engaged the cheapest room they had. I think "Hotel du Boeff" means "Hotel of Cow" in English, but I didn't stop to translate the name. My room looked as dilapidated within as the hotel did without, but I cheerfully brought out my coffee-pot and made myself some supper. Then I turned in for the night.

A Magnificent Panorama

When I awoke early the next morning I went to my window, and looked out upon a view which stunned me with its magnificence. I had seen nothing of the surrounding scenery the night before, so I was quite unprepared for what was now before me. Below me, at the head of a lovely lake, was stretched the ancient city, with its picturesque architecture and rambling streets. At the far end of the lake were the high Alps, in the glorious raiment of snow and ice, and their summits were rosy with the light of the rising sun. I looked and looked at the view, and I never felt so much like beginning my day with prayer. It was altogether an inspiring sight, and brought one nearer to God and heaven.

It was some time before I left the window and lighted the lamp to heat my coffee; and then I was no longer conscious of the miserable little room in which I had slept. I could see nothing but the glories of the Alps and the deep, blue lake, and I longed to be outdoors to see this city, which was a veritable scenic paradise. My coffee and rolls seemed a luxurious breakfast when eaten with that view before me, and I was again joyful that I had come to Europe. This was far better than to be seated in that office in Chicago, wondering how I was to pass the time until noon.

My first visit in the town was to the water-front, where I looked upon the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, or the "Vierwaldstadter See" at close range. This lake is said to be one of the most beautiful in all the world; but though I had read of it I was quite unprepared for its actual magnificence. Nothing could be more complete and satisfying than the grandeur of its mountain scenery, the quiet beauty of its banks, and the endless variety of its charms. It will remain with me always as the most beautiful sight of my tour.

When I left the water-front, I went to look at the greatest curiosity of Lucerne, a magnificent work of art by Thorwaldsen, wrought out of a lofty, solid rock. It represents a dying lion, twenty-eight and one-half feet in length, transfixed by an arrow, and was designed to commemorate the Swiss Guards, who died in defending the royal family of France in 1792. In front of it is a beautiful lake, with a fountain playing, and from the rock beside it a mountain stream leaps down. I thought it the most impressive monument I had ever seen, and particularly appropriate for its purpose.

Up the Rigi on Foot

I had long desired an experience of mountain-climbing, and early in the morning of my first day in Lucerne, I inquired for the way to the Rigi, which is the most accessible mountain in the neighborhood. I was directed to Vitznau, which is the town from which the ascent is made, and purchasing a stout mountain-pole, I started out. It wasn't a long walk, but when I reached Vitznau I

decided that it was rather late to make the ascent, and postponed it until the next morning. I spent the night in the house of a kindly mountaineer, and before daylight I was started on the upward path. There is a railroad which runs up the mountain, but the fare was expensive, and I was glad to have the strength to climb. When I saw the railway I thought it the strangest I had ever looked upon. For every four feet of track it rises one foot, so that the locomotive is continually climbing the hill. The engine didn't look like the ordinary locomotives, the boiler being upright, and when standing at the station it had a decidedly queer appearance. The management takes every precaution for safety, and the accidents on the road are said to be few and far between. There was a toothed wheel which worked on the cogs between the rails, and a brake by which the cars could be held fast to the rack-rail, so there was no reason for fear. Many tourists, however, would as soon think of "looping the loop" as of riding on a mountain railway.

On account of my early start, I was well up the side of the mountain before the sun began to drive away the mists in the valleys. The great forest trees, sturdy from long exposure to the mountain blasts, were all about me, and everything was quiet as the grave. As the mists disappeared by degrees, I could see the farmers' dwellings in the valleys, and gradually the coverlet of fog was lifted from the surface of the lake. Then the summits of the mountains were visible far above me, and I climbed with greater zeal, desirous to reach the Rigi-Kulm, to enjoy the wonderful panorama of which I had heard so much. There was splendid scenery all around me, but the summit was my aim, and I was impatient to reach it.

Finally I came to the railway track, which I followed the remainder of the distance until I stood on the high plateau, nearly six thousand feet high. I found it green with grass, and cows, sheep and goats, were seen feeding in every direction. As I stood looking about me I held within my vision a circumference of some three hundred miles—about one hundred and fifty miles of continuous snow-capped Alps to the east and south, with the grand old Jungfrau in the distance. The names of the different mountains were given on a map which I held in my hand. Conspicuous in the view were the mountains of the Bernese Oberland, which presented a magnificent spectacle, with their mantles of eternal snow. Fourteen lakes were in full view. Far away I could see the towns of Lucerne, Zurich, and many villages hugging the mountains by the banks of the lakes, and numerous Swiss chalets dotting the mountain sides.

I desired to see the glorious scenes at sunset and at sunrise, so I arranged to remain overnight on the summit. I was well repaid for the unusual expense of a bed in a hotel. After waiting about an hour in the evening, I saw the ruddy rays of the setting sun on the distant snow-covered peaks, and then the clouds of the afternoon began to lift, and formed a dark, heavy bank. The immense ball of fire then dropped slowly down, throwing its rays all over the horizon, and a

scene of indescribable beauty presented itself. I watched until the darkness had begun to envelop the view, and then I went to bed, as I expected to be out early in the morning for the sunrise.

The Glorious Sunrise

The Alpine horn was sounded about three-thirty o'clock, to rouse the slumberers for the view of the rising sun, and its echoes had scarcely ceased when a motley crowd was hurrying up the summit. A variety of strange costumes were in evidence; for men, women and children, fearful of missing the sunrise, had made hasty toilets before leaving their rooms. Some had only blankets about them, and others wore their hair loose down their backs. We had not long to wait for the appearance of the orb of day. The peaks of snow began to change their colors, indifferently white at first, then yellowish, and at last turning to a lovely pink. One bright flash, and the first ray of the sun shot forth. For a moment all was silent, and then a shout went forth which made the welkin ring, as the full splendor of the vast panorama was displayed. A party of Americans began to sing the verses of "America" to welcome the sun, and a band of Swiss minstrels sang "Praise to the Alps." It was indeed a time long to be remembered.

I was soon on my way down the mountain side again, and when I reached my starting-point, I determined to pursue my way up the lake to Fluelen, which was about twenty-five miles distant. The fare on the steamer was very low, so I determined to allow myself the extravagance of a ride, for the road was very roundabout. Even in the impoverished condition of my purse, I felt that the ride was worth far more than it cost me. The lake wound round among the mountains, and at every turn I was surprised with some entrancing vista. There could be nothing more charming and picturesque, and travelers say that the nearest approach to this lake in beauty and grandeur is our own American Lake George.

From Fluelen I decided to walk through the Furca and St. Gothard Passes, via the Glacier du Rhone, etc., to Interlaken. This took me through the region of William Tell, and numerous hotels in the district are named after the famous hero. At Burglen, his birthplace and home, I visited a chapel which was painted over with scenes from his life, and which was supposed to mark the site of his house. After crossing the Schachenbach, in the waters of which Tell perished while struggling to save a child, I began the ascent of the great St. Gothard. This was not an easy climb. The trail is not over a single peak or eminence, but over a mountainous group, presenting a wild and magnificent appearance, winding around among the mountains by the river Reuss, which dashes madly along, foaming and leaping over its rocky bed. There were numerous waterfalls plunging down the declivities, and the walk was a grand one.



VII
VIEW OF THE JUNGFRAU FROM INTERLAKEN



VIII
LUCERNE AND THE NEIGHBORING MOUNTAINS

Walking Through the Mountains

I found it rather difficult, at first, to be continually climbing uphill, but I found that there were some down-grades, too, and I soon became accustomed to this new order of pedestrianism. The roads through Switzerland were all hard and smooth, even in the high altitudes. Some of them have existed for centuries, and the government has been careful to keep them in excellent condition. At Andermatt, which is the chief village of the valley, I encountered a snow-storm, which was an unusual experience for the time of year. It gave me a feeling that winter was at hand, and I longed to be further advanced on my way to Paris and London and home.


The glacier region was grand and impressive. I passed the Tiefer Glacier, in which was discovered some of the finest crystals in the world. A cave was found in its side, and some fifteen tons of topaz were removed from this hiding-place of nature in a single year. From the Furca Pass the descent was very abrupt to the Rhone Glacier, that great sea of ice extending for fifteen miles. It resembled what Niagara Falls might look like if frozen solid. I walked over this consolidated mass and entered a natural grotto of ice, winding under the glacier, about eight feet high, and from one to two hundred feet long. It was a great experience. I made the ascent of the Hanseck, over seven thousand feet in height, and passed the Todtensee. Here, in 1799, the French and Austrians closed in a deadly struggle, and the dead were buried in the lake. One would have supposed that such masses of mountains would have been a barrier to war.

There seemed to be no end to the varied beauties of the mountain scenery. It was indeed a fairy region through which I passed, and every new prospect had an interest of its own. Many of the places were historic, and others were famed because of some famous man who had lived in the neighborhood. At the Hanseck Falls, which are the finest in Switzerland, where the Aar leaps down two hundred and fifty feet at a bound, it was boasted by the natives that Agassiz had lived there for a time to study glacial action. As a result of his observations he proved that one of these glaciers moves at the rate of eight inches a day, or eighty-five yards a year.

One of the loveliest spots I visited was Meyringen, and after visiting the beauty spots of that neighborhood I went to Lake Brienz, where I boarded one of the steamers for Interlaken. This lake is nearly surrounded by mountains, and it was delightful to glide again over placid waters, quite in contrast with my recent experience of tramping over mountain roads. I reached Interlaken in time to spend Sunday in that beautiful town. From the window of my lodging I had a fine view of the Jungfrau, which was the most ideally beautiful peak I saw in Switzerland. When I looked on it that Sunday morning it was covered with snow, and the white, fleecy clouds, lower down, lay in folds as beautiful as those of a rich, white satin dress. It filled one with worshipful thoughts to see it.

CHAPTER XV

Adventures Among the Alps

 HERE were times when I found the Swiss peasantry inclined to be gruff and surly in manner, but as a rule they were simple, hospitable folk, who treated me with kindness, and charged me but little for my food and lodging. I tried to travel as much as possible through the districts which were but little frequented by the general run of tourists, and though this was a hard thing to do, because the country is so small and the tourists are so numerous, I often managed to surprise by my presence some sleepy hamlet which had been without a stranger within its gates for many moons. Sometimes the villagers would simply swarm about me in their curiosity, and I talked with them as well as I could by means of my few words of French and German and my sign language. In these out-of-the-way places I could live much cheaper than in such popular resorts as Lucerne and Interlaken.

I remained in the latter town over one Sunday, and early on the Monday morning I started out to walk through the valley to a village about ten miles distant, where I knew I would find some scenery worth visiting. I reached the place about noon, and spent the time until dark in exploring the neighborhood. I remained overnight at a little "gasthof," and before going to bed I had an interesting conversation in broken English with the landlord, who told me about a wonderful path which led over the mountains to another village about fifteen miles away. He said it was one of the most picturesque trails in the whole of Switzerland, and that I shouldn't think of leaving the country without having tried it. I was interested in what he said, and determined to follow his advice. The village of which he told me was on my way to Berne, and it wouldn't be much out of my way to take the path which he described.

Seeking the Jungfrau

I was up early the next morning, and was on the road up the mountain-slope before the sun had risen above the horizon. I ate my usual breakfast of coffee and rolls, and as I trudged along I thought that I had never felt better in my life. I looked forward to the day's climb with delightful anticipation, for I had been told that I would be able to see the great Jungfrau in all her glory, and to obtain an excellent view of the whole of the Bernese Oberland.

It was a most delightful prospect, and as I ascended the lower slopes of

the first mountain, I hurried myself as much as possible, for I was anxious to reach the height from which I would be able to see the great glaciers of which the landlord had spoken.

I soon passed all the villages on the slopes, and before ten o'clock I was nearly half way up the mountain, and walking along a plateau which was covered with forests of fir trees. All about me was that deathly silence so peculiar to high mountains, and I might have been altogether out of the world for all that I could hear or see of its life and movement.

I was trudging along, thinking of home, and what the people there might be doing, when all at once I looked up and around me, and discovered that I was no longer following a path. There was no trail to be seen anywhere about, and, so far as I could judge, I was in a very different place from where I should have been if I had followed the trail. It was a startling discovery to be made by a sixteen-year-old boy all alone in the wilderness, and I stood there dazed by the misfortune, and hardly knew which way to turn.

As I looked about I saw that I stood upon a slope, covered with great trees, through which I could see a ravine, far below. I decided, after considering the situation, that if I continued walking I might possibly come to a path that would take me again to the top of the mountain, where I could see my surroundings and possibly discover which was the right direction in which to go. I knew it would be useless to try to find the path I had lost, for in such a forest I would certainly become more bewildered every minute, and probably walk around in a circle.

Lost in the High Alps

The more I thought of the difficulties confronting me, the more nervous I became. It was by no means certain that I would be able to find any trail at all, and I might possibly walk for miles and miles in this wilderness without finding any habitation. The entire district was a barren place, and nothing human would choose such a place for a home. I began to wonder what would become of me if I remained lost. I had never heard that there were wild beasts in the Alps, but the country looked as if it might be infested by bears and wild boars. Probably they would discover me if I had to remain out overnight.

Another source of worryment was the fact that I had nothing to eat in my knapsack except some coffee. I had always been able to obtain food at the huts of the mountaineers during my walking-tours, and I had not thought it necessary to make any provision for my noonday meal. It was now the middle of the afternoon, and since I had eaten only coffee and rolls for breakfast, I was ravenously hungry. I might have felt braver on a full stomach.

I walked down through the trees to explore the ravine, which I could see in the distance. I hoped I might find a hut there, or a path which would lead me back to civilization, but when I reached the bottom of the slope I beheld a

discouraging sight. The mountain, instead of descending gradually into the ravine, was chopped off so abruptly as to form a precipice. When I came to the edge I stood and looked down into the ravine. I saw that there were high mountains all around it, with steep sides, covered with enormous boulders of rock. The great Jungfrau, with her ice and snow, formed the wall on one side, and cascades of snow were continually falling into the ravine from the higher slopes. The place was absolutely destitute of any living thing, and there was no habitation in sight upon the mountain slopes. Every few minutes I heard a great thunder, as of a cannon, and I knew that the pieces of some glacier were crashing down the mountain side, perhaps to crush some poor goatherd on the slope. A great torrent of water poured down a chasm which it had carved for itself, and the noise of its waters, with the thunder of the avalanches, was the only sound to break the silence.

In the "Valley of Death"

The scene was grand and impressive beyond description. I thought to myself that I might be at the end of the earth for all that I could perceive of the rest of the world. I learned afterwards that the district is known as the "Valley of Death," and I thought the name a very appropriate one.

After I had sat there for some time, I decided that I was gaining nothing by the delay, and that I had best make a move of some sort. By this time I was weak from fright, as well as from hunger, and I could scarcely keep from trembling as I walked. The afternoon was far advanced, and I knew that unless I wanted to spend the night in this place I had better make an effort to get out. With the aid of my mountain-pole I descended to the ravine, and at any other time I would have taken great interest in exploring the diabolical haunt; but under the existing circumstances I had no heart for investigation, except for the purpose of finding a way out. For a while I seated myself upon one of the great boulders, and I couldn't keep my thoughts from home. I wished heartily that I was back in the Illinois town, with my position as janitor of the public library, and I wondered why I had ever been so foolish as to travel alone through Europe. Amid those surroundings I forgot all the pleasant and successful incidents of my trip, and thought only of my present unhappy position.

I observed that one side of the ravine was less precipitous than the other, and it occurred to me that once I reached its summit I might find a house of some sort. I felt almost too weak to make the effort to climb, but I forced myself to it. I couldn't remain indefinitely seated on a boulder, and this seemed the best way out. Once I had started, the excitement of the ascent served as a tonic, and I scaled the side without accident. Once on top, I found that I was only at the bottom of a long slope, which I would have to traverse before I could see down the other side of the mountain. This discovery was almost too much for my nerve. I thought I could never walk that distance which I saw before

me, but necessity is a powerful aid, and I accomplished the task. It was after dark, however, when I stood on the highest ridge, and looked down the far side of the mountain in search of a glimmer of light.

A Haven of Rest


My perseverance was rewarded. Far below me I saw some rays of light streaming from a cabin window, and I started toward this haven in the wilderness. I was so exhausted that my feelings were benumbed, and when I reached the cabin door I was almost senseless from the strain I had undergone. The kind mountaineers took me in, gave me some hot gruel, and when I awoke the next morning, I felt as well as ever, save for a feeling of weakness. I tried to explain to my benefactors how it was that I had become lost, but they couldn't understand my signs. They understood, however, the name of the town for which I had started the day before, and they put me on the right path again. When I reached my destination, I learned that I had never been more than a mile from the trail I lost, and that if I had walked up the slope, instead of down to the ravine, I would have found it without much difficulty. The experience was a lesson to me, and after that I was content to keep to the beaten paths, and to carefully understand the lay of the land before I started to traverse unknown trails.

But I was not discouraged from my pedestrian trips over the Alps. I was by this time a confirmed mountain-climber, and I often went out of my way to climb summits which I had heard were worth doing. I was in love with the whole country, and many times I wished that my purse were richer, so that I could postpone my departure for France. I thought it worth a trip to Europe merely to visit Chamouni, with its varied and charming scenery. On my arrival in that town the clouds lifted from the mountains, around which they had clung for a week, showing Mont Blanc in all its glory, towering up to an altitude of nearly sixteen thousand feet. Standing in the little vale of Chamouni, right under this monarch of hills, at the foot of the Glacier du Gossons, I witnessed the setting sun reflecting his splendors upon the snow. It was an awe-inspiring scene, only equalled by my view of the sunset from the Rigi.

Switzerland is a wonderful country. The grand panorama of the Alps cannot be described; its real grandeur is beyond the power of words to paint, but its varied scenes will remain forever in my memory. The impression one gains by traveling through Switzerland is amazing, and is beyond the reach even of the poet to adequately express. To quote the words of another, "Nature-like, her own atmospheric influences come upon the imagination with imperceptible but overpowering force, and will not let herself be scanned and her features accurately described. She is very lofty, pure and divine, hiding herself from the gaze of man, and with depths of meaning that are no more to be fathomed than the divine source from which they sprang."

CHAPTER XVI

Through Western Switzerland Into France

 ONE of the most pleasurable incidents of my stay in Switzerland was my voyage down Lake Thun to Berne, the capital city. On both sides of this lovely lake are picturesque villages, and hillsides dotted here and there with chalets, villas and gardens, backed by the snowy giants of the Oberland. After tramping for so many miles, and especially after my experience of being lost in the mountains, it was exceedingly pleasant to be seated on the deck of the steamer, gliding past such entrancing views. I wished that the sensation might last forever.

Berne is the capital of the Swiss Confederacy and one of the most ancient cities in Europe. It was market-day when I arrived, and I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the peasantry and the market-people, with their quaint costumes and odd style of vehicles. Along the principal streets of the town the houses are so constructed as to form an arcade over the footways, through which the inhabitants walk. This arrangement has its advantages in cold or rainy weather, but I thought the shops looked rather dark and gloomy, being where no sun could penetrate them. A great deal of the trading is done outside the shops, and much of the merchandise is displayed on the sidewalks, so that the customers find it unnecessary to go within. It impressed me as a queer way of doing business, and, as usual, I thought our American way the best.

The Capital of Switzerland

There are many places of interest in the little capital, but one of the first things I noticed was the famous old clock-tower. Whenever this clock strikes, at three minutes before the hour, a cock crows and flaps his wings; presently some bears march in procession round an old man, and the cock crows again. Then a fool strikes the hour on a bell with a hammer, while the old man, representing Father Time, checks off the strokes with his sceptre, and turns his hour-glass. A bear nods approval, and a final bout of cock-crowing ends the performance. Certainly the clock is a remarkable piece of mechanism, and there is said to be nothing quite so original anywhere in Europe. I was amused to see the tourists running down the street to see it strike the hour. Some of them were blocks distant when the first warning stroke was sounded, and they ran as if their lives depended upon it. I was one of the number who ran the fastest,

but that didn't lessen any my appreciation of the indescribable humor of the sight.

Berne was a very gay little place at the time of my visit. The Swiss Parliament was in session, and the members and their families had arrived in the capital for the season. There were numerous carriages in the streets, the hotels were well-filled, and the city had the appearance of the other greater capitals of Europe, on a smaller scale.

The Swiss Parliament in Session

When I learned that the legislative body was in session, I determined to visit it, just to see what Swiss law-makers were like. In London I had visited the great British Parliament, and while I knew this one would be nothing similar, I thought it would probably have its own points of interest. I had no difficulty in finding the modest building which serves as a capitol for the Swiss Republic, and when I entered at the main door I looked about for the room in which the Parliament was in session. I saw a sign on the wall, indicating the direction, and after passing through several hallways, I finally arrived at the door of the chamber. I entered without hesitation, for I had no idea that I was on forbidden ground. I supposed that this was the public entrance. I was soon set right, however, for an official came up and explained that members only were allowed on that floor. I apologized as well as I could in broken German, and then sought the gallery, where I belonged.

I was agreeably surprised at the sight I saw on the floor of the chamber. There was as fine a body of men gathered there as I had ever seen, and I thought that the Swiss could certainly be proud of their law-makers. A debate was in progress on some subject, and at times there were three or four members on their feet, all trying to speak at the same time. One peculiar thing was that some of the members spoke in French, some in German and still others in Italian. I had been told that all these languages are spoken within the Swiss Republic, but I should think the presiding officer would have to be an excellent linguist to understand all that is said to him from the floor.

Since I couldn't comprehend the meaning of what was said, I soon tired of watching the proceedings, and started out to explore the capitol building. I hadn't proceeded far when I came to a door upon which was the word "Praesident," which I knew was the German for President. This, I thought, must be the entrance to the office of the Chief Executive of the Republic, and I thought it would be a good idea for me to seek an interview with the gentleman. So I knocked softly upon the door. Some one within said something in German, which I couldn't understand, but I opened the door and entered. I found myself in a plainly furnished office, and seated at a desk was a kind-faced old gentleman. I took him to be a secretary, perhaps, for I thought it unlikely that the door would open directly into the office of the President himself.

A Mutual Surprise

When I advanced to his side the man spoke to me in German, and when he saw I couldn't understand, he tried French. Then he spoke at last in English, and I was astonished when he remarked that he was the President, if that was the person I wanted to see. I told him that I was from America, and apologized for entering so unceremoniously. He laughed as he replied. He explained that what he had said in answer to my knock was not for me to come in, but to go three doors down the hall, where I would find his secretary. "But now that you are in," he said, smiling, "you may as well stay. It is a long time since I've had a call from an American boy, and I am glad to see you." I was surprised to learn that this Swiss President had lived in the United States when he was young, and had served as a soldier in the Union Army during the Civil War. When the great conflict was over he had returned to his native land, and had prospered there, until he was now holding the highest position in the gift of his countrymen.

The President, of course, had a great many questions to ask about different places in America, and I answered them all as well as I was able. I was delighted to find that he had a very high opinion of my country, but when he remarked that Switzerland is the very best and the model republic of the world, I was up in arms. He said that he was always sorry to read of the strikes and labor troubles of which we have so many in the United States; he said that they are never burdened with such problems, and the Swiss people were wonderfully happy and contented. I replied that if his country were as large as ours, he would probably find much the same difficulty in dealing with strikes, and there we sat, a President and a sixteen-year-old boy, arguing a question of sociological importance. It seemed a very funny situation when I thought about it afterward, but at the time I was wholly in earnest, and argued as if my reputation depended upon it. The President, of course, was amused, but he said he was glad I was so patriotic. "The Americans and the Swiss are alike in that respect," he said. I must have remained with him for nearly half an hour, and when I at last took my departure, he gave me a warm invitation to call again if ever I were in Switzerland. I was delighted with my visit, and was sorry that I had to start so soon for Paris, because I would have liked to have seen more of such an amiable man.

Departure for France

It would hardly have been comfortable for me to have remained longer among the mountains, even if I had possessed sufficient money to enable me to prolong my stay. The season was now very late, and the nights, and days, too, were cold and chilly. I longed to reach France, and enjoy the warm sunshine which I was sure of finding there. All my life I had delighted to read of the

land of Napoleon and Richelieu and so many other interesting characters. French history and the French people had always seemed unusually attractive in my eyes, and when I left Chicago I was more anxious to visit France than any other European country, except England. So it was with many pleasant anticipations that I set out upon the long road from Switzerland to Paris. I wished for money to enable me to ride by train, but I had prolonged my stay in the Alps, and it would now be necessary for me to economize in every possible way to make my money last until I reached Paris. I thought I would be all right when I arrived there. The money from the newspapers would surely be awaiting me at the office where my mail was sent, and my only concern, therefore, was to make ends meet until I covered the distance to the city.

I had somehow gained the mistaken impression that all of France enjoys the warm climate of Nice and Monte Carlo, so that after I left Switzerland my first disappointment was in the weather. My experience with it was really funny, but at the time I was thoroughly disgusted. It was a fine October night when I finished my first day's tramp in the French provinces, and on the morrow I expected to see a beautiful country bathed in the warm sunshine, and I planned that I should be able to cover at least thirty miles on my way to Paris. So I ate my bread and cheese and coffee, and went to bed in a very cheerful frame of mind.

A Dreary Beginning

When I awoke the next morning and looked out of my window I saw that a drizzling rain was falling, cold and dreary and disheartening. I felt like crying at the sight. It was bad enough to be alone and scarce of money in warm weather, but under such circumstances as these it was enough to make one homesick. I felt like crawling back in the warm bed and staying there through the day, for all my ambition seemed to have left me. Only the knowledge that I must reach Paris soon or be without money, forced me to start out in the rain. I ate a meagre breakfast, shouldered my knapsack, and trudged along the muddy country roads, mile after mile, hour after hour. My opinion of France had changed. "La belle France," indeed! I was having one of the most uncomfortable times I had yet experienced, and this was the country to which I had looked forward with such delight. It was no wonder I was disgusted with everything I saw.

The French peasants with whom I came in contact were a poor lot. The men especially were the objects of my scorn. I used to meet them as I walked along, dressed in their baggy bloomers and calico blouses, and I thought they looked more like animals than human beings. The women I liked better. They were not much like the fairy ideals I had pictured in my mind, but they were very neat and industrious. It had been my idea that most French women wore their hair pompadour, and powdered and painted themselves until they looked

like fashion-plates. But in the provinces I found that they were very far from being that sort. They seemed to be energetic and courageous, and many of them seemed busily engaged in supporting their worthless husbands, who were to be seen in large numbers sipping wine at the numerous cafes. My blood boiled when I saw the men sitting about, watching their wives earn a living for the family.

The Drudgery of Women

It seemed to me that the women of the lower classes throughout Europe had a hard time. In Switzerland, I saw them drawing heavy loads and carrying on their backs, up the mountain-steeps, deep, burdensome baskets, and even harnessed with a cow to a cart. In one instance, a cow and a man on one side, and a woman on the other, were drawing a load. The cow having become frightened at a railroad train, they were in danger of being run away with, and were holding on to her horns. In one German city I saw women serving as hod-carriers, bearing great loads of mortar and brick wherever building was going on, and in another they were carrying long bars of iron upon their shoulders.

In France, the women and children seemed to be doing most of the heavy work on the farms. There seemed to be no hedges or fences between the fields, and one employment of the children was to keep the cattle from straying from one to another. Apparently, it was cheaper to use the children in this labor than to spend a little money on fences.

The women in the villages through which I passed were usually engaged in keeping shops. Often I would see some tired mother tending store, while the children played about her skirts. She would be knitting with her hands, perhaps, and rocking a cradle with her foot. Such industry seemed almost heroic, considering that she was apt to be interrupted any minute to serve a customer. The French peasantry have a world-wide reputation for frugality, and I found that they were not particularly hospitable to strangers. There were times when I had difficulty in finding a place to sleep at night, and there was one occasion when I found it necessary to remain outdoors. I had entered a tiny hamlet at dark, only to find that there was no inn where I could obtain lodging. I then called at several of the cottages, and tried to explain my situation, but the surly countrymen refused to understand, or if they did understand, they refused to take me in. After several rebuffs, I was so angry that I determined to make no more attempts to obtain a shelter. The air at least was free, I thought, and no one could refuse me a bed in the open.

Sick and Impoverished

The night was cold and damp, and when I awoke in the morning I found that I had been rash to expose myself to the weather. My lungs were choked

with inflammation, and I was so hoarse I could hardly speak. I felt more like going to bed than continuing my walk toward Paris, but I had but little money left, and I had no time to spare. I feared that I might fall ill among these inhospitable peasants, and for the first time during my trip I was really afraid. I knew it would be a terrible thing to fall into the hands of absolute strangers, especially when they were so ignorant as these provincial Frenchmen.

But though I passed some sleepless nights and some miserable days, I was finally able to throw off the cold. It was a long time, however, before I felt really well again, and during this unhappy period of the trip I determined that I would reach Mattoon in time to spend Christmas with the dear ones at home, for after several months of this traveling under difficulties, I longed to be near some one who cared for me, and where I could be sure of my night's lodging, and of where my next meal was coming from. I had accomplished all that I had set out to do; no one could say that my trip had not been a success, and there was now no good reason for prolonging it.

So I pushed on toward Paris, sleeping where I could find a bed, and eating as little as possible in order to economize. I had learned that it was bad policy to economize too much on my food, but in the state of my pocket-book there was no other course open to me. As things were, I was apt to reach Paris with a very few cents in my pocket, and then, if there were no checks awaiting me, what would I do? But I always refused to consider that possibility. There was no need of crossing the bridge until I came to it.



CHAPTER XVII

Experiences in Paris



CTOBER was nearly over when I arrived in Paris, the city to which I had looked forward with such pleasant anticipations. The trees on the boulevards were shedding their leaves, and the air was cool and refreshing. My first impressions of the city were decidedly favorable. I had never before seen such beautiful streets or such elegant buildings, and there was no disposition in my mind to dispute the claim of the French capital to be the most beautiful city in the world.

I would probably have enjoyed the life of the streets more if I had been less worried over the state of my fortunes. I had less than a dollar in my pocket when I reached the city, and I would have to move with care if this small sum was to last me for long in this metropolis. I wanted to stay in the city for at least a month, if it were possible, so I began to look for a lodging immediately upon my arrival. It wasn't easy to find one which was sufficiently low in price. I visited a great many houses where I saw in the windows the sign *chambre a louer*, but though I looked all through the central portion of the city, I didn't succeed in finding any room which was cheaper than seventy-five cents a week. I accepted one at this price, and immediately set up for light-housekeeping. At a bazaar I purchased a small skillet, in which I could fry eggs and other simple food, and I borrowed from the landlady a few dishes. With my coffee-pot, I was able to live quite independent of the restaurants.

No Money From Home

As soon as I settled, I lost no time in visiting the express office to which I had ordered my mail addressed. I thought that I would surely find awaiting me there some letters with checks enclosed, for it seemed impossible that the editors would delay much longer in sending me the money which was due me. I entered the office with an air of great confidence, and when the clerk handed me three letters I was overjoyed. One of them bore an American stamp and the others were from England. I opened the one from America first, expecting to find a check enclosed, and for the first time in my life I was disappointed at receiving a letter from my mother. Of course I was glad to hear from home, but I needed the money. There was no money in the London letters, either, and I realized that I must find something to do in Paris without delay. I had hardly

enough money to keep me for a day, and this was the most trying situation in which I had found myself since starting on the trip.

I returned from the office to my little room, where I tried to think of ways and means to make some money. It occurred to me that it might pay to call upon the American Consul, and I went at once to the address in the Avenue de l'Opera. I found Mr. Gowdy to be a typical Westerner, and it cheered me to talk with him. During our conversation I suggested that I would like to get some work in Paris, but the Consul didn't seem to think that I would find it easy to do so. Of course I didn't tell him that I had just about a franc in my pocket, for then he would have felt obliged to assist me, and I didn't want to force help from any one. I had almost completed my trip without asking money from any person, and I was confident that I would be able to return home without doing so.

Looking for Work

From the Consulate I went to the American Embassy, where I was pleasantly received by the Ambassador. When I asked him whether there were many young Americans seeking work in Paris, he said that there were entirely too many for the places available, and that most of them were not successful. After hearing that I never mentioned that I wanted to find something to do, and took my departure after a few minutes of formal conversation.

By the time I returned to my lodging from the Embassy it was dark, and I determined to go to bed. There was no use trying to do anything further at such an hour, and I was weary after a tiresome day. I made some cocoa and ate a roll, and then forgot my troubles in sleep, for even the lack of money was not enough to break my rest. I had confidence that something favorable would turn up on the morrow.

Early the next morning I walked into the Avenue de l'Opera to visit some English and American stores which I had noticed there the day before. I first called at a large stationery shop, and when they told me that they required no help, I called at the office of an English newspaper. In this way I visited several places, and finally in the jewelry store of an American firm, whose main house is in Chicago, they told me that they could use me temporarily, while one of their regular boys was away. This arrangement was very satisfactory to me, for I didn't want to remain in Paris long if I was to carry out my plan of sailing for home in December. They didn't pay me very high wages, but I had sufficient to defray my expenses, so I had every reason to be pleased with the position.

The Capital of the World

When my financial difficulties were settled, I set out to see something of Paris in my spare time. Early in the morning, during my lunch hour, and in the

evening, I had a great deal of time in which to visit places of interest. In the mornings I visited the beautiful parks and gardens, of which there are so many in Paris. It was not far from my lodgings to the lovely gardens of the Tuileries, which are the earthly Paradise of Parisian childhood; and for any person who takes pleasure in watching the ways of children, a quiet seat there is an excellent post of observation. In the mornings there were always a large number of little ones there, accompanied by their nurses, and they had delightful times among the grass and flowers. I often wondered that they could play so freely and so happily when they are so fashionably dressed; the explanation must be, that as they are always dressed in that manner when out of doors they live in a state of unconsciousness of fine clothes, which would be impossible in the country districts. It seemed to me that the dressing of children is carried too far in all French towns; they look like little dolls for milliners to try experiments on.

The Historic Champ de Mars

In the evenings I visited the boulevards, and such parks and other public places as were too distant for me to visit before work in the mornings. On one evening in particular, which I will long remember, I visited the Palace of the Trocadero, with its lovely garden along the Seine. Across the river from the Trocadero garden was another garden taken from the famous Champ de Mars, which ended in a sort of terrace with a balustrade. On a fine starlight night I spent more than an hour leaning against that balustrade, giving myself up to the influences of the strange and wonderful scene. Behind me was the vast, open, desert space of the Champ de Mars, silent and empty as so much land in the Sahara, and yet which has been the theatre of so many historical spectacles. There is no place in the world where the contrast between past and present—between many different pasts and the one monotonous present—is so striking and decided. No place in the world presents such a *tabula rasa*, unless it be some area of salt water where fleets have fought and tempests raged, and where to-day no sound or motion disturbs the summer calm. The garden of the Tuileries was the chief scene of the Festival of the Supreme Being, when Robespierre made a speech full of piety and virtue, and burnt the effigies of Atheism, Ambition, Self-seeking and False Simplicity. Yet that memorable festival was also celebrated on the Champ de Mars; and on the next great occasion the Festival of Federation, the whole ceremony took place there in the presence of three hundred thousand spectators, who stood upon embankments laboriously raised for the purpose. There was an altar in the middle—*autel de la patrie*; and there was a throne near the military school, whereon sat the poor King Louis XVI., whose head still preserved its connection with his body. Talleyrand said mass, Lafayette rode about on a white horse. There was a great deal of solemn taking of oaths, in which the King and the President of the Assembly took part. In 1815 this same desert of the Champ de

Mars was covered with another crowd; there was an altar once again, with an officiating prelate, and a throne with another sovereign. It was now the *Champ de Mai*, though the ceremony took place on the first of June—that fateful month which was to contain the date of Waterloo. Napoleon came in coronation state, with a silken coat, a feathered cap, and the imperial mantle, in a state coach drawn by eight horses. Like Louis XVI., he, too, sat upon a throne, and received homage, and gazed over an area of human beings. It is said that almost the whole population of Paris was in the Champ de Mars that day, and it is certain that there were fifty thousand soldiers and a hundred pieces of artillery. It was the last imperial ceremony of the First Empire. When Napoleon laid aside the imperial mantle that day, as he left the throne to distribute colors, he had done forever with imperial state. Nothing remained for him but a fortnight of rough life as a soldier, to be followed by a crushing defeat, a wretched exile, and a miserable death.

Past and Present

It was delightful to stand on that terrace by the balustrade, and think of all the great events which have enlivened that desolate stretch of the Champ de Mars. Its permanent condition is that of perfect emptiness and aridity, but occasionally it is the scene of wonderful concentrations of humanity. Great International Exhibitions have flourished there and disappeared; armies have drilled there which now lie mouldering under the earth. As I looked over it, it seemed that I could almost see the Emperor Napoleon seated on his throne, with hundreds of thousands of cheering Frenchmen round about. It was an experience worth having, merely to stand there and give way to one's imagination, and it was late when I went to bed that night.

Paris abounds in places of historic interest. At school, and since leaving school, I reveled in the study of French history, so that I was able to appreciate the significance of the important places. I never crossed the Place de la Concorde without shuddering at the spot where the guillotines stood, and on the scene of the Bastille I could almost hear the groans of the prisoners who had suffered there. I never tired of looking up the places of which I had read, and my spare time in Paris was always well occupied.

After attending the American church on Sundays, I usually visited some of the famous French places of worship, most often Notre Dame, which impressed me more with every view. The great west front of this cathedral, where the towers are, is one of the chief architectural glories of France. There is hardly any work of architecture in the whole world, except one or two Greek temples, which has evoked the same kind and degree of admiration as the west front of Notre Dame. Another feature of the cathedral which is greatly admired, are the fine old doors. Those of the Virgin and Saint Anne have still their magnificent original iron-work of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The common people of Paris used

to believe quite seriously that it was the devil himself who had helped the smith in exchange for his soul, as mere unaided human skill was unequal to such a task. There was also a popular belief that an enchanter had shut the door of Saint Anne so that it could not be opened—the fact being simply that for a long time it was disused.

The Most Beautiful Church in Paris

Near Notre Dame is the Sainte Chapelle, the origin of which is known to most people. It is nothing more than a large stone shrine to contain relics. Nothing could exceed the joy of Saint Louis when he believed himself to have become the possessor of the real crown of thorns and a large piece of the true cross which were used on Calvary. He bought them at a very high price from the Emperor of Constantinople, and held them in such reverence that he and his brother, the Count of Artois, carried them in their receptacle on their shoulders, walking barefooted through the streets of Paris; such was the thoroughness of the King's faith and his humility toward the objects of his veneration.

These feelings led Saint Louis to give orders for the erection of a chapel in which the relics were to be preserved, and he commanded it to be built as quickly as possible. It was finished within three years, in 1248, and it has remained ever since one of the most notable examples of architecture in Europe. The services in this chapel during the time of Saint Louis were of a sumptuous description, and when the King attended in state the place must have presented such a concentration of medieval splendor as was never seen elsewhere in such narrow limits. His enthusiasm may seem superstitious to us, in the twentieth century, but he endeavored earnestly to make himself a perfect king, according to the lights of his time, so that his splendid chapel is associated with the memory of a human soul as sound and honest as its handicrafts, and as beautiful as its art.

The Tomb of Napoleon

The most impressive building I visited in Paris was the Church of the Invalides, constructed to serve as a tomb for Napoleon. A lofty dome, supported by massive piers perforated with narrow arched passages and faced with Corinthian columns and pilasters, a marble floor of extraordinary richness and beauty everywhere, all around the base of the dome a stair of six marble steps descending to the circular space under it, and in the midst of this space a great opening, or well, with a diameter of more than seventy feet, and a marble parapet breast-high, for the safety of the visitors who look down into it—such is one's first impression of the wonderful interior of the building. Not only do people invariably look down at the sarcophagus of the Emperor upon entering the room, but they gaze a long time, as if expecting something to occur. In the middle there is the great sarcophagus of polished red Russian granite, and twelve colossal statues stand

around the parapet, all turning their grave, impassible faces toward the centre. They are twelve Victories whose names have resounded through the world, and in the spaces between them are sheaves of standards taken in battle, and in the red sarcophagus lies the body of Napoleon. The serious grandeur, the stately order of this arrangement seems to close appropriately the most extraordinary career in history; and yet it is impossible to look upon that sarcophagus without the most discouraging reflections. The most splendid tomb in Europe is the tomb of the most selfish, the most culpably ambitious, the most cynically unscrupulous of men; and the sorrowful reflection is that if he had been honorable, unselfish, unwilling to injure others, he would have died in comparative or in total obscurity, and these prodigious honors would never have been bestowed upon his memory.

Paris abounds in buildings associated with Napoleon. The Church of the Magdalen (Madeleine), which every one visits, is curiously connected with his history, for he had it continued while he was in power, with the intention of dedicating it as a temple to the memory of La Grande Armee. Every year, on the anniversaries of the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, the temple was to have been illuminated and a discourse delivered concerning the military virtues, with an eulogy of those who perished in the two battles. This intention was never carried out, and the building, which had been begun in 1764 as a church, was finished as a church during the reign of Louis-Philippe. The Madeleine is to-day the most fashionable church of Paris, and a wedding there is a sight to be remembered. I happened to be passing one day at noon, when I noticed a bridal party entering, and I followed them in. The interior was beautifully decorated with flowers and candles, and the chairs were occupied by fashionably dressed people. Behind the altar a string orchestra was playing. There was nothing here to remind one of the austerity of the past ages, for all the exterior appearance of a Greek temple. The gilded youth of modern Paris walked along soft carpets, amid an odor of incense and flowers and the sounds of mellifluous music. When the pretty ceremony was over, they passed out down the carpeted steps, and an admiring crowd watched them into their carriages. And nobody thought about the dead at Austerlitz and Jena, and nobody thought of Napoleon!

The Grand Opera

One evening I visited the opera, not so much to hear the music, as to obtain a view of the interior of the building, which is one of the most magnificent in the city. The situation for it was created purposely by the authorities. The front of it might have looked merely across a street, but a new street of great length, the Avenue de l'Opera, was opened, so that it might be seen from a distance. Besides this, arrangements were made for the convergence of several other new streets in front of the Opera, so as to give to its site the utmost possible importance. As the houses in these streets are all of them lofty and

many of them magnificent, the Opera itself required both size and richness to hold its own in a situation that would have been dangerous to a feeble or even a modest architectural performance. The architect was equal to the demand, and as a result the Parisians have the finest structure of its kind in the world.


Within the Opera, one finds himself in a palatial foyer. All about are decorations of the richest description; the grand staircase almost overpowers one with its splendor; it is full of dazzling light; it conveys a strong sense of height, space, openness; it comes on the sight as a burst of brilliant and triumphant music on the ear. The building is designed so that visitors may look down upon the grand staircase from galleries on four different stories around the building, and I found one of these galleries an excellent place from which to view the crowd.

I thought the music to be hardly as good as we had at the Auditorium in Chicago. The principal singers were certainly far inferior, but the chorus was better trained, and the orchestra seemed to be more accustomed to its work. I had a very good seat, from which I could both hear and see, for thirty cents, and I had my money's worth. If it were possible to hear grand opera in America at a similar price, people would be satisfied with less famous singers.

My work in the jewelry store was not laborious, though I had to be there from eight in the morning until six in the evening, with an hour at noon for luncheon. My principal duty was to help in arranging the stock and in wrapping orders to be sent out. My wages were not much more than sufficient to pay my bare expense of living, and I would have found it necessary to seek more remunerative work had I not received some money from London. One of the papers in that city had published two articles which I sent them from the Continent, and the money I received was enough to enable me to travel from Paris to London in good style. It was fortunate that my friends in London were loyal, for there was no word at all from the American editors. For all the interest they seemed to take in my welfare, I might have been starving in a foreign land. I determined that this experience would be a lesson to me, and that hereafter, when I depended upon money from across the ocean, I would take care to have a written contract before starting on my trip.

CHAPTER XVIII

With President Faure at the Elysée Palace

 WAS glad when my term of service with the jewelry firm was over, and I prepared to leave for London at an early date. I had visited the principal points of interest in Paris, and as November was far advanced, and the weather was getting uncomfortably cool, I felt that I should go to London as quickly as possible, because there was much that I wanted to do there before returning to America.

Before leaving "the capital of the world," however, I was determined to secure an audience with President Felix Faure, of the French Republic, who had but recently returned from a visit to the Czar of Russia, and who was the idol of the hour in Paris. I had read something of M. Faure's remarkable career, how he had been but a poor boy, and had educated and enriched himself entirely through his own efforts, and I was curious to learn something of his personality at close range. It is nothing unusual for poor boys to rise to fame and fortune in the United States, but in France conditions are different, and I knew that M. Faure must possess unusual gifts to have progressed as he had done.

When I thought of securing an interview, and began to consider ways and means, I discovered that the French President resided in the Elysée Palais, which had been a residence of Napoleon and many other famous persons. It is situated in the very heart of Paris, and is surrounded on every side by a high stone wall. To this wall there is but one public entrance, and I found it guarded by soldiers when I went there to reconnoitre.

Seeking an Audience with President Faure

After considering various plans, I decided that it would be advisable to first write a letter, requesting an audience in the regular way; if this failed, why then I would try something else. So I penned a very courteous note, explaining that I had been privileged to interview many notable personages in Europe, and that I was particularly anxious to meet President Faure before returning home. I made my position so plain, that I felt certain that I would receive an answer of some sort, but the days passed without any such result. Probably the letter never reached the President at all, but was stopped by some one of his secretaries.

It became evident that I would have to try some other plan of securing an audience, and I decided to go to the Palais itself, and see what impression I

could make on the soldiers at the gate. I went up to the entrance with an air of unconcern, but when I attempted to walk into the courtyard, one of the gendarmes motioned me away. I knew better than to persist. I tried to explain in French what it was I wanted, but the soldiers couldn't or wouldn't understand, and I finally went away discouraged, after standing for some time, watching the distinguished visitors passing in and out.

I noticed, during my visit to the gate, that persons who were very well-dressed, and who arrived in carriages, were invariably allowed to drive into the courtyard without being stopped or questioned by the soldiers, who seemed to take it for granted that these people were all right. I then began to wonder why it was they refused to allow me to pass, and I reached the conclusion that on account of my old clothes, and my youth, I presented a suspicious appearance to their eyes. Naturally, they wondered what a boy of my age and description wanted inside the Palais, and doubtless they were confirmed in their doubts of my trustworthiness when they found that I was able to speak but little French. As these thoughts passed in my mind, I thought of a great scheme, which would probably enable me to outwit the soldiers after all. If good clothes were the passport for admission, I would certainly go in.

A Bold Scheme

I knew of a tailor shop where I could hire all the necessities of evening dress for a very small sum, and when I visited the place I found that they had the clothing in sizes which would fit me as if they were made for me. So I rented the suit and a top hat and the patent leather shoes, and when I donned the articles in my lodging and looked in the mirror, I hardly knew myself. The fashionable clothing made all the difference in the world, and I didn't look like the same boy as when I wore the little five-dollar suit with which I had started from Chicago.

It was about six in the evening when I sent for a cab to take me to the Elysee. I thought that at this hour the President **would** probably have no visitors, since it was so soon before dinner, and that I **would** stand a better chance of seeing him than at any other hour of the day. I ordered the cab, because I was afraid the soldiers might recognize me if I tried to walk in at the gate, and anyhow, it wouldn't have been very dignified to have walked in evening clothes.

I dressed myself **with** the greatest care, because I wanted to make the best possible appearance, and when I left my lodging I was satisfied that I looked fit to call upon any president. The cab rolled rapidly through the streets, and as it neared the Palais my heart beat faster and faster. What if I were to be stopped at the gate, after all? Then I would have had all my trouble for nothing, and I would regret the expense of the dress-suit, and the unwonted luxury of a cab in which to ride.



PRESIDENT FAURE IN 1897



PRESIDENT LOUBET IN 1900

Entirely Successful

I had given the cabman orders not to take any notice of the soldiers as he drove into the courtyard, and when he reached the gates he drove through without stopping. I saw the soldiers raise their hands in salute, and in a few moments I was alighting from the vehicle in front of the carpeted steps of the Palais itself. It was then that I needed all my dignity of manner, in order to make a good impression upon the servants at the door. I had paid the cabby before starting, so when I reached the top of the steps I motioned him away with a grand air, as if I had been always accustomed to giving orders. The footmen at the door bowed low as I entered, and I immediately handed one of them a card, saying in French that it was for the President himself. While one of the servants went off with the card, the other showed me into a handsomely furnished reception room, where my time was fully occupied in observing the beautiful tapestries and other works of art.

A gentleman in evening dress presently entered the room, and explained that he was the President's secretary, sent to learn something of the nature of my business. I explained to him frankly that my only motive in seeking the interview was one of curiosity, and I described the audiences I had enjoyed with other distinguished persons. I had no trouble in convincing the secretary that I was honest in my statement, and he went off to report to the President.

In a few minutes President Faure himself came in, and as I advanced to meet him I felt at once that I would like his personality. There was a friendly smile on his face and a hearty grasp in his hand-shake which placed me at my ease at once, and almost before I knew it I was telling him all about myself, and how it was that I happened to be alone in Paris. M. Faure was an excellent listener, and by a few carefully directed questions he was able to get out of me most of the important details of my trip. I was glad to talk, because I could see that he was interested. He seemed to speak and understand English perfectly, and I learned afterward that he was also the master of several other languages.

I told M. Faure how it was that I had finally managed to gain admittance to the Palais, and of the difficulties I had encountered. He laughed heartily when I told him frankly that I had hired the dress-suit I wore. "I don't blame you at all," he said, "and I'm very glad you persevered." In speaking of my trip to Europe, he asked the question which had been put to me so often before. "I don't see why you ever thought of doing such a thing," he said, and when I replied that I didn't know myself exactly why I had embarked upon the trip, he laughed heartily. "Well, American boys seem to get along some way," he said, "If they don't find a way, they make one." I thought this a very good compliment for all American boys, coming from the President of France, who knew from experience how it feels to be alone in the world, and to struggle for a livelihood.

A Remarkable Career

I couldn't resist asking M. Faure a few questions about his own boyhood and his remarkable career, and he spoke of his experiences in a most interesting way. He said that he had discovered that he could never hope to accomplish anything unless he were better educated, and he determined to study at night until he could secure admission to the Bar of France. He worked during the day, and spent his evenings with his books, and when he finally attained his ambition, there was no doubt in his mind about how it had been accomplished. He knew that he would never have been anybody without hard work and perseverance. I was deeply impressed with what he said. It helped me to understand the importance of having a trained mind, and I determined that when I returned to America I would always do some studying, in order that I might advance as M. Faure had done.


I had expected that my call would be a very formal affair and that I would be glad to take my departure at the earliest possible moment. But instead of this being the case, I made what might be called a visit, and I wouldn't have gone at last, had not a visitor arrived to see the President. This visitor was a titled personage from Russia, who was to dine at the Palais, so I said good-bye rather hurriedly, and left the room just as the Grand Duke entered. The secretary was awaiting me outside, and before I left the building I had a pleasant visit with him. He had some relatives in America, and was curious to know about Chicago, where they lived. He was astonished to learn that Chicago was about half the size of Paris, and when I told him of the high buildings and the elevated railways, he held up his hands in horror. Like thousands of other intellectual people in Europe, he had a surprising ignorance of our American cities, and actually believed that Indians and buffalo roamed the outskirts of our Western metropolis.

The secretary accompanied me to the door, and when he saw that I had no cab he kindly offered me the use of one of those standing in the courtyard. So I had the supreme satisfaction of driving past the soldiers in one of the state carriages, and I sincerely hoped that they would recognize me as the boy they had turned away. What a shock they would have then!

I had the driver let me out in the Place de l'Opera. I was afraid that the landlady would raise my rent if she saw me arriving home in such an equipage, and I had no money to spare. This had been an extravagant evening, but a very successful one. Since I had succeeded in meeting M. Faure, I thought the money for the dress-clothes had been extremely well invested.

CHAPTER XIX

Through Rural France

 HERE was a season of pleasant weather toward the last of November, and on my way to Dieppe, where I was to take the boat to England, I spent some delightful days in the French country, walking from place to place, and enjoying these final pedestrian experiences of my European tour. I was now better able to understand the people with whom I came in contact, and to appreciate the many good qualities which the French peasantry possess. For one thing, I found that they are unfailingly polite, more so than the Parisians. Even the accent and the look of their printed words have an air of suavity that attracts and pleases. In the country districts of western France the people always bow when they meet you, and say, *Bon jour, Monsieur*. It is a greeting that is given as a matter of course, and you receive it just as surely from the little children and the women as you do from the men, who add a touch of the hat. It of course makes a very agreeable impression upon the sojourner from abroad to be accorded such courtesy and friendliness. Among the peasantry themselves the exchange of pleasant salutations at meeting and parting is universal. This is true of all classes, from the laborers up; and besides, every man is given his prefix. The curé, the doctor, the butcher and baker are all addressed respectfully as "Monsieur."

Politeness and "Policy" in France

Sometimes the stranger is led to question whether this politeness is more than surface deep. I often had my doubts of it when I noted how little hesitation the people showed in loading me with their bad money. Belgian, Swiss, Turkish and other coins are in common circulation in France. They are much like French money in size and appearance, and some of them are good and some are not. Often, when I was buying a railroad ticket, or something in a shop, I would see the Frenchmen poke over their drawers in search of bad money—intending to work it off on me because I was a stranger. I was as careful as possible, for I could ill afford to be burdened with worthless coins; but in spite of all precautions there were times when I was taken in. On one memorable occasion I accepted in lieu of a five-franc piece a coin which was very similar in appearance, and which I discovered belonged to one of the Central American republics. This meant a practical loss of one dollar to me, and I longed to find the Frenchman who had victimized me.

Most of the villages through which I passed on my journey were picturesque, in a way, but dirty. This condition is due in part to the uncleanly habits of the people themselves, but also to the entire lack of a sewer system worthy of the name in the country towns. The villagers were always interesting. I happened into one town on the morning of a market-day. The square was crowded with booths and strewn with heaps of vegetables and other merchandise; and the throng of buyers and sellers bargaining there, with a gray, old church looking down upon them, made the scene full of movement and picturesqueness. The townsmen of the lower classes, and nearly all the men from the farms, wore loose, blue smocks, and the women of the same rank wore white caps, that were sometimes of plain cloth and very like nightcaps, and at other times were of lace and elaborately frilled. Boys frequently wore blue smocks, the same as the men, and most of the youngsters were wandering about the town without hats. These costumes are to be found, with a few local variations, throughout the country districts of France, and doubtless they are quite satisfactory to their wearers. I was always thinking, however, of our well-dressed American mechanics and farmers, and wondering what the French would think if they saw them.

Wine and Milk

I arrived in one quaint little village on a Saturday evening, and arranged to remain over the Sabbath, as I didn't care to continue my walking on that day. I saw a little house marked "restaurant," and when I interviewed the landlady, I was told that I could take my meals and lodging there while I was in town. It was about six in the evening, and she said that she would prepare my supper at once. It was a very good meal, served in courses, as is the French style. For drink, the landlady uncorked, as a matter of course, a bottle of wine. I asked if I could have instead a glass of milk, but she didn't catch the idea, and thought I was saying the wine was too weak, and that I preferred whisky or champagne. When I finally made clear my request, she shook her head in great surprise. She had probably never seen any one before who preferred milk to wine. The French never drink any thing else, and if a stranger asks for water, he is looked upon as a sort of curiosity. There was a little restaurant next to my lodging-place in Paris, where I often went for a glass of water. The landlord there was really concerned over my rashness, and often told me that I would be ill from drinking "such stuff."

I was much interested in noting the details of the management of this country inn. Like a large proportion of the women in France, my landlady seemed to have entire charge of her house and business. She did the buying and selling, and carried the purse; while her husband pattered around, did small jobs, wiped the dishes, and ran errands. The woman had twice his vigor. But she was no exception in this, for among the tradespeople the French women undoubtedly

have a remarkable capacity for business, and for managing themselves and the men too. It was suggested by an American woman, to whom I mentioned the apparent incapacity of French men, that during the Napoleonic wars the best of the men of France were killed in battle, and that there has been no new race of sufficient strength to take their place.

I found that Sunday was more observed in this rural village than it is in most sections of France. In Paris it is looked upon as a regular holiday, and the theatres and other public places of amusement are more crowded upon that day than upon any other. In the country, I found that many people were going toward an old church, and I followed the rest. I entered the old churchyard with its rank weeds and grasses, and walked about among the graves until it was time for the service to commence within. There were a great many of the grotesque bead wreaths with which the French decorate their graves, and these detracted from the appearance of what would otherwise have been a beautiful burying-ground. All through Europe I found no cemeteries which could compare in beauty with the ones we have in America. They all had an appearance of artificiality, which was anything but attractive, and instead of fresh flowers they seemed to prefer wreaths of bead and metal blossoms. Probably these are more lasting, but they do not appeal to American taste.

A Queer Old Church

When I entered this country church I saw that the building was like a fortress, its walls a yard thick, and its windows heavily barred with iron. The low, wooden pews were bare of cushions and unpainted; but, to compensate, the farther end of the room was quite gaudy with cloths and candles and images, while the ceiling was painted blue and spangled with white stars. A high priest with a shaven crown led the service, and he was assisted by two lesser priests, and by three little boys, who carried about candles and books, and picked up the high priest's skirts at the proper time, and adjusted them so that he could sit down gracefully. Although I couldn't understand what was going on, I was interested in watching the movements, and the service was far from being tedious.

Toward the close of the service one of the gowned personages, probably the sexton, brought out what looked like a common market-basket containing nearly half a bushel of bread cut in small pieces. The basket was lined with a linen cloth large enough to overlap the edges and allow the ends to meet underneath. Beginning at the front, the sexton came slowly down the single narrow aisle, passing the basket now to a pew on this side, now to a pew on that side, and every one in the congregation, from infants up to centenarians, took a piece of bread. When the sexton approached the rear of the room he seemed to realize that he was going to have considerable bread left, and he handed out quite a good-sized end of a loaf that was in the bottom of the basket to an old woman,

in addition to the small piece she had already taken. She ate the small bit and put the other in her pocket. At the very last, the sexton distributed what remained by handfulls to several children in the back seats, and that kept them munching through the rest of the service. This disposal of the bread which was left was doubtless thrifty and charitable, but is was quite a shock to me. I couldn't imagine such an occurrence in a church at home, on a communion Sunday.

Strange Communion Customs

Bread is served in the French churches in something the same way every Sunday, and turns are taken by the various families of the parish in providing it. Sometimes the well-to-do families direct the baker to make a kind of sweet bread, and they not only get enough for the church, but extra loaves which they send after service, one to each family of their particular friends among the neighbors. It has been blessed by the priest along with that cut up and distributed at the church, and it is valued accordingly. This aristocratic bread is eaten by all the attendants at mass with a relish, and the children devour it with special eagerness; for many of them never get sweet bread at home.

When I reached Dieppe, I found that thriving resort to be almost bare of visitors. In the summer it is a favorite seaside place for city folk, but in the wintry weather which prevailed at the time of my visit, there was little attraction about the place. The beach, however, was not altogether deserted, though it looked more like the adjunct of a laundry than the resort of bathers and pleasure-seekers. For a great distance the shingle was overlaid with newly washed clothing and house linen. Here and there a woman was seated upon a wheelbarrow, knitting and waiting, till, in the process of drying, her share in the great array of washing needed turning. When the garments had dried on both sides to a watcher's satisfaction, she shook them free from any sand that had blown upon them, loaded her barrow, and wheeled her wash up to town. The housewives of Dieppe find the ocean a great convenience, and utilize it to the utmost in fine weather.

Southward, beyond the array of fine hotels that fronted the harbor, was a line of lofty chalk cliffs. On the beach in that neighborhood many scattered men and women with stout baskets on their backs, were picking up certain of the round water-worn stones that were along the shore. A peculiar thing about these stone-gatherers was that they were cliff-dwellers, and their homes were in the white cliffs that rose near by, with bases barely out of reach of the tides. The crags were honeycombed with caverns of all sizes, though not all of them were occupied. Some of the cave-dwellings were very diminutive—just single, little rooms, with a rude wooden door closing the entrance. As I was passing one of these, the door opened, and I saw a grizzly looking man working inside, and a small boy ran out with a bit of shining stone in his hand and held it up to

me. "Please buy a curiosity," he said, and I gave him some coppers and kept the stone, for now that I was so near England I could afford to be a little extravagant.

Cave Dwellers at Home

The entrances to the larger caves were wholly unclosed, and when I ventured near to one of them and saw nothing to hinder, I went inside. Its walls must have been fifty feet high, its width about the same, and its depth fully two or three hundred feet. A dry, chalky odor pervaded it, and it had a feeling of great quiet and mellow coolness. A yellow dog sprang out from a stone kennel near the entrance and barked till the place resounded as if there had been a dozen dogs yelping instead of one. On the opposite side of the entrance, a little further within the cave, a room had been excavated into the rock, and in its low doorway stood a bent and withered old woman, regarding me curiously. At the back of the cavern were the homes of other cave-dwellers, merely spaces partitioned off with low stone walls. In each there was usually naught but a bed, a table, a few cooking utensils, and some baskets for stone gathering, though in one instance I saw some pictures fastened upon the walls. The inhabitants of the caves appeared to be a kind of gypsy race, who have no other ambition than to obtain their daily bread.

When night came, I ate my last meal upon French soil, and when at nine o'clock I boarded the long, side-wheeled steamer which was to carry me to England, I knew that my Continental touring was over. I had traveled many hundred miles with very little expense, and I had enjoyed many unusual experiences which could happen only to a lad of sixteen. Now that I had accomplished most of what I set out to do, I was more than willing to go to England and thence home. It seemed that I had been away a much longer time than seven months, and my one desire was now to spend Christmas with my mother and the people at home.

The steamer was not to start until after the train arrived with the passengers from Paris, so I had a long time in which to watch the cargo being loaded. They took on board tons and tons of potatoes and butter and eggs and other produce, all of which was destined to feed the Englishmen. I thought of the vast amount of other produce which was sent to England from other European countries, and from all the world, in fact, and I marveled at the capacity of the Britishers for consuming food.

I was not sorry that my wanderings in France were at an end. I had enjoyed many pleasant days in that country and in the others I had visited on the Continent, but I was an Anglo-Saxon, and it was good, after all, to be going back to people of my own race. I was so glad to see the English sailors on the ship that I could almost have hugged them, for they were the next best thing to Americans.

The vessel left Dieppe at about midnight, and I immediately became seasick, for the Channel was very rough. Instead of going into my berth below I spent the whole night on deck, and my feelings were such that I didn't care particularly whether we ever reached the English shore or not. I found that what I had heard about Channel sickness was true; it seemed far worse than what I had suffered on the ocean, but of course it didn't last as long, and in the morning I forgot my troubles in my delight at being once again in England, and truly "homeward bound."



CHAPTER XX

Last Days in London

IT had been my intention to go again to the little inn and see my friends there, when I returned to London from Paris, but after thinking the matter over I decided that it would be better, perhaps, for me to place myself in a position where I could be more independent. I would have but a short time in London at best, before sailing for New York, and I wanted to use every day to advantage. So I rented a lodging not far from my first London home, where I was free to go and come as I liked, and where I could visit my friends when I had a few minutes to spare.

There was a great deal that I wanted to do in London. In the first place, I wanted to earn some money, so that I could return to America in better style than I had left. After my varied experiences on the Continent, I was sure that I had enough material to furnish some very acceptable articles to my friends among the editors, and as soon as I was settled I went round to call upon those with whom I had dealt during my first stay in the city. They received me with great cordiality, and I had no difficulty in disposing of what I wrote. The prices I received were better, too, than I had previously had, so I saw that it would be possible for me to save up quite a sum of money before starting home. This was a great satisfaction to me; I had long since given up hoping that I would hear from the American editors while I was in Europe, and if I had failed to sell my work in London I would have been in great difficulty. It would have been very hard to find a chance to work my passage to New York in the month of December, and I would have had to remain in England indefinitely.

Prosperity Comes

After having been so short of cash for so many months, it was good to feel that I had enough to see me safely home, and on this account, as much as any other, the last days I spent in London were among the most pleasant of my trip. I was featured in the papers as the "American boy traveler," and some article of mine appeared every day or two. When I had exhausted the accounts of my Continental experiences, the editors were glad to have me write about other things. I gave them my impressions of British boys, and stated frankly that I thought them a rather slow lot. I said, too, that they were content to remain in school and college too long, when they really ought to be out in the world, earning

their livelihood. And then the English mothers sent in letters of remonstrance, wanting to know about this youthful Yankee who dared to advise them about the education of their children. The editor considered this good advertising, and asked me to write also my opinion of English girls, and of other British institutions. I'm sure the articles weren't printed on account of their value as criticisms, but because they were written by a boy of sixteen.

So I was able to "get along" very well in London Town. Every day I added something to my savings, and this fact, with the prospect of being able to spend Christmas at home, after a successful trip, made the future bright. At this time I wondered how it was that I ever felt sorry that I had undertaken the trip, and I congratulated myself many times that I had been led to persevere after I started from Chicago.

There were various notable persons whom I wanted to interview before I left London for home, and among others I was very anxious to call upon the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House. I had always heard that the Lord Mayor of London was a very distinguished person, and I had seen pictures of the present one in his robes of office. The Mansion House, too, with its great pillars and imposing appearance, had aroused my curiosity, so that I decided to call and ask for an audience with his Lordship.

A Visit to the Lord Mayor

I saw people stare when I opened the door at the Mansion House and walk in, but I wasn't deterred by that. Nor was I discouraged when I encountered a tremendous footman in powdered wig, who told me that the Lord Mayor was very busy at that hour of the day. I asked him to kindly direct me to his Lordship's office, and when I arrived at the door I walked right in. I was met by Sir William Soulsby, the Secretary to the Lord Mayor, and when I explained to him that I was the "American boy traveler," and that I wanted to see his Lordship, Sir William laughed, and said that he would try to arrange it for me. He went to consult the Lord Mayor, and when he returned I was ushered at once into the presence of one of the most kindly men I had ever met. I was welcomed as if his Lordship were really glad to see me, and though he said he had but a few moments, I was asked to sit down and was encouraged to tell about myself.

I was rather surprised to find the Lord Mayor attired in a long velvet gown, which was trimmed with gold and other ornaments, and about his neck was a remarkable collar of gold. When he noticed my interest in this regalia, his Lordship explained that he was about to go into the Mansion House Court, over which he presides on three days of the week, and that this was the official costume for him to wear as judge.

After a short conversation, a man was sent for to show me over the Mansion House. I was greatly interested in the beautiful silver dining-room service, and

in the many historical relics contained in the building. I visited all of the rooms on the first floor, including the dining-room and the butler's pantry, and then I was taken down to the great kitchen, where I saw them roasting meat on a revolving spit before an open fire, just as in the olden time. After being introduced to the cook, I followed my guide upstairs, where we were met by a messenger from the Lord Mayor, who stated that his Lordship desired me to sit beside him on the bench in the courtroom. This was a great surprise; I hadn't expected such an honor, but I lost no time in accepting the invitation.

A Session of Court

When I was ushered into the little gallery where his Lordship was seated, and took my place beside him, I saw that I was the cynosure of every eye. Doubtless the lawyers and reporters and prisoners in the courtroom below were wondering who that small boy could be. The Lord Mayor was very friendly. "I thought we would have an excellent chance to visit up here," he said, "and I also thought that you might be interested in seeing how an English court is conducted." I was indeed interested. Some of the cases were very peculiar, and it was an unusual experience for me to be in a courtroom. I liked to watch the barristers in their white wigs, and to listen to their arguments.

I think I was the proudest boy in London that day, and when I left the Mansion House, I wrote an account of my experience for the *Westminster Gazette*. Englishmen thought it very unusual for a person of my age to be seated beside the Lord Mayor in court, and one of the newspapers, in a sarcastic mood, remarked that I would probably be seen beside the Queen if she were present at the opening of Parliament!

Having seen the Lord Mayor, I was well satisfied with the achievements of my trip, and I hurried my preparations for leaving England. Before the arrival of my sailing day, however, I had a memorable experience with a typical London fog. I had read a great deal about those "pea-soup" canopies which are wont to envelop the metropolis, but I didn't see one for myself until the last week of my stay. Then there were several days when it was impossible to see many feet ahead, and when the street lamps were lighted all day long. The lamps, however, didn't make much impression upon the yellow haze, and because of the total darkness on one day the trams and 'buses were unable to run at all. The railways, instead of using lanterns for signals, depended upon torpedoes instead, and even then were unable to run many of their trains. I got lost as soon as I went into the street, and I would have wandered about indefinitely if a kind policeman hadn't set me right. I rather enjoyed the experience, as a novelty, but I was glad that the fogs are confined to London, and are not native to American atmospheres.

During my last days in England I was fortunate in making many influential

friends. Some of them entertained me in their homes, and through this courtesy I was enabled to enjoy a side of English life which I had not experienced during my first visit. I had such a good time, altogether, that I was really sorry, in a way, that it was necessary for me to go home so soon. But, as one of the editors said, it was better for me to leave while I was a success than to wait until every one had tired of reading about me; then I could return at some future time and be remembered as a person who had attracted attention.

Home as A First-Class Passenger

It was a delightful thing to be able to purchase a first-class passage home, on a first-class steamer. In the first place, it would show the American editors and my friends that I had been able to get along without any help from them, and without any money from the United States. Traveling as a first-class passenger would show more than anything else that my trip had been a success, for I was returning home in much better style than I had gone over.

I laid in a stock of new clothing, because things were cheap in London, and I wanted to appear well from the moment I stepped off the steamer in New York. I also bought a trunk, because I had accumulated a good many curios and other articles during my stay abroad. I was glad to abandon the knapsack, as I had been glad to abandon my bandbox when I left London for the Continent, and the necessity of the trunk was another evidence of the success of my trip.

I made a farewell tour of London on the day before I departed for Southampton, to take the steamer. There were many places in the great city of which I had grown very fond, and I couldn't leave without seeing them once again. I spent an hour in Westminster Abbey, and though I had no desire to live in London, I couldn't help wishing that the Abbey, with its associations, could be transplanted to America. Then I visited the Tower again, and when I walked along the wharves I thought of the day of my arrival and my feelings then. Things were different with me now. Looking back, I shuddered at the uncertainty of my position when I stood alone on the wharf with my bandbox, and with less than twenty-five dollars in my pocket. I decided that I wouldn't like to do it over again, and I wondered how it was that I was so confident, when I had no idea what was before me.

A special train, bearing the passengers for New York, left Waterloo Station, London, on the morning of the sailing-day, and after a pleasant ride through the hills and dales of the south of England, drew up alongside the great steamer at her dock. The smoke was pouring from her funnels, and when I saw the busy scene about me I was all excitement to be off for America. I had a feeling of sadness on leaving London, but now that the ship was alongside which was to take me home, I was all eagerness to go aboard. And once aboard, I could



HOME AGAIN: APPROACHING THE PIER IN NEW YORK




THE MANSION HOUSE, THE HOME OF LONDON'S LORD MAYOR

hardly wait until starting time. When we finally steamed out of the Solent, I remained on deck to watch the receding shores of "Merrie England." There were tears in my eyes which were hard to explain. Perhaps they came at the thought of the pleasant experiences I was leaving behind me, but I think it more likely that they came at the thought of the home-coming which was before me.



CHAPTER XXI

Home Again

T was ten o'clock of a Friday night when the vessel on which I was a passenger came in sight of Sandy Hook lighthouse, and when I saw the revolving light, and knew that it stood upon American soil, I could have cried for joy. All the afternoon I had remained on deck, in hopes of catching a glimpse of land, and I could hardly persuade myself to go to the saloon for dinner, for fear that the shore would become visible before I appeared on deck again. We had hoped that we could land before dark, but we arrived too late, and anchored in the lower bay until morning.

I didn't sleep much that night, and at three in the morning I was on deck awaiting the dawn, so that I could see the shore. It was a long, dreary wait, for the sun is lazy in December, but at last the shores of Long Island and Staten Island were visible, and I looked until my eyes ached. I realized then what I had so often heard travelers say; that it is worth a journey to Europe, just to experience the joy of getting back again to America. The hours dragged until the vessel was passed at Quarantine, and she had steamed up the bay to her pier. Then, when the gangways were in place, I was the first person down, and I breathed a prayer of thankfulness at being safely on American soil. A reporter was there from the newspaper to which I had sent my articles, and I was very careful that he should see which gangway I stepped from. I wanted him to know that I had come back in the best possible way, and that I had not suffered because the checks for my articles had not arrived.

An Interview with the Editor

When I had settled in a hotel, the first thing I did was to call at the newspaper office to interview the editor. I wondered what excuse he would have to offer for not sending me the money which was due for my articles, and when I mentioned the matter, I was surprised at the reply. "Why," he said, "I thought it would be far more interesting for you to be over there without any money except what you have made for yourself, and now that you are back, there is a much better story in it." I smiled rather feebly. "Well," I said, "it was always interesting, but I can't say that it was always pleasant. I think the money would have been more useful to me in Paris than it will be in New York." And I thought of my first days in the great French city, and how I had to go hungry to bed because

I couldn't afford to buy sufficient nourishing food. But that experience was over now, and there was nothing but pleasant prospects ahead of me.

The editor told me that if I wanted to do newspaper work, now that I was back, he would be very glad to give me a position. I was delighted to accept. My one object in making my trip had been to secure a beginning in newspaper work, and now I had attained that desired position. This offer was the crown of the long journey, and I felt that I could hardly desire any thing more.

It was delightful and pleasant to be in New York, but I was anxious to be off at once to Illinois, where I knew my mother was anxiously awaiting my return. She had never complained while I was away, and in her letters she had advised me to remain as long as I could and learn as much as possible from the trip, but I knew that the months had been long to her.

The President of the New York Central Railroad furnished me with transportation home. I was talking with him one day, telling him of some of my experiences, and when I mentioned that I was about to return to the Illinois town, he at once wrote me out a return ticket. He said he was glad to help me to complete my journey, and though, of course, I had sufficient money to pay my fare, his kindness was a great help.

Bound for Illinois

When Christmas was but four days off, I boarded the limited train for Buffalo and Chicago and Mattoon, and as I sat in the car, looking out of the window, my thoughts were not with the passing scenes, but with the events of the past few months. I remembered the journey from Chicago to Washington and New York, and those first discouraging days when I tried in vain to find a chance to work my passage. I thought of the twelve long days spent in washing dishes on the cattle-ship, and of the day when I arrived in London.

Then there were the first joyful days in the British metropolis, when everything had seemed so bright and happy, and the following days when I began to realize what a great task I had undertaken. I remembered dear Mr. Gladstone as if I had talked with him but yesterday, and I knew that I would carry his image with me always. He had been the first to give me an upward lift in England, and the success of my trip was due more to him, perhaps, than to any other person. I remembered the Queen as she had looked at Windsor, and when I realized my American surroundings, it was hard to believe that I had indeed been in that grand old castle.

There was snow on the ground, and I thought of the time I was lost in the Alps when I saw its chilly whiteness. It was different, now, when I was safe in a comfortable car, speeding toward my own dear home. I shuddered as I thought of those pitiful days when I was walking to Paris, and when I felt as if I hadn't a friend in the world. It was good to remember my reception in New

York, and to think of the friends who were awaiting me at home. I could hardly realize that so few weeks had passed since those melancholy days.

So, as I lived through the trip in my mind, I said to myself that though I was glad it was over, I was glad, too, that I had been through all those experiences. I had been privileged to meet a great number of men and women, I had gained a vast knowledge of life which I could have gained in no other way, and I knew instinctively that I was a better and wiser boy on account of all that I had passed through. There were many unpleasant experiences, of course, but in the retrospect these were far outweighed by the memory of the triumphs and pleasures. They had all helped me to learn to know myself. I had discovered my limitations, as well as my capabilities, and now I could continue to advance, knowing where I wanted to go.

Expense of the Trip

When I figured the cost of the trip in actual money, I found that from the time I left Chicago until I reached London on my way home, I had paid out less than a hundred dollars in all. If I had counted the expense of my second stay in London and of my voyage home, the amount would have been much greater. But a hundred dollars would cover my actual expenses during the greater part of the trip, and I am sure that no one ever had better value for such a sum of money.

As I neared Mattoon, I thought of nothing but home, and the dear mother who was awaiting me there. During my absence I had learned to appreciate her far more than when I saw her every day, and no happiness could equal my delight at the prospect of being with her again. I pressed my face to the car window, and as we entered the town I noted each familiar house, barn and shed. It had been more than a year since I saw them last, and the time seemed much longer, but everything had the same familiar look. Appearances do not change rapidly in the country.

As the train stopped at the station platform my heart beat faster and faster, and I felt actually faint. I went to the door, and saw there was quite a crowd to meet me. Many of the neighbors and my old school friends were there, and though I was glad to see them all, I looked over their heads for another. Then I was told that my mother had remained at home to welcome me there, and I didn't wait to hear anything more. I hurried up the street to the old house as fast as I could; I was through the gate in a moment, and then my mother's arms were about my neck, and I was truly home at last.

Christmas at Home

Every one can picture the smiles and the tears of joy and the happy days which followed. In the evening of my first day at home some of my friends

gathered at the church to hear about my experiences in Europe, and I told them about my adventures and interviews. And for fear that some of the boys of the neighborhood would want to start for Europe with twenty-five dollars, I dwelt especially upon the hardships of the trip. People said that I was wonderfully brave, but I explained that they were mistaken. I wasn't brave, because when I started out I had no conception of the difficulties which were ahead of me. If I had known of some of the experiences which were before me, I probably would have remained in Chicago.

The Christmas of that year was a joyful one for us all, and mother said it was the happiest of her life. She got more pleasure out of my success than I did myself, and I was grateful to God that I was able to give her such delight. The one thing that marred my pleasure at being at home was the fact that my mother had aged rapidly during my absence. My heart ached when I noticed the deep lines of care and suffering in her face, and I felt as if I could never leave her again. But my work was awaiting me in New York, and as soon as the holidays were over I said good-bye again, and started for the metropolis. There was a busy time ahead of me; I had proved that I could take care of myself while traveling, but it remained to be seen whether I would be successful in regular employment as a reporter.



CHAPTER XXII

The Second Trip Abroad

WHEN I had been at home a few days, visiting with my old friends, I decided that it was time for me to return to New York. It was hard to go; mother was miserable at the thought of my going so far from home again, though she was glad that I saw a career opening up for me in the city. She knew I would never again be satisfied in the town where I had been reared.

It wasn't long before I felt quite at home in the metropolis. I enjoyed my work very much, and was interested in everything connected with the newspaper. In the beginning I was sent about the city on the simplest assignments, but the editor found that I was successful in obtaining interviews with well-known people, and finally I was given that sort of work all the time. Many accounts of my European experiences had been printed upon my return, and usually I had only to send in the name of the "Boy Reporter" to gain an audience with most men of affairs. They had read of my interviews in Europe, and probably a great many of them received me out of curiosity.

At Work in New York

I was very fortunate in my arrangements for living. When I was in New York, before sailing for Europe, I was loitering one day through the grocery department of one of the great department stores, when I was accosted by a well-dressed woman of pleasant appearance. "Don't you want to earn five cents?" she asked. I hesitated, hardly knowing what to say. "I live just around the corner here," she continued, "but I have a good deal to carry, and I can't find any boy to carry these heavier bundles." "In that case," I said, "I'll be glad to carry them for you." On the way to her house, I told her something of my plans for going abroad, and she was much interested in hearing them. "How very remarkable!" she exclaimed. "The very idea of a boy of your age going over there all alone. Haven't you any one with you?" I told her that I was quite alone, and she seemed to sympathize with me. Instead of handing me five cents when we reached her dwelling, she gave me ten, and asked me to send her a letter when I reached London.

When I wanted a place to live in New York, I went to see my department-store friend, for I knew that she kept a boarding-house. I was given a pleasant room, at an exceedingly low rate, and everything was done to make me com-

fortable. I now expected to remain permanently in New York, and it was very pleasant to have a place in which I could feel so much at home.

While I was at home, I had noticed a great change in my mother. The dear face, which had been careworn ever since I could remember, was now more sad than ever, and there was a far-away look in the patient eyes which went straight to my heart. It was that which had brought the tears to my eyes before I had been at home ten minutes, and which often changed my joy to worry. When I asked if she were well, there was always the same reply: "Yes, dear, I'm well enough, and I'm happy, now that you're home again." But I felt that something was wrong, and when I received word from home that the doctor had ordered mother to bed, my fears were confirmed.

Bad News

One evening there was a telegram at my plate in the boarding-house dining-room. I shuddered when I saw it. I knew before I opened it that there was bad news from home. Mother was worse, but there was no suggestion that I should return home. I knew, however, that I must go. It would be useless to try to accomplish anything while I was in ignorance of her condition. I went to see the friendly railroad president, who had so often been good to me. "Well," he said, as I entered his office, "how's the Boy Reporter to-day?" I told him of my trouble, and he didn't wait for me to ask for transportation West? "You want to go home, don't you?" he said, giving me no opportunity to speak for myself. "Here, David, this boy wants to go to Mattoon." It was a great favor at the time, for I knew I would need all the money I had when I reached home.

It seemed to me that no train ever ran so slowly as the one which carried me up the Hudson and through the Mohawk Valley. It was one of the fastest trains in the world, but I was in an agony of suspense, and could not get home fast enough. When I at last arrived, there was bad news for me at the station; mother was failing fast, and the doctors said there was no hope. The end was not long delayed, and it seemed to me that the end of the world had come. Somehow it had never occurred to me that my mother could die; it was terrible to be left alone at my age.

There is nothing that can bring about such a change in the life of a boy of seventeen as the death of his mother. My ideas were transformed; I realized more than ever before that life is not all pleasure and success. When I returned to the city, it was hard for me to take the same interest as formerly in my work. There was no one who would read my articles with proud joy when I sent them home, no one to call in the neighbors and have them listen to my letters describing my experiences. I stopped sending home the papers, and I had no desire to go West any more. New York was as good a place as any in which to live, now that my home was broken up.

The Desire to Travel

I made fair progress with my work, and liked my situation, but at the end of two years I was seized with a desire to visit Europe once again. For a long time I had been reading about the great Exposition to be held in Paris, and I thought I would like to be present. It would be fine, too, to revisit London and some of the other places where I had enjoyed myself. I knew that the trip needn't cost me much money. I was accustomed to depending upon my own efforts for a living, and after my first trip I felt able to take care of myself in any part of the world where I happened to be.

I was anxious, if possible, to find some one to make the trip with me. It was sometimes lonesome traveling alone, and I hoped I could persuade another boy of my age to go. There was only one of my acquaintance who was very ambitious to visit Europe. Jack Irwin had always been ready for anything in the way of adventure, and he was desirous of seeing the world, so when I mentioned the plan to him, he was interested at once. He had some difficulty in gaining his mother's consent, but in the end she said she would be very glad for Jack to have the experience.

We determined to work our passage. By this time I had forgotten the extremely unpleasant hours which I had spent as pantry-boy, and I hoped that I could now secure work in some other department of a ship, so that I would have something new to write about for the newspapers. I hoped, too, that we could get on one of the fastest ships, so that the voyage would quickly pass. One Friday morning we went down to visit a six-day vessel, which was to sail on the following day. I asked for the chief steward, and when it was discovered that we were in search of work, we were told to line-up alongside a number of others who were seeking an interview with the same object. When the chief steward made his appearance, Jack Irwin was leaning against a stairway, reading a paper. "Drop that paper," growled the chief, "we don't want any fellows who are going to spend all their time reading." Jack looked insulted, and made a move as if he were going ashore at once, but I motioned him to stay where he was. I had seen too much of ship's officers to notice a little remark like that. When it came to my turn to speak to the chief, I explained that I was an experienced hand, having served as pantry-boy, and he hired the two of us at once. We were told to accompany the crowd to the office of the British Consul, where we were to "sign on," and to report for duty the following morning at nine o'clock.

Signing Articles

Singing the articles at the Consul's office was a mere formality. We were to receive no wages for our work during the trip, and were to be discharged as soon as we reached Liverpool. The papers stated that we were to be paid a

shilling a month, and at this rate I figured that we would each have earned six cents when we reached Liverpool; but when I spoke about it, we were told that it was worth six cents to sign us on, and that we wouldn't get a cent on the other side.

We carried very little luggage when we reported for duty the next morning. I had learned by experience that it was best to carry as little as possible, and when Jack had wanted to carry two or three suit-cases, I had convinced him of his folly. We were received by the third steward when we went on board, and, to my horror, we were led down to the No. 1 lower compartment of the steerage. It hadn't occurred to me that we might have to work in that part of the ship, and when I saw our surroundings, I felt very much like going ashore again. The No. 1 lower is the worst located and most unpleasant compartment of the whole ship. It is up forward, where the vessel pitches most, and it is so much under water that the port-holes can never be opened for ventilation, even on the most pleasant days. When we realized these unpleasant facts, we felt like remaining at home.

We boys had on our oldest suits of clothing, but the third steward said they were far too good to wear in No. 1 lower. "You'll have to be on your knees scrubbing," he said, "and those pants won't be fit to be seen when we reach the other side. You'd better go across the street and buy some blue jackets and overalls." We liked the idea of wearing blue jeans, and for a dollar each we fitted ourselves out in neat suits. We felt like workmen then, and we changed our identity with our clothes. We knew that some of our friends would be among the saloon passengers, and we hoped they would never recognize us in our working clothes.

When we returned to the ship, we found enough going on about us to keep us interested. Those two last hours before sailing were about the busiest times we had ever seen. The steerage passengers were thronging aboard with their hand-boxes and tin trunks, and it was as good as going to a circus to see them saying good-bye to all their friends. They were evidently leaving America for a long time, for many of them appeared to have the majority of their belongings with them, and they kissed their friends and cried over them as if they were parting from them forever. We were much encouraged by what we saw of these future companions of ours. From all that we had heard and read of the steerage, we had supposed that they would be a rough and dirty lot, but the majority of them were clean and well-behaved. Very many of them were Swedes and Irish, who were returning to their native lands after having worked in America, but there was a cosmopolitan crowd of people from every part of Europe. The English and Americans were in the minority, and it was evident in the beginning that we wouldn't be able to understand much of the steerage conversation.

All the voyagers lined the rail of the steerage deck while the ship was making ready to start, saying last farewells to their friends on the pier, and receiving

messages for the folks in the Old Country. On the deck above us the cabin passengers were going through the same performance with their friends, and after we had watched the scene for a while, Jack and I made up our minds that we were glad there was no one there to see us off. The noise of the crowd and of the steamer made a terrible din. The vessel was shooting steam and blowing her whistle almost constantly, and the longshoremen were shouting at the people on the dock to avoid the luggage which was being hoisted to the decks. As the time before sailing grew shorter, the noise increased, and finally the signal was given for every one who was not a passenger to leave the ship.

Farewell to New York

We boys remained on deck as much as possible, watching the great buildings of Manhattan and the sights along shore. Soon we passed the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, then the forts loomed up ahead of us, and we entered the Lower Bay. Next we saw the great bathing pavilions on Coney Island, quite deserted in April, but soon to be thronged with happy water-splashers, and then we passed the lighthouse at Sandy Hook, the last bit of American land we were to see for many weeks.

By this time we were sent for to go below and begin work. We found a very pleasant little man in charge of No. 1 lower, and he informed us that we were to act as his assistants during the voyage. There were a hundred and five men in our compartment, and we had to serve them three meals each day for seven days. It didn't require any knowledge of the restaurant business for us to realize that we three would have our hands full.

Our superior was known all over the ship as "Pierpont," because his family name happened to be Morgan. He was not hard to get along with, and we were glad to find that he was willing to do his share of the work. There was so much of it that all three would have to keep hustling if we didn't want to be snowed under. The vessel had sailed at two o'clock, and as soon as we passed Sandy Hook it was time to get ready for the "tea," which is served to the steerage at five in the afternoon. "Pierpont" showed us how to "lay up" the tables for the evening meal. The tables were only shelves which were placed along the walls of the compartment, with benches before them for seats. We had to lay out the plates and other utensils for the hundred-and-five passengers, for "Pierpont" said that everyone would be down for the first meal. "Wait until to-morrow," he said; "if we get a little wind to-night there won't be one-fourth of them at breakfast, and you'll have it easy to-morrow." We were not so sure about having it easy. If the sea was rough we'd probably be seasick ourselves, and in that event we probably wouldn't feel like waiting upon even one-fourth of the passengers. We decided that we'd rather keep well and do our quota of work.

Our Work in the Steerage

We had the tables spread with dishes in a few minutes, and were then told to go to the upper deck and "stand by." We were given some stew-pans to carry, and some white cloths, and without asking for any information, we mounted the three flights of stairs to the cook's galley. There we found in line the helpers from the other steerages. They all had pans and cloths, and we guessed that they were waiting for the food to be ready. I hadn't been standing long when the third steward appeared at the door of the galley, and shouted "Number One Lower." I supposed that meant me, so I went forward and received a large pan full of a kind of meat stew, which I carried down stairs. It was rather difficult to carry such a load down the steep stairs while the vessel was in motion, but I accomplished the journey without accident. On my way upstairs again I met Jack descending with a pan of peaches and rice, which was to be the evening dessert. My next load was two great pots of tea, and this finished the material for the tea.

The ringing of a bell announced mealtime to the passengers, and in about two minutes every seat at the tables was occupied. We found it rather awkward work, trying to serve them all within a few minutes, for the compartment was so crowded that it was difficult to move from one table to another. But in time they were all satisfied and trooped on deck again. Then came the work of clearing off the tables and washing the dishes. I was used to such work, for I had washed what seemed to me millions of dishes when I was a pantry-boy, and I proved a good assistant for "Pierpont." It was half after eight o'clock when we finally had the dishes done, and then we were told that the floor would have to be swept and mopped before the chief came round on inspection at nine. We hurried with the broom and the mop, and when the inspection party looked in everything was in order for the night. I was so tired then that I felt I would go to sleep standing up, and I asked "Pierpont" if we couldn't go to bed. "No," he said, "you can't go yet. I've just had word that they need you to wash dishes in the saloon pantry, and you'd better go down there right away." This seemed almost too much. We had done our duty in "Number One Lower," and now we were sent for to help some one else with his work. There was nothing to do but to obey. The order probably came from the second steward, and there would be an awful row if we refused to go. So down the deck we marched, and into the pantry, where great piles of plates were awaiting our attention. We were kept washing for nearly two hours, and when we finally "turned in," at eleven-thirty, we felt we had earned our first day's passage at least.

CHAPTER XXIII

In "Merrie England" Once Again



ON the first morning out from New York, we were awakened at four-thirty, and told that we would have to go on deck and assist the stewards in carrying boxes from the hold to the galley. This wasn't very hard work, and we rather enjoyed it, because it enabled us to be on deck. The fresh air seemed good indeed after all the time we had been obliged to spend below.

When the boxes had all been carried, "Pierpont" had plenty to keep us busy. Every morning it was my duty to go to the bakeshop for the rolls for breakfast. I learned to carry five large sheets of them without falling, and toward the end I was able to carry enough in the morning to last all day. When the bread had been brought there was the milk to go after, and so the hours passed until it was time to "stand by" once more at the ship's galley. After breakfast there was the sweeping and scrubbing to be done, and it was eleven o'clock before we were ready for the inspection party. Then it was time to prepare for the midday meal. The only time we ever had to rest was about an hour in the afternoon, between three and four o'clock. I had been on ships before, and expected nothing better, but Jack said that he had never imagined that people had to work so hard on the ocean. The poor boy was so weary at night that he could hardly sleep, and he grew more and more pale and discouraged as the days passed. Certainly we had no sinecure. We worked as hard as any one on board the ship.

Feeding the "Bloods"

"Pierpont" offered us a chance to earn some money during the voyage, but as his plan was hardly honest, we had to refuse. There were a number of the steerage passengers who were ill most of the voyage, and there were many others who found themselves unable to eat the food which was furnished them. To such as these our wily superior held out a pleasant alternative. He told them that if they were willing to pay five dollars for the week, he would see that they ate at a second table, and that they had much better fare than was furnished the ordinary passengers. This was a very attractive proposition, and it was embraced by about twenty of the men. When all the others had finished eating and had gone on deck, "Pierpont" spread a table for these "bloods," as he called them, and they were given some very good things to eat. They had goose or turkey every day

for dinner, and for dessert they usually had some excellent pudding from the second cabin. Of course they were delighted at being able to get this food at such a small extra expense, and "Pierpont" was delighted to receive the hundred dollars in payment.

It must not be supposed that he was able to keep all this money for himself. He probably hadn't more than a third of it when we arrived at Liverpool. In order to obtain the food for these "bloods," he was obliged to share his receipts with the butcher and the baker and the saloon cook. He offered to share with us, too, but we told him that we'd much rather keep out of the organization altogether. So "Pierpont" waited on the "bloods" while we cleared off the other tables. We boys wondered that the steerage stewards were able to carry on such a restaurant business without being discovered by the ship's officers. In every steerage compartment the same plan was followed, and the loss to the steamship company must amount to thousands of dollars in the course of a year. The stewards themselves didn't seem to think that there was anything wrong about it. "We don't get any wages worth mentioning," said "Pierpont," "and we've got to make a living somehow."

The part of our work which we most disliked was having to carry great pails of refuse to the deck from the steerage pantry. On the first evening out our superior remarked to me, "You'd better take Rosie for a walk." I stared at him in astonishment; it seemed such a very strange remark to me. He laughed when he saw that I didn't understand. "Haven't you ever heard the swill-pail called Rosie?" he asked. I confessed that I never had. "Well," said "Pierpont," "that's what we call her here. She's a greedy girl, and you'll have to hustle to keep her empty during the trip." After every meal there were about five "Rosies" in need of a walk on deck, and it was no wonder we tired of carrying the pails up and down the stairs.

The vessel made a good voyage, and a week from the day we left New York we entered the Mersey at Liverpool. The steamer moved slowly upstream until she reached the landing-stage, and then it was only a short time until we could see the cabin passengers disembarking. The steerage passengers stood in line until the others had gone ashore, and then they, too, rushed ashore. Jack and I watched them going with envious eyes. We, too, were anxious to be on dry land once more, but we had no idea when we would be permitted to leave; probably we would have to wait until all the crew were ready to go. We spoke to "Pierpont" about it, and he suggested that we see the chief and ask permission to go at once. "You two have earned your passage all right," he said, "and you ought to be allowed to go now. The chief is all right, and he'll give you the word."

A Friendly Steward

The chief steward was certainly "all right," for he told us to go just as soon

as we liked. We lost no time in accepting his advice. After washing as well as we could in the pantry, we changed our clothing, and reached the landing-stage just in time to board the special steamer train for London. When we saw the great city of Liverpool spread out before us, we were tempted to remain there for a day or two, but I longed to reach London as soon as possible.

Jack was just a little stunned with the idea that we were in a truly foreign country, on the other side of a great ocean from New York. The people about us were speaking English, to be sure, but it was a different language from that to which we were accustomed at home, and all our surroundings were different, too. The advertisements on the station walls were very strange to Jack's eyes, and he looked with great curiosity at the newspapers on the stand. "Just think," he said, "we are really and truly in England; isn't it wonderful?" I told him that it might seem wonderful, but when he considered that we had steamed swiftly across the Atlantic for seven days in order to reach Liverpool, it wasn't so strange after all.

The customs examination wasn't a very terrible affair, and as we had nothing dutiable, we were soon on the London train. It was a very comfortable one, provided for the transportation of the steamer's passengers. Some of the steerage people had been given free tickets to London, which they didn't expect to use, and Jack and I had been able to purchase two of them at a very low rate, so that our journey cost us almost nothing. Jack was greatly interested in the train. It was his first view of the European type of locomotive and passenger carriage. "The train is certainly a queer-looking affair," he remarked. "It looks to me like one of those toy trains, on a larger scale, and I don't believe it can go very fast." I told him to wait and see, for I had ridden on the London and North-western Railway before, and knew that we would cover the two hundred and fifteen miles to London in four hours.

Across England by Rail

The ride across England was one we will never forget. It was a panorama of green fields and gardens and quaint old houses nestling among the trees. When we left New York the trees had been bare of leaves, and the grass in the parks was only beginning to brighten, but here in England everything was gay with color. The trees were in full leaf, and flowers were everywhere along the roads. It was one of the most delightful rides I ever experienced, and we were both sorry when the train reached London. It was an exciting ride, too, because the train traveled so fast. The guard told us that it covered seventy miles an hour for a part of the distance between Rugby and London, and if he had told us a hundred miles instead, we would hardly have been surprised, after the motion we experienced in the railway carriage. Jack was much occupied with the novelty of the ride. He thought it very funny to be shut up in a small compartment,

ten people facing each other. "I suppose I'll get used to this by and bye," he said, "but I certainly think it's the funniest arrangement for traveling I ever saw. I should think they'd have trains like ours, which are so much more comfortable." I told him that he needn't be so critical, or he'd have a very uncomfortable time in Europe. I explained that the English were well satisfied with their transportation lines, and that our coaches would doubtless seem very peculiar to them.

When we arrived in London, it was hard to realize that we had traveled from one side of England to the other in four hours. Jack said he couldn't understand how such a tiny country could hold a position of such importance in the world, and I told him that I couldn't undertake to explain any such question as that. "If you ask an Englishman you'll probably find out," I said.

I was glad to be in London again. Everything looked so familiar that I could hardly believe it was two years since I had been in the grand old city. The only thing new that impressed me was the large number of flags on all the buildings. I wondered whether there was some special celebration in progress, and then I remembered that there was a war in South Africa, and that probably the Londoners were especially patriotic on that account. Hovels and mansions, theatres and banks, all displayed the Union Jack, and many of the people in the streets were wearing bows of khaki-colored ribbon. There was khaki stationery in the show-windows and there were khaki covers on the magazines, and altogether the British appeared to be half crazy over the war with the Boers.

Visiting Old Friends

I decided that we would go to the house where I had lodged on my last visit to London, and we were fortunate in finding a vacant room which was not too expensive. The people there were glad to see me back again, and I felt as if I were among friends. As soon as we were settled, I lost no time in going to see the old lady at the inn, who had been so kind to me on my first arrival in England. She said she had given up all idea of ever seeing me back in London, and she was delighted that I had called to see her. She said that we ought to visit her while we were in the city, but of course I didn't accept the invitation. We had sufficient money to pay our modest expenses, and I knew that we would be too busy in London to do any visiting.

For the first two days I went about with my friend, so that he could learn some of the principal streets. I took him to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and Piccadilly Circus, and some of the other famous landmarks, and then I gave him a map of the city, and told him he would have to find his own way about in the future. I expected to seek employment for a few weeks with one of the London dailies, and I knew that I would be unable to act as guide. Besides, I knew that Jack would have a better time in the end if he explored things for


himself. That was the way I had done, and certainly he was as well able to take care of himself as I had been two years ago.

He was greatly interested in all that he saw, and said that he would like at least a month in London before we went over to Paris for the Exposition. I told him that we would remain that long. It would be three weeks before the Exposition would open its gates, and we would not be late if we arrived in Paris a week after that time. We anticipated no difficulty in being able to look after ourselves in the French capital. I knew how to go about there, and we knew that there were to be a great many American exhibitors at the big show. Certainly we should be able to find work of some kind.



CHAPTER XXIV

The King of Sweden at a Sailors' Mission

HERE was one European monarch in 1900 whom I had long been anxious to meet at close range, and I was delighted when I learned, after our arrival in London, that he was to visit England. King Oscar II., the fourth monarch of the Bernadotte dynasty to wear the twin crowns of the United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway, is famous the world over. He has reigned for a longer number of years, and has reached a more advanced age, than most of his predecessors in modern times. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, and is, after the King of Denmark, the oldest representative of European royalty. At the time of my audience he was seventy-two, but in spite of his great age, there were visible no signs of failing activity, either physical or mental, judging from his personal pursuits or public appearances.

It did not require the suggestion of a London editor to arouse in me a desire to see the Swedish monarch. This aged King of the North has long been the pride of his loyal subjects and an object of interest to people in every civilized land. His intellectual attainments, his striking personality, and, above all, his Christian character, have endeared him not only to the people of Scandinavia, but to Christian men and women throughout the world. It is admitted by all that King Oscar has used to the utmost of his capacities the opportunities which were offered him of obtaining an uncommonly high degree of intellectual and artistic culture. He speaks the Swedish and Norwegian languages with equal fluency, and also English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. By wide travels from his youth upward—he was educated as a naval officer—within and beyond the bounds of Europe, he has trained his linguistic talents and acquired a discerning understanding of historical antiquities and the requirements of modern life. His reading embraces the literature to a large extent of all the languages he speaks, and he is well versed, too, in Latin classical literature.

The King of Sweden and Norway

The King is an accomplished orator. His strong, sonorous, musically-trained voice sends every word he utters penetrating into the farthest recesses of spacious assembly halls, and is also heard at great distances in the open air. His speeches are distinguished by a lofty diction, profound thought and solid insight into the subject he is treating of. He is well up in universal history, and in

recognition of his capacity for original research, he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Lund in 1868. This was not an honorary degree, but one earned by earnest effort.

In consideration of all these accomplishments, the Scandinavians may justly take pride in claiming to possess the best-instructed monarch in Europe to-day, a man who, if he had been born to a private station, would presumably not have failed to attract public attention, and to achieve something remarkable in more pursuits of life than one.

King Oscar is extremely democratic. In receiving visiting royalty with dignified courtesy, he is acknowledged to be a master adept at ceremonious display, tempered with an artistic sense of judicial delicacy. But in every-day life the fetters of court life are loosened, and the relations of the monarch with those daily around him bear the character of friendly intercourse. He is accessible to all his subjects, more so than is the President of the United States to American citizens. The King's audience-rooms are open for several hours each week to men and women of all sorts and conditions, who are introduced into the royal presence after having merely entered their names in a book laid out for the purpose in the ante-chamber. They are not required to submit to any examination of their qualifications or business by any court functionaries. Besides these regular receptions, the King is wont on many other occasions to converse privately with persons outside the official circles. He spends several weeks each year in traveling about his dominions. There is scarcely a town in Sweden or Norway which he hasn't visited once or oftener, and where he doesn't know the leading men by sight. He is almost daily to be seen walking about in gentleman's attire in the public streets of Stockholm, alone, or accompanied by only one or two attendants. A ruler of the character of King Oscar need have no fear of assassination. His noble Christian spirit has long since overcome the hatred of the enemies of the throne.

A Royal Traveler

The King is wont to visit one foreign country each year, and in 1900 he remained for a period of about three months in England. It was during his sojourn there that I was privileged to see him face to face, and to learn something of his personality at close range. His Majesty, with the Queen and the Crown Prince, had taken a country place known as Grove House, in the tiny village of Roehampton, not far from London. Tired of the routine of duties at Stockholm, he had sought this secluded spot to rest awhile. But he was not permitted to live a secluded life. King Oscar has long been popular in English society, and he was obliged to devote some of his time to his many friends.

Soon after the King's arrival, it was suggested to me by the editor of one of the London newspapers, that I might find it worth while to seek an audience with his Majesty, and get from him some words for publication. I thought this



KING OSCAR AMONG HIS SOLDIERS



THE ROYAL PALACE AT STOCKHOLM

an excellent idea, particularly as I had long been desirous of seeing the famous Christian monarch on my own account. I hardly knew how to proceed in order to get myself presented, and I was still considering the problem, when I learned one Saturday that King Oscar had promised to pay a visit on the following day to a Seamen's Mission on the Thames. I at once determined to be present at the Mission when his Majesty arrived, so, early on the Sabbath morning, I traveled to the neighborhood of the Albert Docks, where I expected to find the object of my pilgrimage.

The Mission was easily located, and when I saw what a small, unpretentious place it was, I began to doubt whether any king would journey several miles on a Sabbath morning to attend a service there. But when I spoke to the superintendent, I was informed that the King had promised to come, and that he would certainly keep his word.

And I was not disappointed. Soon after the service had begun in the tiny chapel, the good old King arrived, with a couple of gentlemen, and took his seat in the place provided for him. There was no demonstration and no special service had been arranged on his account, and I thought it likely that his Majesty had requested that there should be no ceremony of any sort. He seemed delighted to be there among the sailors, and certainly the sailors were delighted to have him. The Mission was established in the interest of the crews of the lumber ships which visit London from Sweden and Norway, and serves as a home for the sailors when they are in port.

King Oscar at the Seamen's Mission

When the simple service was concluded, the congregation flocked into the adjoining dining-room to partake of the Sunday dinner, and, to my surprise, King Oscar entered the room also, and seated himself at the head of the large table. It was apparently arranged that he was to dine with the sailors, and I determined to remain until the meal was finished. It would be a unique experience to see a monarch take dinner with some of the most lowly of his subjects.

The meal progressed in fine style. The King conversed with those who sat near him, and he seemed to enjoy the modest fare as much as did any of the seamen. When the dessert had been disposed of, his Majesty arose and delivered a short address. I was unable to understand the meaning of his words, but the superintendent explained afterwards that it was a thorough religious address which he delivered. It concerned the work of the Mission and the duty of the sailors to advance its interest in every possible way, and his Majesty urged them not to forget that it was above all a Christian work, and that it was their duty to live as Christian seamen should. The men were deeply impressed with this advice, and I thought that these few words from their ruler would doubtless have greater effect than dozens of sermons from a pulpit.

The King shook hands with us all before he left the place, and when I mentioned to him my desire for an interview, he cordially invited me to call at Grove House. I was not slow to take advantage of the invitation, and on the appointed day I presented myself at the modest dwelling which served as the royal residence. It was a very plain structure, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and any one was free to enter at the lodge. The only guard visible was a stalwart London policeman, and he was stationed there as an act of courtesy by the authorities.

I had taken the precaution to obtain a card from the Swedish Minister before leaving London, because I feared that I might encounter some functionary who would object to my visit. There were no difficulties of the sort, however, and within a few minutes after I entered the reception room I was in the presence of the King. His greeting was most friendly, and I was invited to sit down during our conversation. In the beginning, I replied to many questions on American subjects, and about my various travels, and then I asked his Majesty something about the work of the Seamen's Mission, in which he seemed much interested. His fine face was bright with enthusiasm as he described to me the need of a home for the Scandinavian sailors, and the necessity which existed for increased funds to carry on the work. "It is very important," he said, "that our men have some Christian institution where they can spend their time while away from their ships. They come here to London, strangers in a strange land, and when they go ashore, the only place where they're made welcome is the public house. If they are forced to frequent these drinking saloons they return to their work unfit for duty, and go back to their families at home with their wages spent for liquor. In the Mission everything is provided for their comfort and they are safe from evil influences. I am greatly interested in the work, and while I am here I shall make a personal effort to increase its financial support."

A Noble Christian Worker

Any one who heard the King speak of this Christian work could have no doubt of the practical character of his Christianity. He not only secured subscriptions from others for the Mission, but he contributed a considerable sum himself, and he readily gave me permission to quote him in favor of the work for publication in the London press. In various ways he showed his earnestness in the good cause, and before he left England the Mission was firmly established as a permanent institution, to serve as a London home for Scandinavian seamen.

I was greatly impressed during my audience with King Oscar's knowledge of lowly life in London and the other great cities of Europe. In spite of his many duties, he had evidently found time to make himself acquainted with the seamy side of metropolitan life, and he had many original ideas regarding the best methods of sociological work. As early as 1871 he began his study of London

conditions, and in a journal written at that time he tells that he visited the opium dens, grog shops, "doss houses," and "penny gaffs" of the great East End, carefully disguised, of course, and that the impression given him by "such a mob, which fears neither God nor the devil, yet dreads punishment, and more especially the police," is one that can never be effaced.


The prediction of the journal of 1871 has been fulfilled. King Oscar does not forget, in his high position, the lowly and unfortunate ones of earth. His Christianity is seen in his daily life and in his political acts. He has ever been a fervent supporter of the Bible, and his deep researches as an Orientalist have only deepened his faith. Throughout his long reign he has been a staunch supporter of the Lutheran State Church, and in every way he has set a good example to his subjects. The King's family life is of course a matter of great concern to every one in his dual kingdom, and it is not the least of Oscar's claims to public respect that in every way the best of examples is set by the palace to the lowlier homes throughout the country.

The royal family have always shared his Majesty's religious principles and his earnestness in well-doing. The second son, Oscar, has long been President of the Scandinavian Young Men's Christian Associations, and the Crown Prince and his wife are ever ready to serve in any good cause. The whole family have done much to advance the cause of Christ throughout the world, for through their influential positions in life their opportunities for service have been multiplied.

The King himself stands before the world as the highest type of Christian statesman, and his true worth is evidenced by universal love and respect. His Majesty has attained an absolutely unique position as an arbitrator in questions of international importance, and is often called upon to adjudicate matters which affect the most distant peoples in the world. This in itself is an eloquent testimony of the world-wide respect for a Christian King. It is impossible to believe that even a king could attain to such eminence in the world without a strong adherence to the principles of Christ. When the history of these days comes to be written by impartial pens, no kingly name will stand inscribed in brighter characters than that of Oscar II., scholar, statesman and Christian gentleman.

CHAPTER XXV

At the Great Paris Exposition

UR month in London soon passed. I was kept busy with my newspaper work, and my friend found enough to do in visiting the various places of interest about the city. When I had an hour to spare, I looked up some of the people with whom I had become acquainted on my former visits. Every one was glad to see me again, and all were curious to know what progress I had been making.

We crossed from London to Paris one Friday night. We had been fearful that the Channel would be rough, and that we might succumb to seasickness, but for once the water was really smooth, and we were able to sleep all the way across. When we reached Paris, about nine in the morning, the lazy Parisians were just getting up, and the streets were just beginning to liven up with people. I took Jack at once to the place where I had lodged in 1900. We were able to get a very comfortable room at a low rate. It was on the sixth floor of the building, and there was no elevator, but we felt that we could put up with this disadvantage because of the low rent. We didn't mind climbing the stairs, and we didn't expect to spend any more time than was necessary in the room.

There was a sign outside the house, reading "English Spoken," but we were unable to find any one in the employ of the place who spoke a word of anything but French. I suppose this was really an advantage. I was obliged to refresh my knowledge of the language, and to study the vocabulary diligently in order to get what we wanted. It proved an excellent method of learning French, and before long I was able to get along very well.

Light-housekeeping in Paris

There was a little restaurant next door to our lodging, which proved to be a great convenience. For about a franc, or twenty cents in American money, we were able to get an excellent dinner, and when we didn't feel like preparing our morning meal in our room, we could obtain coffee and rolls next door for seven cents. For four cents we could get a large bowl of delicious soup, and at the same price we could get a plate of lettuce salad, with an excellent dressing. Sometimes we were a long way from this neighborhood when mealtime came, but we always tried to get back to the Rue de la Victoire when possible.

We didn't visit the Exposition on our first day in Paris. We had letters to

write, and a great many other things to keep us busy in our room, and we preferred to wait until the next morning, when we could get an early start. We were out at seven o'clock, walking along the grand boulevards on our way to the Place de la Concorde, which was the nearest entrance to the grounds. When we arrived at the site of the Egyptian Obelisk, I told Jack that more than two thousand people had lost their heads on this very spot at the time of the French Revolution. It was hard to believe, on this beautiful morning, that such a scene had ever taken place. The square looked anything but warlike now. The various government buildings which front on the Place were gaily decorated with flags, and over at one corner we perceived the principal entrance to the grounds of the Exposition. It was a magnificent structure, and we were greatly impressed with this first glimpse of the Fair. When we reached the gate, we discovered that if we wanted to enter before ten o'clock we would have to pay double admission fee, so in order to save money we spent our time in walking up the Champs Elysees. As we walked, we met an American negro, and we were so glad to see any one from home that we stopped to talk with him. He said that he had been in Paris for two months, and that he was working in the American Corn Kitchen at the Exposition. "That's a kitchen which the Gover'nment put up to serve these here French folks with samples of cawn things. We makes cawn cakes, and cawn bread, and cawn soup, and heaps of other things. If you-all are hungry for some, you'd better come up there with me now; that is, if you don't know the way."

First Visit to the Exposition

We didn't know the way, and we thought we could eat some corn cakes with great relish, so we followed our friend to the nearest entrance. He showed us how to buy tickets of admission, and then we found ourselves at last within the magic gates. It was a long walk through the grounds to the Corn Kitchen, but we were so much interested in all that we saw that we didn't mind the distance. We passed nearly all the chief buildings of the Exposition, and were so thoroughly acquainted with their appearance from the pictures we had seen that we recognized most of them at once. We walked along the Rue des Nations, and we would have liked to enter the United States Pavilion, where we saw several large American flags flying in the breeze. We were rather disappointed with its outside appearance, and we had no time to look further, as our friend said he must hurry on to the Kitchen. We passed the Italian, Turkish, Austrian, Hungarian, British, Belgian, German, Swedish and Norwegian national pavilions, and all of them looked very interesting. We were just beginning to realize what a big affair the Exposition was. We hadn't a very great opinion of it from what we had read in the English papers, but we discovered that it was complete enough to keep us busy sightseeing for some time.

We hurried through the Champ de Mars, which I had formerly seen under

such different circumstances, until we reached the Electricity Building. We were then very near the Corn Kitchen, which was located in the United States Agricultural Annex. We followed our guide up three short flights of stairs in this building, and then we saw before us a lunch-counter like the ones we had so often patronized at home, and which are never seen in European eating-places. There was a neat-looking colored woman for waitress, and before two minutes had passed the man who had brought us was also behind the counter with his apron on. "Now, boys," he said, "what'll you-all have to eat? It's all good, and it's all free, and you can take your choice." We saw a big colored Mammy frying some pancakes on a gas-stove, so we said we would have some of them. When the cakes were ready, the Mammy brought them herself, and presented them with her compliments. She said she was glad to see two Yankee boys. "I tell you I'm sick and tired of these here French," she said. "They don't appear to have no gumption at all. They're shorely the mos' tired-lookin' lot I ever run across." The Mammy stopped to talk with us, and it was easy to see that she wasn't in love with Paris. She had been over about two months, and was already longing for the closing-time to come, so that she could go back to Chicago. "I never was in no sich fool town as this before," she remarked. "The means of transportation is thet poor that it takes me about two hours in the mornin' to get here from where I live, and I'm clean disgusted. I don't speak no French, an' I don't intend to learn any, neither. If they can't understand what I say, that's their fault, not mine."

Corn Cake and Molasses

Mammy's cakes were certainly good, and when we finished eating them, we lingered about the place; it seemed so good to be where there were Americans. As we walked about I noticed in one corner an exhibit of a famous American food concern, with the proprietor of which I was well acquainted at home. I walked over to the booth, and asked the French girl in charge whether the proprietor was in Paris, and whether he would likely visit the exhibit on this morning. She replied that he was expected at any moment, so of course I waited to see him. When he arrived, he was apparently as glad to see us boys as we were to see him. When he found that we desired to remain in Paris for some time, and that we wanted to earn enough to pay our expenses, he said that we were just the boys he was looking for. "You see," he explained, "I need one fellow to stay up here to explain our goods to the American and English visitors, and to oversee the exhibit. This little French girl will serve the samples and talk to the French visitors, and you can attend to the English and Americans. Then I want another boy to do the same thing at our exhibit downstairs, and if you care to undertake the work, I think you will suit all right. I will need you here only after twelve o'clock each day, and will pay you enough to defray your expenses while you're in the city."

We lost no time in accepting this proposition, and began at once to take lessons in what we were to do. It required only two or three days for us to become accustomed to the work. Every day at twelve I took my place in the Corn Kitchen, or the *Cuisine de Mais*, as the French called it, and from that hour until five there was always a crowd of people about to sample the pickles and beans, and the corn cakes. It was wonderfully interesting to see them, for they came from all quarters of the globe. It was one of my duties to talk to them and explain the merits of the pickles and the tomato soup, and in doing that I usually found out something about them. Some were Australians, some were from Cuba, and I even met people from India and China. They all seemed to like the corn cakes and the baked beans, and most of the women carried away recipes telling how the food could be prepared at home. When I visit Paris again I expect to find corn cakes in the restaurants and hotels.

My Work Was Pleasant

The five hours always passed quickly. It seemed no time at all until five o'clock, because I was always too busy to notice the time. There were usually some pleasant people around, and when the crowd was small, I had the colored mammy and the others to talk with. Our wages were barely sufficient to pay our necessary expenses. In going about the Exposition grounds we often purchased souvenirs to take home, and occasionally we attended the grand opera in the evening, and such extras as these had to be paid for out of savings. We were delighted, however, that we could earn as much as we did, and still have time to visit the places of interest in the mornings. I had saved up quite a sum of money while we were in London, and Jack had brought a good deal from home, so we had no reason to worry. We could remain in Paris as long as we liked, and see the city and the Exposition thoroughly.

I often revisited the places I had seen and had admired on my first visit to the city. The art galleries were always interesting, and one couldn't go too often to such impressive buildings as Notre Dame and the Invalides. I explored, too, some of the byways of Paris which I hadn't previously discovered, and found a great many unique things.

One thing that I particularly wanted to accomplish was an interview with President Loubet, and after my experience with President Faure, I thought that I should have no difficulty in visiting the Elysee Palace a second time. The Secretary there would be sure to remember me, and if I had any difficulty in getting past the soldiers at the gate, I could use his name. But when I confronted the soldiers, they must have recalled my appearance, for they allowed me to pass in without any effort at examination. At the entrance I handed the footman my card, and asked him to take it to my friend. While he was gone, I had time to look about me. The furnishings were exceedingly rich and beautiful, and I

decided that if I were able to see M. Loubet, I would ask him some questions. It was a remarkable thing that a farmer's lad should rise to occupy a palace such as this.

Second Visit to the Elysee Palace

When I was conducted to the Secretary's bureau, my friend appeared greatly surprised to see me back in Paris. "Where on earth did you come from?" he asked, with real American slang. I explained that I had come over with a friend to see the Exposition, and that we were employed in the American Corn Kitchen. I then explained my desire to meet President Loubet, and that I had called to see what my chances were. The Secretary said at once that it would be easy to arrange if the President had any time at all. "You can have no idea how busy we are about here on account of the Exposition and the Chinese difficulties, and a number of other things which have come upon us all at once. But when the President understands that you were a friend of M. Faure, he will probably be glad to grant you a few minutes."

I couldn't help smiling when I heard the Secretary remark that I was a friend of the dead President, for the short audience I had enjoyed with him would scarcely entitle me to that distinction, but I was delighted that there was a chance of my seeing M. Loubet. I was told to call some evening during the following week, just before dinner, when I would stand a good chance of finding the President at home and disengaged. I thought this an excellent plan myself, and a few evenings later I was on hand at the appointed time. I was told that M. Loubet was in his room, looking over some papers, and that he could probably receive me without delay. So I followed my friend down a hallway and into a room which was fitted up as a study. There was a great desk in the centre of the floor, and at this M. Loubet was seated. I knew him at once, for I had seen him in public several times since I had been in Paris.

A Democratic President

He looked up with a smile when I entered and half rose from his chair as I was presented. "I'm pleased to meet you," he said; "sit down." M. Loubet's English was very broken, and there were times when the Secretary had to come to his assistance, but in spite of this difficulty, the interview was pleasant and eminently satisfactory to me. I was obliged to answer many questions about the United States and about myself, for it seemed the Secretary had told something about the experiences of my first trip abroad. The President said that he had seen more of the Americans during the Exposition year than ever before in his life, and he confessed that the more he saw of them the better he liked them. "You boys deserve a great deal of credit for coming here in the way you have to see the Exposition," he said, "and I hope you will enjoy yourselves in



THE MADELEINE, FROM RUE ROYALE



ENTRANCE TO THE ELYSEE PALACE

every way and see as much as you can of the different exhibits. If you see and understand only half of them, you will have a very good education of a certain kind." I told the President how we were situated, and that we had only the mornings in which to go about, and he appeared much interested in all that I said. When I noticed the look of care on his fine face, I wondered if he doesn't sometimes wish that he were once more a boy, and able to enjoy things in a boyish way.


M. Loubet has been working exceedingly hard as President, for one of his chief characteristics is his thoroughness. I had heard that he was a thorough business man, and there were evidences of this in his study. Everything about his table was arranged with scrupulous attention to detail. There was a place for everything, and he evidently kept things in their places. The pens and pencils were in their trays, and the papers were neatly arranged in piles before him. His whole life has been one of persevering effort, and that is the reason he is president of a great republic instead of working on a farm.

I was with him for only a few minutes, but in that time I was greatly impressed with his personality. As I left the palace I thought to myself that the French Republic couldn't be in such a bad way as some people try to believe, when it had for Presidents two such men as Felix Faure and Emile Loubet.

On the following evening we boys were walking in the Bois de Boulogne about six o'clock, just when the great driveway is most crowded with carriages. All at once I noticed a commotion in the crowd, and the President drove by, followed by a number of men on bicycles. We were told that these latter were detectives in plain clothes, who follow M. Loubet every time he drives out, to protect him from would-be assassins. It made us shudder to see them. "How dreadful it must be," I said to Jack, "to be always followed about by these men with pistols, and to feel that your life is in constant danger." Jack agreed with me, and we both said that we would rather be two American boy travelers, free to go and come as we pleased.

CHAPTER XXVI

Off for the Passion Play

T was only natural that toward the end of July we began to think of leaving Paris for a tour in other parts of the Continent of Europe. We had been at the Exposition nearly three months now, and we felt that we should be seeing other places if we were to return home in September, as we hoped to do. Neither of us liked the idea of leaving Paris, and I particularly didn't want to leave the Corn Kitchen, where everything had been so pleasant and I had had such good times. I hated to think that I might not see the old "Mammy" again, or the little Georgette, who had washed dishes for me in the baked bean place. I had become fast friends with all my associates in the Kitchen, and one always dislikes to leave those with whom he has been in company for a long time. And then we couldn't feel that we had seen all the Exposition. Jack said he was sure there were lots of places we hadn't visited yet, so we decided to give up all our time during our last week in Paris to visiting the out-of-the-way corners which might so far have escaped our observation. We gave up our positions in order to do this. The manager seemed much disappointed at our going, but we hadn't promised how long we would stay, and we found him two other boys whom we thought could fill our places very satisfactorily. He had to be satisfied with this, because we couldn't bring ourselves to change our plan of going home in September.

Our last week at the Exposition we will probably look back upon as being the most pleasant of all. During that time we did everything which we hadn't done before. There was the "moving platform," for instance, which we had seen every day, but which we had never ridden upon. We mounted it one morning and stayed on it for hours. It moved round and round, and gave us a fine view of the Exposition grounds and the neighboring streets. We had seen the Exposition so much that we knew the arrangement of it by heart, but this didn't prevent our enjoyment of the sidewalk.

Around the Exposition

Then we went up in the Eiffel Tower, just to say that we had been there, for neither of us enjoyed the view very much. We had seen Paris quite as well from the top of the Arc de Triomphe for one-tenth the price; but we knew that when we went home everyone would ask us whether we had been up in the Eiffel

Tower, and we wanted to be able to gratify their curiosity. We couldn't but admire the genius which had made the construction of the tower possible, however, and when Jack found an autograph of M. Eiffel on sale, a little later on, he lost no time in buying it.

There was hardly a side-show within the Exposition grounds which we hadn't visited when we left the city. It cost us quite a little to visit the places in some instances, but we considered it money well spent. We wanted to feel that we had seen everything which was worth seeing, at any rate. We found the "*Tour du Monde*," or "Tour of the World," one of the most interesting of the most important shows. The exhibition consisted of people from almost every strange place one could imagine, and we talked with Zulus, Fiji Islanders, Dahomeyans, and many others who could only understand us through signs. The poor things didn't seem particularly happy in Paris, though the weather was warm enough in July to have satisfied any tropical person. It would have been interesting to hear from them their impressions of the things and places they had seen in the French capital, and to know whether they didn't, after all, prefer their own homes. Some of those we saw looked as if they would go home by the next boat if it were possible. Jack got into difficulty with one of the girls from Dahomey, in Africa. It was the same old story of giving money in payment and getting no change. He had bought a cheap bracelet from the girl, which she said would cost him half a franc. He handed her a two-franc piece, which she calmly pocketed. He made her understand that he wanted change, but she only grinned at him and showed her teeth. He finally had to call the manager of the place in order to get the one franc fifty, and I told him that he was lucky to get it back at all.

Sights of the Side-Shows

In the place called the "Subterranean World," we got an idea of what a gold mine is like underneath the earth, and we also saw another man's idea of the appearance of Hades. There were all sorts of demons which glared at us out of the dark, and we thought that this would be indeed a bad place to take children who are easily frightened. In the "Aquarium" we saw the only live fish which were on view at the Exposition, and Jack said that the exhibit couldn't compare with the interesting one at Chicago in 1893. There was an admission to all these places. Indeed, there seemed to be nothing free outside the principal buildings. We thought one day that we would visit the woman's building, but when we learned that it cost a franc we decided to stay away. It didn't seem reasonable to charge admission to a building which should rightly belong to the Exposition proper, and not to the side-shows.

When our week was up we had made a complete round of the grounds, and we both felt that we could leave Paris feeling that we had seen almost, if not

everything, that would be interesting to us. And anyhow we hoped to have more time in Paris before returning to America. We decided to lose no time in starting on our proposed trip.

It didn't take us long to plan where we would go. The one thing in Europe outside the Exposition which we were most anxious to see, was the famous Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, and I told Jack that we would arrange so as to get there one Sunday while we were gone. Most people visiting Ober-Ammergau from Paris go by way of the great German city of Munich, but we thought of a better way to go. We determined to see something of Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol on our way to Ober-Ammergau, and from there we could return through Germany if we liked. We would first go to Basle, in Switzerland, from there to Zurich, and from Zurich we would make our way to Innsbruck, in Austria. From Innsbruck North to Ober-Ammergau we would pass through some of the most magnificent scenery in all Europe, and as Jack had never before seen any mountains higher than those along the Hudson, I was anxious for him to visit this country.

Leaving Our Friends

With our route laid out, there remained but little for us to do before taking our departure. We told our good landlady long in advance of our intention, and she seemed very sorry to have us leave. The Charlons were sorry too, and we told them that we knew we would miss our good suppers when we could no longer step in to our little restaurant. The landlady and the Charlons told almost everyone in the neighborhood that the American boys were going to leave, so that we were greater objects of their interest during the last few days than ever before.

We took very few of our belongings with us. I knew that if we were to do any mountain climbing it would be advisable to have as little as possible to carry, so I made Jack leave most everything at home, and we took only our underwear and toilet articles, with a few other necessary things. We carried them in large, heavy bags, which we strapped across our shoulders, so we had no luggage to check in the trains, and nothing to carry when walking. We took little caps to wear until we should reach the Alpine country, where we could buy mountain hats, and we also planned to get some mountain poles, or Alpenstocks, when we reached Innsbruck. People stared at our bags a good deal until we reached Switzerland, but there they were accepted as a usual thing.

It cost us very little to buy railway tickets from Paris to Basle, although the distance is considerable. We traveled third-class, of course, and as the train we took was not an express, we had to pay only about five dollars in all. We left Paris at ten o'clock at night, and when we started out from our lodging for the station, there was quite a little crowd at the door to see us off and bid us *bon voyage*. We thought it very nice indeed for our friends to take such an interest in us, and were more sorry than ever to be leaving them. We told them, how-

ever, that we would come back again if possible, and left them waving their handkerchiefs as we passed around the corner.

At the station all was hurry and bustle. The trains all seemed much crowded, no doubt on account of the many visitors to Paris from the country for the Exposition. Our train in particular was very full, and if we hadn't arrived in good time we might not have secured seats. There were eight persons in our little compartment, as it was, and that is rather too many when one is traveling a long distance in a third-class carriage. Our fellow passengers were very interesting, though, and the time passed quickly during the night. There was a woman from Algiers who could speak English, and she acted as interpreter to the crowd. Among the others were two Germans and two Frenchmen with one other woman. The woman from Algiers was the most interesting person of the lot. She had lived, it seemed, in nearly every part of the world, and she could tell many interesting stories of her experiences. Jack and I were very curious to know something of Algeria, and we got more information from her than I think we could have gotten from any other source. We told her that we would call on her some day in Algiers when she wasn't expecting us, and if possible, we were going to keep the promise.

In a Third-Class Railway Carriage

The Frenchmen and the Germans argued most of the time, as usual, and as the Germans spoke very poor French they had difficulty in making their arguments understood. The poor Algerian woman was kept busy interpreting their remarks, and then the Frenchmen, instead of answering the Germans, who had said the things she repeated, vented their wrath on her. We told her she was foolish to help them out since they didn't appreciate it any, and she was finally of that opinion herself. The argument was about something connected with Alsace-Lorraine, that never-ending dispute of the two nations. The Germans had been much insulted upon seeing the statue of the city of Strasburg which stands in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, and we felt we couldn't blame them much; for the French decorate the figure with funeral wreaths and inscriptions every 14th of July. The inscriptions are to the effect that though Strasburg is now dead to France, it is not to be forever so, or in short, that France intends to some day recover the provinces she lost to Germany in the war of 1871. The wreaths remain on the statue the year round, so it isn't much wonder the Germans took it as an insult. They argued about it until they were sleepy, and then they spent the rest of the night snoring.

Early in the morning we had reached the frontier between France and Germany, and there we had to all get out and have our luggage examined. The officials looked at our green bags with great suspicion, and we were much amused when they opened them and found only underwear and combs and brushes. They

marked them with white chalk, and we were then allowed to pass out of the inspection-room into the waiting-room, and finally to board the train again. It seemed so queer to us that the countries were so very small. We had no sooner had our things examined in Germany than we had to have them gone through again at Basle, in Switzerland, and then after Switzerland came Austria. We were always having to open our bags to allow some official to peep into them, and they always had their trouble for their pains.

We were on the train all morning, and it wasn't until after two in the afternoon that we came in sight of Basle. We were delighted to be at last near the end of our journey, and to know that we would soon be viewing some of the beautiful scenery which we had so often seen in pictures. After having our luggage examined at the station, we decided that it would take us all afternoon to go about Basle, and that we had therefore better remain there overnight.



CHAPTER XXVII

Tyrolean Days

WE walked down to the banks of the River Rhine during our afternoon in Basle, and when we saw there some attractive swimming baths, we lost no time in paying the small fee required and in getting in the water. We were hot and tired after our long ride on the train, and I don't think either of us ever enjoyed any bath more than this one. The water of the river was so clean that we could almost see the bottom near the shore, and, flowing down from the mountains, it was also deliciously cool. We paddled about in great style for nearly an hour, and when we left the bath we felt better than for a long time before.

We started out in great spirits to see something of the city of Basle. We found it to be not a large place, but an exceedingly interesting one. There was the old church, for instance, where many important historical events have taken place, and there was a museum containing what were said to be fine specimens of the old style paintings. Jack and I couldn't say that we thought these paintings very beautiful, but since they were executed hundreds of years ago, we decided that we couldn't expect them to look like modern works. We went through this museum most religiously, examining everything we thought it important that we should know about, and when we had finished we were both pretty tired. I then suggested that we get something to eat, and in the place we visited not a soul could speak English or French, only German. Jack pulled out a little German-English dictionary he had bought in Paris, and tried to make the waitress understand that we would like a frankfurter sausage and a glass of milk, each. We thought the frankfurters were German enough to be understood by any waitress, but for some time this girl only stared at us in amazement. It was only after great effort that poor Jack pronounced the words so that she understood him, and when he finally succeeded he threw down the book in great disgust. "You'll have to attend to the talking on this trip," he said. But I refused to undertake the job. "You've begun it," I replied. "Now you'll have to keep it up. It will be good training for you. You ought to be able to speak good German by the time you're through with this book." So all through our tour Jack acted as spokesman, and after a while he did succeed in speaking the words well enough to secure what we needed as we went along. Some of his mistakes, however, were most amusing, as when he used the word *gegessen* (eaten) and meant to say *gesehen* (seen).

Again In Switzerland

There were many things about Basle which were interesting to us. We had never before seen such houses as were some of those in the old, back streets of this city, and certainly we had never seen a cleaner, or more generally attractive little place. It seemed typically Swiss in all respects, though we thought it so near the German border that it must be German, too. We walked through the principal streets in the evening, when the lamps were lighted, and then we succeeded in finding a very cheap room for the night in a little gasthaus in an out-of-the-way corner of the town. Before going to bed, we decided to leave for Zurich early the next morning, by train, because we thought the carfare so cheap that it would hardly pay us to walk the distance, especially as the scenery would not be particularly interesting. We also decided that from Zurich we would take a train part way to Innsbruck, and walk only through the most interesting part of the country. We were sure that we would have enough walking before we had finished with our trip to Ober-Ammergau, and afterward we were very glad we had adopted this plan.

In Basle we had our first experience with the European feather bed. It seems that travelers are always surprised when they encounter it, though they've been hearing and reading about it for years. We knew that as soon as we entered German speaking countries we would probably be given one to sleep under; but when we saw it lying on our bed in Basle, we at first didn't know what on earth it could be for. Then we remembered our information on the subject, and we lost no time in piling the thing on to the floor, for the night wasn't so freezing cold that we felt we would need to sleep under feathers. With the feathers off, we slept very well indeed, and awoke in the morning feeling much refreshed, and ready to start off in good spirits for Zurich.

I'm sure that everyone is delighted with their first glimpse of the Alps. They are always more grand in their beauty than anyone imagines them to be, and travelers are almost invariably enthusiastic when they see them first. And if most travelers are merely enthusiastic, Jack was almost wild when on our way to Zurich the scenery became more and more magnificent. I had been in the mountains before, so it was not so new to me, but I enjoyed it greatly, nevertheless, and Jack sat with his head out of the car-window all the time, calling for me to look at each new view of the mountains. It was indeed a lovely morning's ride. The air was so much better than in Paris that we felt we were in a different world, and the scenery seemed to be more beautiful with every mile. The little villages which were scattered here and there through the valleys were interesting, too, and the people who came to their fences to see the train rush past. Jack said that it all reminded him of a panorama he had once seen when in Chicago, "only this is more beautiful than any painted picture could be," he said.

When we at last reached Zurich the view was finer than ever, for there we had

the deep blue lake added to the attractions of mountain and sky. The lake was a lovely color, and seemed made just to set off the surrounding mountains in a proper way. We both decided immediately that Zurich would be our choice of a place to live if we could live anywhere we liked; but afterwards we found other places we liked quite as well, so if we were to be given our choice I'm afraid we never could decide which place we liked best.

Zurich, the Swiss Metropolis

There wasn't much that interested us in Zurich after the scenery had been admired, and we had taken a ride on the beautiful lake. The city is too large, we decided, to be very picturesque, and it isn't large enough to be interesting merely as a city, after we had been three months in Paris. We thought it a busy, bustling place, and learned that it is the chief centre of the silkmaking industry in Switzerland, and the largest city of that little Republic. The people seemed very proud of their parks and driveways and other metropolitan improvements, and no doubt the Swiss find Zurich a most fascinating place in which to spend a week. We would have found it attractive, too, if we hadn't been for so long in "Gay Paree," that our taste had been spoiled. As it was, we looked up our timetable of trains and decided to leave very soon for a point just within the Austrian border of the Tyrol. From there it would be a nice walk to Innsbruck, and we would have a chance to get our legs in working order before starting north to Ober-Ammergau. We expected to find it hard work for the first day or two, and knew we would be sure to have sore feet for awhile.

We remained in Zurich one night, and again succeeded in finding a cheap lodging. For a franc, or one franc fifty, we could usually manage to get good beds. Nearly always we would be sleeping in a room with other persons, but we didn't mind that after we were used to it. When we reached the mountains, and stayed overnight in small villages, we often secured accommodation at an almost ridiculous price, especially in the places where tourists are few and far between.

We left Zurich in the morning, and at noon we had reached the town from which we were going to walk to Innsbruck. It was a picturesque place, located in a long, green valley between high mountains, and we looked forward with cheerful anticipations to the pleasant tramp we would have through this valley to Innsbruck. And it did turn out to be a pleasurable experience, in spite of the troubles which naturally beset the beginner in mountain pedestrianism. We didn't linger in the town at all, but pushed bravely forward after the train which had disappeared in the distance ahead of us. We had no mountain sticks, and felt the need of them, but wanted to wait until we reached Innsbruck before buying any. The sun was very hot on our backs from one o'clock until four, and Jack was sweating most awfully; but, like a brave boy, he never complained,

and kept jogging along at a good pace. Our bags rested easily on our backs, and we were not tired to start with, so we may consider that we began our walking tour under very favorable auspices. The only thing that bothered us was the heat, and we knew we would get used to that in time.

In the Tyrol

The villages were frequent through the valley in which we walked and the road was as good as we could have desired. All through the mountain districts we were surprised at the excellent roadways, until we learned that they are kept up carefully by the government, especially in districts where there is no railway. The road leading to Innsbruck was hard and smooth, without much dust, and as it was level for most of the distance, we pushed ahead at a good pace. I imagine that we must have made at least three and a-half miles an hour during this first afternoon, and always after that we tried to do at least three miles an hour. There were times, when we had long inclines to go up, that we didn't make more than two and a-half miles an hour, but we made up for the loss when we were going down the mountain on the other side. The walking made us very thirsty, but to our delight we found fresh spring water at close intervals all along the road. Some of the fountains must have been standing for centuries almost, from their appearance, and it was interesting to conjure up in our minds visions of the various travelers who had stopped at them to drink, long before there was a railway through the valley. The water was always good and cold, and it seemed that the more we drank of it the more we wanted, so that we were drinking all the while. Jack was a little afraid that so much water might not be good for us, but we never suffered from any bad effects, and always drank all we wanted at every spring.

The walk to Innsbruck took us two good days to do. We were not able to go as fast the second day as on the first, because our feet were very, very sore. Jack's had blisters on nearly every toe, and mine were nearly as bad. We had not expected to have them so very sore, because we had walked so much while in Paris, but it seemed that mountain roads were harder on the feet than city pavements. I'm sure my shoes were responsible for most of my difficulty. They were of English make, and fitted me not at all. I would have thrown them away, only I was afraid that the shoes I would buy in Austria might be much worse. I certainly wished for a pair of good American walking shoes, such as Jack had been wise enough to bring with him. We didn't know any remedy for our feet, so we had to let them cure themselves, which they did in time. They were hurting us so badly at about noon of our second day, that we decided we take off our shoes and stockings and bathe our feet in the cold water of a near-by mountain stream. This was the most comforting thing we could have done, for our feet felt fine after the cold bath, and we were able to make faster progress during the afternoon. After



SCENE ON THE ROAD TO OBER-AMMERGAU



THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF INNSBRUCK

we had washed our feet, we washed our stockings also, and laid them out in the sun to dry. Then we went barefooted into a little gasthaus to get some dinner, and when we came out again our things were ready to be worn again. We often did this during the succeeding days. No one ever stared at our bare feet, because all the people in the neighborhood went about in the same way, even the women, and we found this the best possible means of resting our feet.

The Most Beautiful Country in Europe

The country through which we walked was charming. The scenery was different and more beautiful than any we had seen in Switzerland, and the villages along the road were ages old and wonderfully interesting. The people, too, were good and kind, and we were almost sorry when at last we saw the spires of Innsbruck rising ahead of us.

Innsbruck proved a very attractive place to us. The city was so different from any place we had visited before, that we never tired of exploring its quaint streets and old buildings during the short time we were there. It seemed almost like an Oriental city, with its gaudy colors and arcaded thoroughfares. The buildings were nearly all constructed of white plaster, and were invariably painted on the outside with all sorts of queer figures and designs, which gave a peculiar appearance to the whole city. The location of the place is superb. It is built in a kind of hollow among the mountains, which rise to a great height on every side but one. Many of the neighboring peaks are snow-capped, and through the valley there runs a swift blue mountain-stream, turning the wheels of what few mills there is in the city. But Innsbruck is not a bustling place like Zurich. It was for this reason that we liked it better than the Swiss city. The people moved slowly, and we could imagine them doing the same things two hundred years ago that they were doing when we were there. Certainly the place is very old; one can see that by the ancient structures which abound in every street. We thought it older in appearance than any city we visited during our stay in Europe, and on this account we will always want to go back there some time. We were often disappointed because things seemed so little different from what we have at home. In Innsbruck everything was different except the hotels, and of course one finds these in every interesting place of Europe.

We bought a good map of the district we would traverse on our way to Ober-Ammergau, showing all the roads and hamlets, because we didn't want to run any risk of getting lost among the mountains. We bought also two good alpenstocks to help us up the inclines, and exchanged our caps for the picturesque Alpine hats, which were very comfortable for our heads, but didn't protect us from the sun. These few purchases attended to, we had no reason for remaining in the city after we had visited the interesting places. There was good reason, moreover, why we should start at once over the mountains, if we were to reach Ober-Ammergau

for Sunday's performance of the Passion Play. So we shouldered our bags early in the morning of our second day in the Austrian city, and started out on what we thought was the road up the river. Jack thought it was the right road, at any rate, and insisted that he was right. I had my doubts about it, and said so. It seemed to me that we were going in the wrong direction. This turned out to be the case, for after we had walked about an hour, I inquired of a peasant if we were going in the direction of Zirl, our first stopping-place, and he told us that we were going just the other way. We then had before us the pleasant-task of retracing our steps in the hot sun, and of beginning all over again.

A Bad Start

The next start we made, I inquired the direction of nearly every one we met, until there was finally no doubt that we were on the right track. Once this was settled in our minds, we were able to walk along and cover much more ground than when we had been hesitating and doubtful. After this, I always inquired the way often enough to make sure we were going right, for it would have been discouraging to return more than once to Innsbruck to begin over again. For some distance on this first morning we followed the same road which had taken us to Innsbruck in the first place, and we were also following the railway track, so there seemed no danger of our making any mistake. Yet this was what we did. We made the mistake of starting from Innsbruck on the wrong side of the river to reach Zirl, and when we finally began to approach that village, we could find no means at all of getting across the stream. We walked up and down the bank, looking for a foot-bridge, or a bridge of some kind, but there was apparently none nearer than Innsbruck, and we were determined that we wouldn't go back there again if we could help it.

We sat down on the bank and considered the question. It was about noon, and we were both hungry. But we couldn't get anything without we got across the river to Zirl. There seemed absolutely nothing to do but return again to Innsbruck, and we were feeling pretty blue, when I noticed a party of men in black on the river-bank with a boat. They were some distance off, and we couldn't see them well, but as we approached them we saw that they were monks. All wore black robes, and sandals on their feet. Their heads were shaved close, except for a little rim of hair which extended around their crowns like a halo. Evidently they belonged to some near-by monastery, and when we looked up-stream we saw a great stone structure on the mountain-side which looked as if it might be the building. Jack didn't want to speak to the monks, but I told him that we might get them to take us across the river, and that it was our only hope of reaching the other side without going back to Innsbruck. So he went up to them with me, and we were surprised to find that all save one of the number were boys of about our own age, or a little older. I addressed the elder one in what little German I

could command, and pointing to the boat, I motioned to the other side of the river. He seemed to understand at once, and nodded his head. He didn't speak a word, and we decided before leaving him that it must be one of the rules of his Order not to speak.

The Friendly Monks

After a few minutes the monks entered the boat, and we with them. Then ensued an operation which we had never seen before. We had been wondering how they would get the boat across, because the current of the stream was far too strong for any one to row against it. We had noticed a heavy wire stretched overhead from bank to bank, but didn't connect it with the boat until we saw the monks attach a rope to the pulley on the wire. Then they pushed off from the shore, and, to our surprise, we saw the boat move rapidly across the river without any rowing at all. By some ingenious arrangement the current was utilized to propel the boat across instead of down stream. The wire held it in place, of course, and the pulley slipped across the wire. It was all very neat, and something new to Jack and I.

During the crossing, we learned that one of the youngest boys could speak excellent English. He had studied it at school, he said, and certainly he spoke it very well. He was able to give us a great deal of information about the neighborhood, and especially about these monks and their monastery. He said that the great stone structure on the mountain-side had been standing for centuries, and that during all this time it had been occupied by this one Order of monks. And as we looked at the building from closer range, we could well believe that it was centuries old. It looked like some ancient fortress constructed for defense in the days of chivalry. The boy said that the monks owned most of the land in the neighborhood, and that they raised enough produce to support themselves and several neighboring churches without any aid from the government. We told him about our difficulties of the morning and how hungry we were, and I noticed him talking to one of the other boys. Then he turned again to us. "I think you can have some dinner at the monastery, if you like," he said. "They are always very kind about caring for strangers, and if you care to go up, they will be glad to have you. And you will have an opportunity to examine the building, which is very interesting." Jack nudged me not to accept the invitation. I could see that he had no liking for such peculiar persons as these monks seemed to be, and that he would just as soon not go into the monastery. But I was very anxious to see more of their way of living, and particularly did I desire to see something of the great gray building on the mountain-side. So I told the boy that we would be very grateful for something to eat, and when the boat reached the northern shore, we followed the monks up the mountain-path to their home. The path was very steep and rocky, but it seemed to be the only entrance to the monastery. At the top we came to a great iron gate with stone pillars, and our guides rang a bell for entrance.

The gate was opened by another of the monks with shaved head, and he didn't speak, either. It seemed to be only those with hair who were allowed to speak.

Shut in from the World

Inside the gate, we found ourselves in a courtyard paved with stone, and the building towered above us to a height of at least a hundred and twenty-five feet. It was built just like pictures we had seen of ancient castles. There were no windows at all, but just openings in the wall, which were evidently more for loopholes than anything else. At the side of the building was another gate, and through this we were taken by the boy who had talked to us in the boat. The gate opened, to our surprise, on a level plateau of several acres extent, planted with grain and vegetables. We had been unable to see this plateau from the river, and the slope of the mountain behind had also been invisible. On the slope were cattle grazing, and we could easily imagine that the monks were comfortably well off in the midst of all this prosperity. Jack and I were more interested in the building itself, however, than in the fields, and we were glad when the boy took us into the hallway. It was a very grim-looking place, nothing but stone benches and stone columns and arches. Evidently things were not made for comfort. We were shown into the chapel, and found it a beautiful place, all exquisitely decorated with paintings on the walls, and with an altar that seemed to be of solid gold. There was a great organ, too, and we wished that there was a service in progress, so that we might hear it played.

From the chapel we were shown into what was apparently a room for reading and study. There were several tables of fine carved wood, and book-shelves along the walls, which seemed to contain many old volumes. No doubt some of the books were extremely valuable, but as we had no knowledge of the subject, we didn't examine any of them closely. We did look at the Bible which we saw in the chapel, and it was certainly older than any we had ever seen before.

Our dinner was served to us in a small room, which was quite as severe in appearance as the others we had visited. We sat at a small table without any cloth or napkins, and were obliged to eat alone. The boys said that the monks didn't usually eat in the middle of the day. Our meal was not elaborate, but we had some good pork and potatoes and black bread. They gave us beer to drink, which they said had come from their own brewery; and we thought it strange that monks should have a brewery at all, until we discovered many of them during the succeeding days. We had a hard time drinking the beer, it was so strong, and after that we didn't hesitate to ask for water instead, though people always stared at us when we did so.

Life in the Monastery

When we had finished our dinner we hoped that we would be shown over the

upstairs of the monastery, but no one offered to take us, and we soon took our departure. We offered to pay for our food, but they wouldn't hear of it, saying that they counted it a privilege to care for two boys who were so far from home. We thanked them as well as we could, and then made our way down the rocky path, and to the road which would take us to Zirl. "Well," said I to Jack, "this has certainly been a novel experience. I've always wanted to visit a monastery, and now I've been through one of the most interesting ones imaginable. It was great luck that we met those monks when we did, else we might be back in Innsbruck now, or on our way there." Jack agreed with me that the experience had been an interesting one. "But I'd hate to be those fellows what are living there with the monks," he said, and I couldn't say that I envied them their places. They were studying to become members of the Order, and never expected to live anywhere but in that gray stone building. It was a life that didn't appeal to two boys who had set out to see as much as possible of the world.



CHAPTER XXVIII

From Innsbruck to Ober-Ammergau

WE didn't stop in the pretty little village of Zirl, but set out north on the great high road over the mountains, hoping to accomplish much before night came on or we were worn out with our walking. It was a hard afternoon's work that we went through with. Our road was uphill most of the time, and we were always digging our alpenstocks into the gravel to help ourselves along. The scenery continued to improve as we reached the higher altitudes, until at one time in the afternoon we had spread out before us a panorama of snow-clad mountains which extended in every direction for miles and miles. We tried to keep on walking without stopping to rest, but when we turned a ledge of rock and saw this wonderful view, we unloaded our bags from our shoulders and sat down to admire it. It was all so wonderful that we disliked the idea of leaving it. There were no houses visible anywhere about, and we thought it fun to imagine ourselves to be explorers in a new country, who had suddenly discovered a land of wonderful beauty. In fact, this Tyrolean district is one of the oldest in Europe, and the very road which we traveled had been used for centuries.

While we were resting there, a party of three boys came up the slope. We knew from their appearance that they were either Austrians or Germans, and as they had bags over their shoulders and carried alpenstocks, we supposed that they, too, were out for a holiday, and were probably on their way to Ober-Ammergau. They came up to where we were seated, and began to talk to us in Austrian-German, which we couldn't understand very well. I asked them if they spoke English, and one of them answered that he knew "a leetle." It seemed that he had learned it in the schools, where French and English are both taught. We were able to carry on a conversation of a certain kind, and we learned that they had walked all the way from Vienna, and that they were going to see the Passion Play. We told them where we were from, and, as usual, their faces expressed great surprise when we spoke of our homes in America. It was really amusing to travel in a district where Americans are seldom seen, just to see the expressions of surprise when the natives discovered our nationality. An American was almost as great a curiosity in some of these Tyrolean villages as a Fiji Islander would have been. The children followed us in the streets, and their parents peeped at us from behind closed shutters. We felt like freaks, just escaped from a circus, and often wished we were less conspicuous.

We Meet Some Friends

The boys asked us if we wouldn't join forces with them to Ober-Ammergau, and we were glad to accept the invitation. We knew that a party of five would probably make greater progress than a party of two, and certainly we would have a better time than if we were alone. The boys seemed to be nice fellows, and we thought it a piece of good fortune that we had met them. The eldest of them was only nineteen, the youngest was fifteen, and the middle one seventeen. The older one was certainly a good walker. He led us all as we went up or down a mountain, and to keep up with him we had no time for loitering. This was an excellent thing for us, for otherwise we might not have reached Ober-Ammergau in time to have secured seats for the play. Our leader told us that we would either have to walk fast or stay behind, and when the younger boys wanted to rest, he told them that they would have plenty of time to rest at night, and that the afternoon was the time to walk. He told me afterwards that he had to be severe with the two boys he had as companions, or they wouldn't have been forty miles from Vienna in a week.

Over a Precipice

Late in the afternoon, however, we all agreed that we ought to have a good rest. We had been walking fast in the hot sun, and Jack and I both felt that our faces and necks were getting badly sunburned. We came to a place where the road turned a sharp corner on a cliff. On one side was the rocky side of a mountain, and on the other there seemed to be a great precipice which reached to the valley, far below. The view, as usual in this neighborhood, was very fine, and I sat as far as I could at the edge of the cliff in order to get the full advantage of it. We were talking all the while, and after about five minutes I turned round to answer some question. Rudolph, the oldest of the Austrians, told me to be careful and not fall over backwards, and I thought that I was sitting some distance from the edge. I was mistaken, though, and all at once I felt the grass giving way under me, and the first thing I knew I was falling down, down, down. The sensation was horrible. I thought that I would certainly fall over the rocks clear to the valley far below, and it was probably the scare more than the fall that made me unconscious. I don't know how long I remained insensible, but when I opened my eyes the boys were soaking me with water from a spring, and from the look on Jack's face I think he was pretty badly scared. I got up slowly and rubbed my eyes, and then I felt so weak I could have cried. I felt myself all over to find out whether or not I was injured, and could hardly believe that I had come off without any harm save a few scratches and bruises. The boys were delighted that I wasn't hurt. Jack said he certainly thought I had broken a leg or an arm, and that we would have to remain in the mountains for weeks until I had recovered. That would have been hard luck, indeed, after we had traveled so far and sacri-

ficed so much comfort for the sake of seeing the Passion Play on the following Sunday.

I was astonished when I looked up to find that I hadn't fallen more than twenty feet. Instead of the precipice ending in the valley below it had stopped at this grassy plateau, which I hadn't noticed from the cliff above. It was a great piece of luck, we all said, and it was a lesson to us all that we must be very careful about what we said in the neighborhood of cliffs. We shuddered when we thought of what *might* have happened, and I felt that I should be a very thankful boy.

After this adventure, we continued our journey in silence, plodding along up the mountain, until at about seven o'clock we reached a gasthaus in a little village where we thought we might get supper. Jack and I found it a great convenience to have some one with us who could speak the language perfectly, and who knew just what was good to eat and what was not. The Vienna boys always ordered for us as well as for themselves, and in this way we fared better than we had expected we would. After our supper, we continued our journey in the cool of the evening. Rudolph had been over these mountains before, and he said that he knew of a gasthaus which we could easily reach before darkness came at half-past eight. It was pleasant to walk in the cool air after the sun went down. We made more progress before and after nine o'clock, morning and evening, than in the interval of the middle of the day. It was much easier to plod ahead when the sun was not beating hot upon us.

We spent the night in Mittenwald, which was quite a town, compared with some places we had passed through. It was the first place, moreover, within the boundary of the German Empire, and on our way there we passed a plain sign which said that here was the division point between Austria and Bavaria. Jack stood with one foot in one country and one in the other, and said that he didn't know which he liked best. The Austrians thought that a funny joke. At Mittenwald we had to undo our bags and allow some officers to investigate whether we had any dutiable articles with us. Of course they found nothing, for the boys from Vienna were not so foolish as to carry anything with them which could be taxed twice, going into Germany, and returning into Austria. We found the gasthaus which Rudolph had visited before, and were given a large room with five beds in it. We were all ready to pile in without any delay, and the whole crowd were asleep within five minutes after the candle was out. We found that mountain-climbing was good for making one sleep and eat, and even in two days Jack and I imagined that we could see a great difference in our appearance. We thought that we looked much better than when in Paris.

Early to Bed and Early to Rise

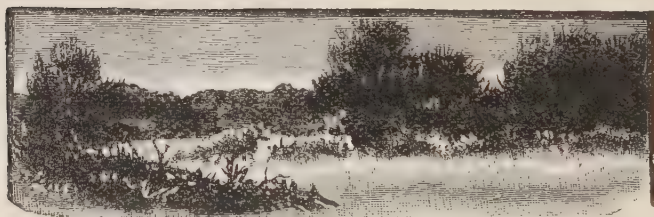
At five o'clock we were wakened by the house-girl, and from the looks of things I think most of the Mittenwald folk must have been up for about two hours.

The people in the gasthaus had their early duties done, and our coffee was waiting for us in the dining-room. As soon as we had drunk it, we started off on our road, and during this last day of our journey to Ober-Ammergau we had things much easier than before. Instead of having to climb up and down mountain-slopes, we were able to walk along a level stretch of road, with only here and there an incline. We were approaching the railway now, and before noon we had reached Partenkirchen, where the line from Munich ends. That we were "again in a civilized country," as Jack said, was evident everywhere. Instead of gasthausen, we found in Partenkirchen several hotels, and there was more bustle in the streets. We remained there only long enough to get our dinner, and then pushed in to Oberau, where we left the railroad again, and went through a district quite as beautiful and interesting as any we had yet seen. We had a lot of fun on this last afternoon. We were all thirsty at one time when we came to a pasture with a fine drove of cows. Rudolph said that he guessed he would milk one of them, so that we could refresh ourselves, and we were all delighted with the prospect of having some fresh milk to drink. We told him to be careful, though, and not get kicked. He took a large cup and jumped the fence. Then he looked around to try and find a gentle cow. He saw one which looked harmless, but he soon found that he had been wrong in his judgment. He sat down confidently to milk her, and had succeeded in getting nearly half a cupful, when the old beast raised her hoof and sent him sprawling in the grass. She would have butted him, too, if he had been less nimble in getting out of her way. He had the milk spilled all over his clothes as it was, and his leg was bruised from the blow she had given him. We all thought he would be ready to give up the milking business then, but he said he was going to get some or die in the attempt. He went to the other side of the pasture, and this time he was more fortunate in his selection of a cow. He succeeded in getting several glasses filled, and we had all that we could drink. The farmer who owned the cows came up before we left the pasture, and we expected him to object to our milking his cows. But instead of that he only laughed, and told us to take all we wanted to drink. One of the boys told him about Rudolph's getting kicked, and he thought it the best joke he had heard for a long while.

We left him laughing, and continued our way to the village we were so anxious to reach before midnight. We met many persons on the way who were also walking to Ober-Ammergau for the next day's performance of the play, and as we made friends with some of them, we were quite a party when we finally arrived. There being no railway in the neighborhood, the country folk had to walk or drive to get about, and as they all expected to remain in Ober-Ammergau over Sunday, they didn't want to take their horses with them. They were all good walkers, however, and had always been used to using their feet.

It was nearly five o'clock when we rounded a turning, and saw spread out before us a quiet valley, with the famous village lying in the very centre of the

green. We recognized the church and the Passion Theatre at once, and the whole place looked so interesting that we hurried our steps in order to reach it as soon as possible. Jack and I were very much afraid that we would be unable to secure seats for the performance. Nearly all the people we met in the road had already booked their tickets, and we knew that that would have been the safest plan for us to have followed. But we hoped that there might be some of the cheaper seats still left, and as soon as we entered the village we hurried to the information office to find out for sure. They told us that all the tickets were gone. "The play will be repeated on Monday," said the gentleman in charge, "and you'll have to attend then." We looked at each other with disappointed faces. We had hoped to leave Ober-Ammergau on Monday to continue our trip, and we didn't want to change our plans if we could possibly help it. But the gentleman said there was nothing else for us to do.



CHAPTER XXIX

The Morning of the Passion Play

WE walked about the village for awhile. The streets presented a scene of great activity, for visitors were pouring in from every direction. We saw numerous Germans, Austrians, and French, and of course there were a very great many English and Americans. It seemed a shame that all these people were to see the great play, and that we were to wait until Monday or go without seeing it. Finally, I made up my mind to ask again whether there were any seats left. I returned to the Information Bureau. "We've walked all the way through Tyrol," I told the gentleman there, "expecting to see the play to-morrow, and we don't want to wait until Monday. Hasn't some one returned a couple of seats, or can't you find some which have been overlooked?" The man laughed. "Well," he said, "I guess I can give you these two, at two marks each. They are good ones, you'll find, right next to the ten-mark seats. I hate to see you boys disappointed." I thanked him for his kindness, and hurried to where I had left Jack waiting for me. He could hardly believe that I had been successful. "You see," I told him, "it always pays to be persevering, and to try again." "Oh, yes," said Jack. "I've heard that before. I guess you must have given the man a tip." And he won't believe to this day that I got those seats without paying extra for them.

The Scene of the Passion Play

We were sorry that we couldn't get tickets for our Austrian friends, as well; but as they had acquaintances in the village they didn't mind having to stay over Monday. And now that we had secured ours, we had next to secure accommodations for the night and the morrow. From the looks of things, and from what we had heard, we thought this would be a difficult matter. The town was already crowded, and more were arriving by every train. Everyone in Paris had told us that rooms were high and hard to get, so it was with great anxiety that we looked about. We had been visiting the theatre where the performance takes place, and were returning to the main street, when we passed a very neat cottage. There was a well in front of the door, and as we were thirsty, we asked for a glass of water. The housewife treated us so kindly that we gave her one of the little souvenirs which Jack had been handing out at the Exposition. She was delighted with it, and couldn't do enough for us. She asked us to sit down, and was altogether so

pleasant that I asked her whether she couldn't accommodate us with board and lodging over Sunday. She hesitated a minute, and then said that she guessed she could. When we asked her price, we found it comparatively no higher than we had been paying along the road over the mountains, so we lost no time in accepting the room she offered us. It seemed to us that we were to be very fortunate while in Ober-Ammergau, for we had been more successful than we had expected, both in getting seats for the play and finding a place to stay.

On Saturday evening the village presented as lively an appearance as any city ten times its size. The public square was crowded with tourists, and the various stores did a rushing business in souvenirs and photographs. We boys walked about observing things until half-after nine, and then we thought we had best be going to bed, as we were thoroughly worn out with our day's work. Our feet were still somewhat sore, too, and there was nothing so good for them, we found, as lots of rest. So we went back to the little cottage on the hill, where we had to climb a ladder to reach our bedroom in the upper story. Once there and in bed, we slept soundly until we were wakened at five in the morning.

At five forty-five we heard the church-bells ringing, and went to service in the handsome church which is the pride of the village. It was much more rich in decoration than one would expect to find a church in so small a place, but no doubt the profits from the Passion Play every ten years have been sufficient to furnish the building in this fashion. The service on this morning was beautiful. There was an orchestra of several pieces, and an organ which would compare favorably with many in larger city churches. There was naturally a great congregation, for most every visitor had risen early in order to see the villagers at worship. Every one was curious to see the people who were to take the leading parts in the Passion Play, and it was usually easy to tell them from their photographs, because no "make-up" is allowed on the stage. All the men who are in the production wear their hair long, because they are not permitted to wear wigs, and it would, of course, look strange to see Bible characters with short hair. At the church we had pointed out to us the man who was to take the leading part of Christ, and he looked so much like the pictures one sees of the Saviour that it gave us a shock to see him. Then there were his disciples, Peter, John and the rest, and among the women present at the service were Mary Magdalene and Mary, Mother of Christ. These people must get used to being called by Bible names, for everyone seemed to speak of them as they are in the play.

The Auditorium

After church we had our coffee and bread, and then there was only a short interval, until at half after seven the booming of cannon announced the time for gathering in the theatre. People poured in then from every direction. Jack and I were in our seats early in order to see the vast auditorium fill up, and before the



A SCENE IN THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU

half hour was over there was not a vacant seat to be seen anywhere. The theatre was of better construction than we had imagined it would be. It has evidently been built to stand, for the ceiling is upheld by iron girders, and the material used is of the best. The auditorium is roofed, but the stage is open to the sky, so that in the various scenes the surrounding mountains may be visible to the audience. Jack and I thought the stage must be at least two hundred feet wide, and certainly it was the largest we had ever seen.

Promptly at eight o'clock every one grew very still, and the orchestra underneath the stage began to play. Then there marched out on the stage thirty-five men and women dressed as prophets. These thirty-five had more to do than any other persons in the production, because they appeared before every scene and described what was to follow. They were most impressive in appearance, all wearing long hair, and garments which made them look very strange to nineteenth century eyes. They had good voices, and some of the solos were well worth hearing. The leader of the thirty-five, an elderly man with a long gray beard, told in prose the story which was later to be shown in picture, then one of the singers sang a solo describing it further, and the whole number finally joined in an inspiring chorus, at the close of which the curtains were drawn aside, and one saw a tableau representing some event in the Old Testament. The first scene of all, however, was the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and as the curtains parted we saw him riding an ass in the city street, surrounded with a crowd of six hundred followers, who scattered flowers in his path and shouted hosannas. Jack and I sat up straight in our seats. We had not expected to see anything half so real as this. Everything seemed so true to life that we might well have imagined ourselves in the streets of old Jerusalem on that memorable day. The great throng filed across the stage to the front of the Temple, where Christ expelled the money-changers, as in the Bible story. Then the curtain was lowered and the first part of the performance was proceeded with.

The Progress of the Play

The first tableau showed the sons of Jacob resolving to put their brother Joseph out of the way, and it was so moving that we saw not a few tears in our neighborhood. Jack told me afterward that he felt like crying himself, when he saw the boy Joseph there in flesh and blood, and looking so pitiful. When the tableau was finished, the curtain was raised on a scene representing the council of the high priests in Jerusalem, and there followed a long discussion among them about what should be done with Christ. We, of course, could understand but little of what was said on the stage, but we had a book giving a translation of the play, and could follow the action without difficulty. The play moved very rapidly. The first part, which occupied all the morning, was divided into seven acts. Before each act the chorus appeared and described what was to follow. Then came one

or more tableaux representing some scene from the Old Testament, and following that a scene in Christ's life, which was more or less similar. The latter scene was always acted, and we thought each one better than the last. In the tableaux we saw King Ahasuerus and Vashti, Moses and Aaron in the Wilderness, Jacob's sons selling Joseph into slavery, and Adam and Eve with their children. The arrangement of these pictures could not be surpassed in any metropolitan theatre, and the costumes and everything used were of the best material. We had not supposed that so much time and money were expended upon the production, and the whole affair was to us a great surprise.

During the morning, we saw only the chief events in Christ's life, from the entry into Jerusalem to his apprehension on the Mount of Olives; but these scenes were enough to move us wonderfully, and give us a great respect for this village folk who could act difficult parts so perfectly. After the council of the high priests there was acted the scene of Christ taking leave of his mother in Bethany, the one on the way to Jerusalem, and then the Last Supper. After these came the scene of the Garden of Gethsemane, and the betrayal of Christ by Judas. Each succeeding scene seemed more moving than the last, even though we didn't have the advantage of being able to appreciate the inflections in the actors' voices. With each minute we became more and more in the spirit of the occasion, until at last we sat there almost spellbound, drinking in these wonderful scenes which we had never expected to see acted in such a manner. All the characters fitted their parts most beautifully, and we could imagine no better presentation of the great drama. It isn't likely that any others than these people of Ober-Ammergau could go through with it with much success. Their success is probably due, in a large extent, to the fact that they have been in training for their parts all their lives.

How It Was Inaugurated

At half-past eleven in the morning the first part of the play closed with the betrayal of Christ, and there was then an interval of an hour and a half for dinner. Jack and I had been so much interested in what we had seen on the stage that we had not noticed being tired at all; but we were glad to sit down to the good dinner spread for us by our good landlady on the hill. While we were eating, she tried to tell us something of the play, and when she saw that we couldn't understand her very well, she hurried to fetch another of her guests, who could speak English. Through her, she told us that she had taken part in no less than six productions of the Passion Play, before she felt herself too old to stand the rehearsals. It had been given, she said, every ten years, except in 1870, when many of the villagers had been called to fight the French. It had been given in 1871, that decade making an interval of eleven years. The first performance had taken place away back in the year 1633, in accordance with a vow made by the people of the village. They had been visited by a great plague, which destroyed many lives, and they said that if the


plague ceased they would perform the play to the glory of God ever after. For a while it was given every year, but in 1680 they decided that it would be best to give it only once in every decade.

She told us that the original text of the play dated from the fifteenth century, but that the one now in use had been prepared in 1815, by one of the monks in the monastery at Ettal. The music had been composed by one of the villagers at the same time, and though, she said, they all admitted that the play and music could be much improved, they feared to allow any changes to be made, on account of the danger that it might be so much improved that they would be unable to interpret their characters. "You know we're not professional actors," she said.



CHAPTER XXX

Finish of the Passion Play—Off to See the Castles

T one o'clock in the afternoon the great performance was resumed, and Jack and I were again enthusiastic over the wonderful scenes we witnessed. There were some tableaux which surpassed even those of the morning. The first one represented the Prophet Michaiah being smitten on the cheek, because he had told the Arab the truth, and after the curtains had been drawn together the chorus told us how this incident was fulfilled in the life of Christ when he was taken before Annas and smitten. This scene was then enacted with great realism. It gave us a shock to see Christ struck in the face, even in a drama, and we were rather glad when this scene was over. But all those which followed were equally touching. The actors portrayed one scene after another representing the incidents preceding the crucifixion, each being preceded by an Old Testament tableau, as in the morning. There was before us the trial of Christ before Caiaphas, who declared him guilty, and then we saw the familiar scene where Peter thrice denies his connection with the disciples.

One of these scenes which most impressed us was the one where Judas wandered about in despair because he had betrayed his Master. The man who took this part was a wonderful actor, and his despair was so real that we could almost feel it ourselves. He finally hanged himself with his girdle as the curtains were closed, and every one in the audience breathed a sigh of relief. No one could help getting a lesson from such a wonderful portrayal of insane despair.

The events followed very rapidly from time of Christ's betrayal to his crucifixion. We saw him taken before Pilate, who refused to judge him, and sent him to Herod. Then we saw Herod command that he be returned to Pilate. After this came the touching scene in the prison, where Christ was scourged and crowned with thorns. The crown was pressed down tightly over his forehead, and we shuddered to see the pain depicted on the calm, patient face. After this came the most touching scenes of all. The next scene showed Christ on the way to Calvary, bearing his cross, at the head of the mob. On the way he falls down under its weight, and Simon of Cyrene, who is passing by, is compelled to bear it for him. As the procession continues, Christ's Mother appears from the left of the stage, and falls fainting into the arms of the disciple John when she sees her Son. This incident was so well performed that half the audience was in tears at the sight, and it was more impressive than words can describe. Once seen, it could never be forgotten.

A Horrible Spectacle

The curtain was again drawn together, as the procession passed out of sight in the streets of Jerusalem, and the chorus came out, dressed in black robes, and wearing girdles and sandals. There was a long prologue describing the crucifixion which was about to take place, and then a sad song by the thirty-five choristers. During this part of the performance we could distinctly hear the sound of nails being driven into Christ's hands and feet behind the scenes. It was a horrible sound, and we shuddered when we recognized its meaning. When the curtains were drawn aside, we sat up very straight in our seats, for there before us were the three crosses on Golgotha. Christ was crucified on the middle one, and on either side were the two thieves, who were merely tied up, not nailed. Nothing could be better arranged than was this scene. We could actually see the nails in the hands of Christ, though of course we knew that they couldn't be real. We couldn't imagine how it was possible for a man to support himself on a cross for such a length of time. There was nothing to hold him there, that we could see, except those artificial nails, and we knew that they didn't enter the flesh. It was most remarkable stage-work, and would do credit to any theatre in London or Paris.

Every incident mentioned in the Bible in connection with the crucifixion was carefully gone through with. The Roman soldiers stood about, mocking the Crucified One, and there was the famous conversation with the repentant thief. We saw the soldiers prepare a sponge soaked with vinegar and gall for Christ to drink, and, what was most horrible of all, one of the soldiers stabbed him in the side. We saw the red blood come gushing out, and half expected that some of the women about us would faint at the sight. The soldiers cast lots for Christ's garments, and before the scene is finished the disciple John approaches the cross with the two Marys. As soon as Christ dies, there follows the tremendous earthquake mentioned in the Bible description of the scene, and the people are terrified. Some of the audience was terrified, too, from the exclamations which were heard about us, and I'm not sure but what Jack and I were among the number.

After the crucifixion there was the burial, and we saw the stone placed at the door of the tomb. It was a great strain to witness all these things which we had read about all our lives. It was almost too realistic, too horrifying. After the burial an angel came and rolled the stone away, while Christ came out of the tomb with a halo about his head. We knew then that the play would soon be finished, and indeed the Ascension was the next and last act. It, too, was wonderfully arranged, after one of the paintings by great artists. We saw the Saviour rising slowly upward, while the disciples were grouped below him on the ground, and he was guided by a band of angels. We thought it one of the most remarkable scenes in this remarkable play, and we were not surprised when the great audience burst into thunderous applause. I couldn't help thinking, though, that it would

have been better if they had dispersed quietly, for such a performance needs to be treated with reverence to be tolerable. As far as we could see, the Americans in the audience were all there with a reverent desire to witness a religious production, but some of the Germans behaved very badly. They not only sat through the performance with their hats on, but laughed at some of the most solemn incidents. If there had been many such persons present, the play would have lost its great attraction, which is the air of reverence so noticeable all through in the demeanor of both actors and spectators.

Our Impressions of the Performance

We boys left the theatre feeling that we had witnessed something very marvelous—something that we could never forget. We made up our minds then and there that if possible we would see it all again in ten years' time, for one cannot see anything so fine too often. We had expected to see an amateurish effort by the villagers to portray certain Bible incidents, and we had been moved by a series of pictures which could not be surpassed, if indeed they could be equalled anywhere. I can't imagine any collection of people other than these of Ober-Ammergau doing justice to the Passion Play. It is their play, and they have acted it so long that they have learned, in a way, to live their characters. It would be a shame to have it suppressed, and it would be even more shameful for them to produce it elsewhere than in their own little village. We were glad to know that they had refused rich offers from American managers, and that they had not even permitted any moving pictures to be taken of the scenes. It is evident that they do not produce the play for money-making purposes. The performers receive only a mere pittance for their work, and from the profits which naturally accrue, village improvements are constructed. They have now a school for carving, which has been erected with the money from the play, and they are trying to develop themselves along the line of their chief industry, which has always been the carving of woods. It was interesting to know that the wonderful man who portrays Christ in the play is at other times a repairer of stoves. The John, who so impressed every one with his charming demeanor, is a young man who "does odd jobs." The lovely Mary Magdalene is the daughter of an innkeeper, and the father of Mary, Mother of Christ, is the village postman. It is a little less than wonderful that these simple folk should be able to act so perfectly their parts, but our landlady told us that they practice constantly every winter, so that when the year for the play comes round they are well used to the action of the various parts. The famous village is very quiet ordinarily. It is only once in every decade that the eyes of the world are turned in its direction, and that Christians from everywhere flock there to witness the play which has become so celebrated. The villagers profess to be surprised at its great success. They say that they never used to have any visitors from more distant points than Munich and the neigh-

boring towns and villages. Now they are obliged to give supplemental performances in order to accommodate the crowds, and in 1910 they are expecting a still greater number of visitors.

Off for the Royal Castles

Jack and I remained in the village on Sunday night, and early on Monday morning we continued our journey on foot. We had heard much of the famous Bavarian royal castles, which are not a great distance from Ober-Ammergau, and decided to visit them before going to Munich. We were anxious to spend as much time as possible in these Bavarian Highlands, and we thought the trip to the castles would be a pleasant one.

We were off before most of the visitors in town were up. We had met the day before some very pleasant people from New York, whom we would have liked to see again, but we didn't feel that we could wait longer than five o'clock to start, as we wanted to get as far as possible on our way before nightfall. The first castle we expected to visit was that of Linderhof, only a few miles west of Ober-Ammergau, and we reached it about eight o'clock in the morning, almost before any one was about to let us in. We found it a building beautifully furnished, but not very much to look at from the outside. We found it very similar to the Trianons which we had visited at Versailles, only it was not as fine. The furnishings were more interesting. No king has lived in any of the castles for several years, but they are kept up just as in the days when they were used, and we found it delightful to wander through rooms which have been fitted up by the best decorators of Europe. Linderhof is located in the midst of fine forests, on a green knoll, and about it there are some very pretty gardens. We soon visited everything we wanted to see, however, and after drinking some good fresh milk in the neighboring restaurant, we continued on our way to Neuschwanstein, the next castle we wanted to visit. It lay far to the west, among the higher mountains, and it was a long, hard walk for us to reach it. But we were by now accustomed to the exercise, and as our feet no longer troubled us to any extent, we were able to proceed with more comfort than during our first two days afoot. And we found much to interest us along the road. The little villages which we occasionally passed through were the most quiet we had seen yet. Some of them seemed to have absolutely no life, and we were led to wonder what the people did to earn a living. There were a few shops in each hamlet, but, as far as we could see, none of the shops kept a regular attendant. Whenever we wanted to buy anything, we had to ring a bell, and after a long wait, some one would stick their head out of an upper window and ask us what we wanted. Then would follow another wait, and finally the door would be opened, and we could enter. We thought it the slowest way of doing business we had ever seen, but no doubt the customers are too few to pay any one to stay in a shop all the time.

Traveling in the Rain

It rained on Monday afternoon. This was the first bad weather we experienced on our excursion, and, as we had no waterproofs or umbrellas, there was nothing for us to do but get under a tree or get wet. We waited for some time in a wood, hoping that the rain would cease, but as it bid fair to be a long-continued affair, we started out again in the wet. We found it rather pleasant than otherwise to feel the cool drops on our skin, and though our clothes did get damp, we found that they soon dried when the sun came out. After this we became so used to showers that we never thought of getting under cover, and I'm not sure but what getting wet is one of the most pleasant experiences which come to one when walking in the mountains.

We had hoped to reach Neuschwanstein before nightfall, but the rain delayed us, and we decided to spend the night in a little village, where we arrived about half-past six. It was one of the most picturesque places we had seen, built on a high plateau among the mountains, instead of in a valley, and we found the people very pleasant in the gasthaus where we stayed. There was music there in the evening, and an informal dance in the dining-room. Jack and I refrained from joining in the festivities, for after my experience in the Village Suisse at the Exposition we were both afraid to dance with Europeans. We enjoyed watching the others, however, and didn't go to bed until ten o'clock, an unusually late hour for us during these days.

It took us but a short time to reach Neuschwanstein in the morning, and we found it the most delightful castle we had ever seen—in England, France, or anywhere else. Its location was superb, high up in the mountains, with a view of a blue lake and snow-capped Alps in the distance. But it was not the location alone which pleased us. The castle was constructed on a grand scale, and the furnishings surpassed anything we had ever seen before. We had often read of the great extravagance of the mad Bavarian King who built these castles, but Jack expressed the sentiments of many people when he said, "I guess the old King wasn't crazy when he built this castle." We thought each room more beautiful than the last we had seen, and left the place feeling that we would probably see nothing so exquisite for a long time to come.

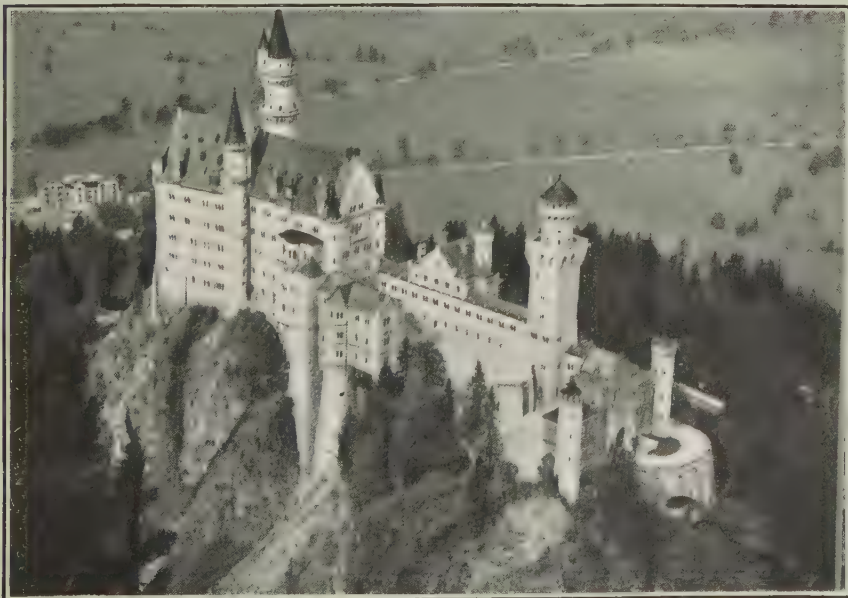
Wonderful Palaces

From Neuschwanstein it took us only a short time to walk to Hohenschwangau, where there is another royal castle. Jack said he couldn't imagine how anyone could live in so many places at once, and I told him that these castles were not all built for the same king, and that they divided their time among their different residences. "Then it must keep them moving," said Jack.

The castle of Hohenschwangau was certainly very fine, but after having seen



MOUNTAINEERS OF THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS



THE MAGNIFICENT CASTLE OF NEUSCHWANSTEIN

Neuschwanstein, we didn't admire it as much as we would have done had we seen it first. Its location was not so fine, and the furnishings, while in something of the same style, were not so perfect as in the newer building. We were glad to have seen it, however, and were very glad indeed that we had not gone to Munich without visiting these wonderful residences of royalty. My only disappointment was that there was no king about that I could interview. "You should have let them know you were coming," said Jack, "and the King would probably have been on hand to receive you." "I guess not," I replied, "because the King is insane, and doesn't receive any one." And we both said that it was too bad he was unable to enjoy these lovely homes belonging to him.


From the castle it was only a few minutes to the village of Hohenschwangau at the foot of the mountain. We found this quite a lively place, but they say it is not by any means what it used to be when the King was in residence at the castle. We took our dinner at an inn, where we had one of the worst meals served to us on the trip, and that is saying a good deal. They gave us some meat which, from its taste, must have been cooked in vinegar, and the potatoes were so sweet we couldn't enjoy them. We were not at all pleased with the German style of cooking, and longed for the Charlons of Paris, with their restaurant, where we at least had good soup and bread. Jack said he thought it very funny that the Germans should grow so fat on the food they eat. "It wouldn't take me long to become a skeleton in this country," he said.

From Hohenschwangau we pushed on to Fussen, quite a large place, only a few miles west of the castle. Here we decided to spend the night and try to agree upon our plans for the next few days.



CHAPTER XXXI

From Munich to Rome

 FROM Fussen we could go to Munich, either by rail or by foot, or partly by rail and partly afoot, and after much discussion we decided to continue on foot through the highlands to the town of Weilheim, and from there by rail to the city which was now to be our destination. We were both anxious to reach Munich as soon as possible, because we each had plans which we were anxious to carry out. For the last two days I had been thinking seriously of going to Rome to see the Pope, and now I had made up my mind to depart for the Southern city as soon as we reached Munich. It had been a part of our plan to visit Italy when we first arrived in Europe, and in April or May it would have been very pleasant, but we had been agreeably situated in London, and in Paris we had secured work which prevented our carrying out the plan. It was now too hot for us to think of undertaking an extended tour in Italy, and when I announced my intention of going to Rome, Jack said that he thought he'd rather remain behind in Germany. And I didn't urge him to accompany me, because I expected to make the trip as quickly as possible, and knew that it would be a useless expense for him to pay carfare, only to remain in Rome for a day or two.

My sole object in undertaking the trip was to seek an audience with the Pope. I had been ambitious to see him ever since we first thought of visiting Europe, and on account of his great age I was afraid that if I didn't see him this year I would never have that honor at all. And it being the year of jubilee I hoped it would not be such a very difficult matter to arrange the audience. I talked with many people in Paris about the plan, and most of them said that they thought it would be quite possible for me to secure the audience. "If he hears that you are an American boy, and have been interviewing so many famous people, he will doubtless receive you out of curiosity," said some of them, and the longer I thought about it the more anxious I was to go.

I Have a New Idea

In Ober-Ammergau we had met a lady who was much interested in us because we were taking the trip alone, and while talking with her I mentioned my great desire to go to Rome and see the Pope. "If I were only reasonably sure that I could secure the audience," I said, "I wouldn't hesitate a minute about

going down there." The lady consulted with her friend, and then turned to us, smiling, "Why," she said, "if you are really anxious to secure the audience and will appreciate having it so much, I think I can help you. If you'll come to our hotel this evening I'll give you a note to a gentleman who can doubtless arrange an introduction for you. At any rate you may be sure that if he cannot, no one can." Of course I was delighted, and when at last the letter was in my possession, I somehow felt that my audience with the Pope was an assured thing. I knew that the lady wouldn't have promised so confidently if she hadn't been sure of what she said.

As usual, Jack wasn't very enthusiastic over my plan. "I don't see why you want to spend a pile of money going to Rome to see the Pope," he said, "when you know it's hot as a furnace down there." I tried my best to make him see what an honor it would be, but he would only say that he considered it an expensive one. All the way to Fussen we argued the subject, and it was finally agreed that at Munich we would separate, to meet again in Paris. Jack said he would like to take in a part of the Rhine district before going home, and I told him that here was his chance to do it. He could visit the upper Rhine without going much out of his way returning to Paris. We didn't like the idea of separating, even for a few days, for we knew we would most likely be lonesome and homesick, but I couldn't think of giving up my Roman trip after having received my letter of introduction. I considered an audience with the Pope one of the greatest honors a boy, or anyone, could have, and I wasn't going to give up my opportunity of securing it. "Opportunities never come twice," I said to Jack, and he accused me of being an eternal moralizer.

To say that our walking tour from Fussen to Weilheim was nothing different from our earlier excursions would be hardly accurate, but we had no very exciting adventures on the way to make the trip memorable. It was a pretty country through which we passed, all low-wooded mountains, quaint villages and green pasture lands. The people were as pleasant as any we had met, and the roads over the hills seemed even better than the excellent thoroughfares we had found in Austria. The Bavarian government may certainly be congratulated on the condition of the country roads. We met very few tourists on the way, and not one of the few we did meet could claim protection under the American flag. Most of the travelers were pedestrians going from one village to another, and we frequently had company during the day, because they were all friendly. As usual, they expressed great surprise when we told them we were from America.

The Capital of Bavaria

We reached Weilheim in two days, and from there it was only a short ride by rail to Munich. We would have been quite willing to have walked all the way to the German city, had we not wanted to save time in order to spend one

day in visiting the sights of Munich. When we finally arrived we weren't very much pleased with what we saw, and thought the one day quite enough to spend there. After Paris, Munich seemed very bare and homely. What we missed most were the shady streets and the great crowd of visitors. The Munich streets seemed actually deserted, and the public buildings seemed rather insignificant and uninteresting. We visited the galleries of painting and sculpture and were agreeably surprised to find so many fine works of art. Jack brought into use the knowledge of paintings he had gained while in Paris, and we spent an interesting two hours in the places. We thought it right that the Munich folk should be proud of their artistic possessions, for few larger cities have such a collection. When we learned that one of the kings had gathered all the treasures, we decided that the Bavarian royalty must be an artistic family. And we couldn't help thinking of the tremendous taxes the people must have paid to allow of such extravagance in art and castle-building.

We stayed in Munich at a little lodging-house where our beds cost us one mark each, and early the next morning we departed from the same station on our different journeys. Jack took the train for Stuttgart at about eight o'clock, and half an hour later I was on my way to Zurich, Lucerne and Italy. I was fortunate in finding a train that would take me through to Rome without any waiting overnight in cities, and with but very few changes of cars. I had been afraid that I would have to be staying over for hours in every large place on the road. Jack intended to go from Stuttgart to Heidelberg, and thence to Mayence, and we agreed that we would meet in Paris in one week from that day. We were neither of us afraid to travel alone, but we knew we would miss each other very much and we both promised to get to Paris as quickly as possible. I knew very well that I wouldn't want to stay in Italy very long in August, so I was safe in promising that I would be in Paris within a week.

The Journey to Rome

I will never forget that long trip to Rome, not that it was memorable for anything except discomfort, but because I thought it would never end. I was nearly two days and nights on the train, and the train was one of the slowest, I thought, that could be tolerated on any railway. It went fast enough until it got down across the Italian border, but after that the discomfort increased with every mile. The third-class carriages in Germany and Switzerland had been rather comfortable than otherwise, but in Italy they were abominable. The class of people riding in them seemed to be the lowest, and certainly they were very dirty and very disgusting. The weather was quite as hot as I had expected it would be, even as far north as Florence, and as I approached Rome it became positively painful. We sometimes have very hot weather in our town at home, but I am sure it's a different kind of heat than they have in Italy.

When we arrived in Rome, I determined to get out again as soon as I could, for the city seemed quite deserted. It was about noon when I left the station, and all the shops were closed, or at least the principal ones, and there were but few persons in the streets. I succeeded in finding a room near the station at a reasonable price, and after refreshing myself with a bath I went out to visit the Vatican and make a kind of reconnoissance. I had been told that the best time for me to present my note at the Papal residence would be about five in the afternoon, and until then I intended to see what I could of the city. I found a store where English was spoken, and they told me that in summer people usually sleep during the hot hours of the day in Rome, and that no business is transacted. This information explained the state of things which I had noticed on arrival, and I thought it a very good plan for people not to work in such heat. I had no difficulty in learning the location of the Vatican, and when I stood before the huge structure I was greatly impressed with its size and general appearance. I remembered having read that it contains more rooms than any other building in the world, and could well believe the statement true. I went as far around the walls as I could, and looked up at the windows, wondering which room contained the remarkable little man who has exercised so powerful an influence on the closing century. No doubt, I thought, he is working behind one of those blinds on some important matter connected with his great kingdom of the Church, for it is said that he seldom sleeps in the daytime.

The Eternal City

I occupied my time until nearly five in going about the neighboring streets. I didn't see enough of the city, of course, to form any decided opinion, but, on the whole, I was much surprised to find Rome so modern. It was disappointing to find trolley cars in the "Eternal City," and so comparatively few signs of ruins and old buildings. I had half expected to find a ruin of some kind in every block.

Promptly at five o'clock I returned to the Vatican. The streets now presented quite a different appearance than at noon. There were carriages and wagons and people on the sidewalks. At the Vatican the great doors were wide open, and gentlemen were passing in and out. There were guards there, as usual, and I wondered whether my note would be sufficient to get me past them. I decided to walk up boldly, and when they stopped me I was told to go to another entrance. I followed their directions, and found the second entrance more private. The guard there was very pleasant. He took me through a short hallway, where he turned me over to a liveried servant, and then I was conducted through various hallways and shown into a reception room. Another servant attended me there, to whom I handed my note of introduction. He went off with it, after asking me to please be seated.

I was kept interested during his absence by observing the furnishings of the room. They were different from any which I had seen before, and very imposing. Everything was on a grand scale, and no doubt it had been designed centuries ago. I noticed afterward that all the rooms in this part of the Vatican were on the same order, furnished very severely and plainly. The servant returned in a few minutes, and motioned me to follow him. I was shown into an office room, where a gentleman was seated at a desk. He was the man to whom my note was addressed, and I liked him from the very first. He shook hands with me cordially, and asked me to sit down. Then he began to ply me with questions about why I was in Europe, and what I had been doing. He seemed much interested in the story of our trip, and when I told him that I was more anxious to see the Pope than any man in Europe, he laughed, and said that he had no doubt he could arrange for me to do so. "I will mention what you have been doing over here," he said, "and I think his Holiness will be very willing to receive you. Of course we have almost innumerable applications for audiences, and are obliged to refuse most of them; but it isn't every day that a boy comes clear from America to see the Pope, and I think you will succeed where others have failed. I will certainly do all in my power to arrange the matter for you. I will be with the Pope this evening and will bring up the subject. If you come here at about nine in the morning, I will probably have some information for you." He gave me a card, which I was to use if I had any difficulty getting in at the gate, and I then went out, feeling highly delighted over my success so far. It seemed almost too good to be true that I was to really see the Pope. Of course I wasn't sure of it yet, but I somehow felt that the audience would surely take place. I had been confident all along that I would be successful, and my experience of this afternoon was certainly encouraging.

I spent the early evening walking about the streets. I visited St. Peter's, of course, and as many other famous places as I had the time for; but I was very tired after my long journey from Munich and went early to bed. I knew that I would have to be up early in the morning if I was to be present at the Vatican at nine o'clock.

CHAPTER XXXII

An Audience with the Pope

IHAD no difficulty in getting past the doorkeepers the next morning. They remembered me from the day before, and I did not have to produce the card which had been given me. I was passed on, as before, to a reception room, and soon the gentleman with whom I had talked came to see me. He brought good news. He told me that he was sure the Pope would be glad to have me presented, and appointed a time for the audience. I was surprised at my success. I knew that the aged Pontiff was far from well, and that there were a great many demands upon his time.

Rome was thronged with pilgrims during the whole of this jubilee year, and the Pontiff was holding daily receptions of persons from every quarter of the globe. He was visited by several foreign princes and princesses, and, curious to say, mostly by Protestants. The most notable pilgrim by far, was the German Emperor, who was the first crowned head to enter the Vatican since 1870, and the first German ruler since the Reformation. He had two audiences with the Pope, accompanied once by Prince Henry, and once by the Empress. He was required to observe the usual rules which are imposed upon Protestant princes who are guests at the Quirinal. He drove from the residence of the King to the Prussian Legation, where he changed carriages, and when he arrived at the Vatican he was treated as if he had just arrived from Germany. It was even said that one of the dignitaries asked him if he had enjoyed a pleasant journey. Had the Emperor William been a Catholic prince, visiting at the Quirinal, he would not have been received at all by the Pope, who was very firm respecting this point of dignity.

The Pope and the Public

In the intervals between the visits of the titled persons, the Pope received hundreds of more humble pilgrims. There was a continual stream of visitors of every condition flowing into the Vatican at the audience hour, and their stimulated curiosity was always well justified by what they saw and heard. No one could possibly have been disappointed in the appearance and personality of Leo XIII., for he was the incarnation of all that is spiritual in man.

There were surprisingly few rules to be observed at the audiences. I was told that I could appear in my ordinary street clothing, for the Pope would understand that I was merely a boy who had traveled from America with a

desire to exchange a few words with him. There is indeed a special ceremonial which must be observed by Catholics, but Protestant visitors to the Pope were always absolved from this. I was told, for instance, that instead of kissing the slipper, as the Catholics do, it would be sufficient for me to kiss the episcopal ring. The Pope himself desired as much freedom of manner as was possible under the circumstances, and visitors were always encouraged to feel at their ease by the officials in attendance. A friend of mine who was introduced, told me that the introducer said to the Pope, "Mr. So-and-so, of London, a Protestant, but a good man," that "but," of course, struck my friend as being quite superfluous, but the Pope smiled, and enjoyed the humor of it.

When my audience had been arranged for, an hour was named for my appearance, and when I arrived at the appointed time I knocked first at the *portone*, that wall of bronze which separated the voluntary prisoner from the world. When the door was opened, I was led up interminable marble stairs and through endless galleries, which were peopled with masterpieces of art. Everywhere there was silence, solitude, the overwhelming majesty of great memories and bygone centuries. It seemed to me that in mounting those solemn steps the most powerful monarch must experience a sense of personal insignificance; he could say, with Goethe's *Egmont*, "I see before me silent and pensive spirits who weigh in shadowy scales the destiny of princes and of peoples."

How the Audience was Conducted

At the end of the long ascent, in those aerial chambers which embrace a panorama of the Eternal City, I was met by a discreet Chamberlain, who conducted me to the *salon d'attente*. There I discovered that I was by no means the only visitor, for there was assembled in the stately room a truly cosmopolitan company. There were men of every race and clime; bishops, missionaries, pilgrims, arrived from all parts of the earth. They were there to take their turn at speaking with the Holy Father, to tell him of their work and hopes and prayers, and thanks to these faithful informants, the Pope was able to keep in daily touch with the Church all over the world. It may be said without exaggeration that at every moment he was cognizant of what was passing at every point of this earth, and he was able to govern, with a perfect knowledge of events, the scattered multitudes whose souls were in his keeping.

While I sat in the *salon*, a door opened, giving egress to one of those missionaries, who was returning, perhaps, to Peru, to China or to Australia, armed with instructions from his Holiness which were appropriate to the precise needs of his flock. Then another visitor had his few moments with the Pope, and one by one the waiting number passed in and out. Finally it came my turn, and I was ushered into a small *salon* which was furnished in stately simplicity. The walls were draped with yellow silk, and several chairs were ranged along the two sides



POPE LEO IN THE VATICAN GARDENS



THE POPE AND HIS SECRETARIES

of the room. A crucifix stood out from one wall, and at the back, beneath a canopy of crimson damask, a pale, white form was seated upon a gilded chair. He looked so very slight, so frail; like a soul draped in a white shroud. He sat upright in the chair, so pale and slender that at first his person was scarcely visible; he was like a little earthly clay in a covering of white cloth. He appeared even whiter than in the paintings and photographs which I had seen, but he was also more human and more touching, less of a sovereign, more than an apostle, almost a dear grandfather.

Leo XIII at Close Range

And yet, as I approached him nearer, he didn't impress me as being so very feeble, after all. He seemed, in fact, to be enjoying a very intensity of existence, and his whole life was apparently centered in the hands grasping the arms of the chair, in the piercing eyes, in the warmth and strength of his voice. Certainly he seemed much less than ninety-one years old when he began to speak. He spoke freely and easily and questioned me by word and look. He appeared eager for details of my experiences and for information regarding America, and I was all in a glow that he should find anything in me to interest him.

His smile has been often described, and it never failed to impress his visitors. It was continually playing over his features, and when it was most in evidence a tender, timid kindliness seemed to lurk between his lips and peep out unawares. His long, delicate, beautifully chiselled hands gripped the arms of the chair as he leaned forward, and rested easily in his lap when he reclined. At times his voice sounded far off, as if it were more accustomed to rise in prayer to heaven than to descend to earthly conversation.

One did not think of death when in the presence of Leo XIII. Although he appeared so *spirituelle*, he spoke as if he expected to live for many years to come. There was nothing of the despair of old age in his manner or conversation, and he was as eager and as enthusiastic as a youth of twenty-one. It is reported that Cardinal Rampolla once said to a diplomat: "Leo will not die, he will slowly fade, and one day his faithful valet may find his master gone without any warning whatever." And this prediction was very nearly true.

My audience lasted longer than I expected it would, and as I moved to depart his Holiness continued speaking, as if he were loath to have me go, as if I were the last person he expected to see that day. It would be impossible for me to forget the look, the gesture, the ring of the voice, with which he followed me as I retired backward toward the door. The inflections of those last words will remain with me always. I emerged from the room in tears; I felt that I had been as near to heaven as man can be on earth. I couldn't understand what he was saying, but the surroundings and the sound of his voice were enough to account for my feelings.

A Saintly Life


Now that the noble, saintly life is ended, there will be many eyes bedimmed with tears at the memory of his presence. He will be mourned by those who looked upon his face and also by those who felt the influence of his wonderful career. His influence upon the Vatican and the Papal Court can hardly be exaggerated, for it has been great, indeed. It is said that the atmosphere of the place is totally different from that which existed before the election of Leo XIII. His austere life has been a timely warning to some of those who had borrowed their standard of living from some of his predecessors in the holy office. Probably he will not go down to history as a reformer, and he would not wish to be known as such, but nevertheless he will be remembered for a great reform in the life about the Vatican.

Many anecdotes are related in Rome to illustrate the moral character of the dead Pontiff. It is said that while he was serving as Nuncio in Brussels, a baron, the ambassador of one of the great Powers, showed Leo a not very decent picture of a woman, enameled upon his snuff-box. The future Pope looked at it, and returning it to the owner, he said, "It is Madame la Baroness, I suppose." The baron made haste to pocket it and went elsewhere for consolation. Leo XIII. has a right to be judged, to be respected, and to be honored as a man who has done much good in his time, by men of all creeds and of every faith. Of few Popes can it be said that their political influence throughout a long reign has been so steadily and so universally exerted in behalf of the weak and down-trodden of every race and clime, and it would not be surprising if the dead Pontiff is known to history as Leo the Good.



CHAPTER XXXIII

From Rome to Paris and Home Again

 I RETURNED to Paris from Rome immediately after my audience with the Pope. I would have liked to visit more of the numerous interesting places in the Eternal City, but the weather was extremely warm, and I knew that my friend would be anxiously awaiting my return to the French capital. Things had not changed much in Paris during our absence of nearly a month. We were glad to find that our old room was vacant in the lodging-house, and lost no time in occupying it again. Jack arrived in the city only a few hours before I did, and when I reached our "home," I found him busily engaged in straightening up the place. He had the alcohol lamp lit, and was making some chocolate for supper, so that it did indeed seem like getting home again after a long trip abroad. We were both glad to be back, and both had lots to tell about our experiences during the last few days. Jack had spent three days in the Rhine country and was enthusiastic over the beautiful scenery and pleasant people. "They are a lot more pleasant up there than down where we were," he said, "and I don't think they can be the same kind of Germans." I told him that they were certainly better cooks along the Rhine than in Bavaria, and that I thought them more hospitable, too. Jack met a party of young Americans in Heidelberg with whom he had traveled for two days, so he had not been lonesome, as I feared he would be. Still, he said that he was glad to be back in Paris. "I don't believe there's another city in Europe like this one," he said, "and we did well to spend so much time here." "Yes," I replied, "we have done well to be here as much as possible, because there is more to see and learn here than in any other city. And we must try and do as much as possible in the short time we have remaining before we start for home."

Last Days in Paris

We did accomplish a great deal during our last few days in Paris. We spent most of our time, of course, in the Exposition. At last everything there seemed to be in good working order, and there were great crowds of visitors every day. Up in the Corn Kitchen everyone had more than they could do. The manager of the baked bean exhibit asked us if we didn't want to take our old positions again, but we told him that we were soon leaving for home and that it wouldn't be worth while for us to start work. All the people in the Corn Kitchen,

including the dear old "Mammy," seemed delighted that we were back again, and we had a great time telling them of our varied experiences. "Mammy" said that she guessed she'd have to see the Passion Play before she went home, and we told her that whatever she did not try to walk to Ober-Ammergau from Innsbruck. We could imagine old "Mammy" puffing up the mountain inclines, and knew that she wouldn't probably get more than two or three miles from Innsbruck before she'd be worn out. "I don't know, honey," she said, "I think I kin walk as good as you all. I may walk it, I don't know." And we have been wondering ever since whether she was really foolish enough to make the attempt. We thought we'd like to be present when she entered one of those mountain villages, just to see the sensation there'd be among the natives, most of whom have probably never seen a colored person.

We took time during our stay to revisit some of the exhibits which had interested us most, and we were determined to spend one more evening in the Village Suisse. We found the quaint place as attractive as ever, even after we had been seeing the real Alps and the real villagers. Our friends there had not forgotten us, and we were sorry to have to say good-bye to them for good. We told them that if the village could be moved to America we were sure it would be a great success.

On one day we made an excursion to the famous suburb of Fontainebleau, which we had been unable to visit when in Paris before. We were chiefly anxious to see the great palace on account of its associations with Napoleon, in whom we were still greatly interested. We visited his private apartments, including his bedroom and the famous room where he signed his abdication, and found them even more interesting than the rooms at Versailles. About the palace in Fontainebleau is a great forest, through which we wandered for some distance. It seemed strange to find so great a forest still standing in old France, but, of course, it is protected by the government, and has been for centuries.

We visited again Napoleon's tomb in Paris, and others of the famous places we felt we wanted to see twice, and at the end of a week we had accomplished even more than we had hoped for, and were quite ready to return to London. We decided to stop on the way in the old French city of Rouen, so we left Paris on a Thursday, hoping to reach London on the next Saturday evening.

Good-bye to Our Friends

We found it quite a task to say good-bye to all our friends for good. So many people had been kind to us that we felt that we were leaving behind almost as many friends as we were going to at home. We told them all, however, that we would hope to return sometime before many years, and that we would expect to find them all living in the same places. We learned that people do not move every May in Paris. There was quite a crowd at the St. Lazare station to see us

off, and there were many cries of *bon voyage*, and wishes for our continued success. We had not expected that our French friends would accompany us to the train, but there were on hand three of the Charlon family and two of our neighbors in the lodging-house. They all seemed sorry to have us go, and to tell the truth, Jack and I were glad when the train finally pulled out and the good-byes were over.

We soon reached Rouen, and stayed there overnight. We found that it resembled in many respects the old cities we had seen in Switzerland and Austria; but it had a great deal more bustle in the streets than we had found in Innsbruck or in Munich, even. Rouen is a modern city of many manufactories, and we thought we would have enjoyed it more if there had been only the old streets and old buildings to be seen. The cathedral impressed us greatly. We thought it one of the finest we had seen in Europe, and that is saying a good deal.

We left Rouen again by the train on Friday evening which connects with the Channel steamer at Dieppe, and before very long we found ourselves again skimming over the water. The Channel was more rough than when we crossed it first, and we were much afraid of seasickness, but were lucky enough to get across safely without any such misadventure. We met some boys on board the steamer who were from London, and had been to Paris to see the Exposition. They said they liked it very well, but they simply couldn't tolerate the Frenchmen. "Why," said one, "as we went along the streets the nasty things would cry out and ask us if we spoke English. 'Speek Eengleesh?' they would say, and then laugh. I think it most insulting." I told them that Jack and I had been through the same experience. "They don't make any distinction between English and Americans," I said, "but we never worried much about it. It was only the rabble who ever spoke to us in such a way." The English boys seemed highly indignant, and said that they would advise all their friends not to visit the Exposition at all. I said that their friends would be missing something very wonderful if they didn't go.

It seemed to Jack and I that the farther we got from Paris the more delightful the Exposition seemed to us. We began to think over our experiences during the time we had been there, and found that they seemed more pleasant to look back upon than at the time of their happening. And ever since we left Paris we have felt our liking for the place increasing, until now we feel that we simply must go there again.

Two Cities Compared

When we reached London on Saturday morning, we noticed at once the vast difference there is between these two great cities. In London there was just as much noise and traffic as in Paris, but it was a different kind of traffic. Instead of dozens of pleasure carriages there were hundreds of trucking carts, and instead of sidewalks crowded with promenaders out for a stroll, the London thorough-

fares were jammed with men hurrying to business. We couldn't help thinking that London is a most substantial city, but Paris is undoubtedly the most pleasant in which to live for any length of time. We heard one American say, when he returned to Paris from London. "Over there the people are fine, but the weather's mighty bad. Here in Paris the weather's fine, but the people are simply disgusting." Of course the majority prefer pleasant people to pleasant weather, and most Americans find London the best place for residence.

We planned to remain for about a week in London before returning to New York, and we went to the house where we had lodged in April. The people there were glad to see us again, and were interested in hearing about our experiences on the Continent. I called at the office of the newspaper for which I had worked in the spring, and was successful in selling several articles describing the adventures and interviews which I had experienced. They were printed as by "the American Boy Traveler," and when I protested to the editor that I was almost too old to be called a "boy traveler" he only laughed. "That's the only name by which you're known to our readers," he said. "If you used any other name, they wouldn't remember anything about you, and so wouldn't be much interested in hearing what you've been doing now."

We decided to travel home as second-cabin passengers. I had been in the first cabin, and I had been in the steerage, and I felt that I ought to know all about a transatlantic liner after traveling second-class. I had sufficient money to purchase a first-class passage, for I earned quite a sum during our stay in London, but my friend was rather short, and he refused to borrow. And we had no reason to regret our action. The second cabin was very comfortable, indeed, and the food was quite as good as we had been accustomed to during our summer abroad; in fact, it was better than we had had at times.

Glad to be Homeward Bound

We were not sorry to be started on our way home. We had enjoyed a variety of traveling experiences, and we had been "on the go" so many weeks that we were glad at the prospect of being settled in America once again. We counted every day and hour of the voyage, which was generally monotonous. There was one accident, however, which created a great deal of excitement for a time. A number of us were seated on deck one afternoon when the ocean was rough. Great waves were tossing the ship so that it was almost impossible to keep one's seat. My friend and I were seated at the end of the second-cabin deck, where we could look down upon the steerage passengers, who were huddled together to keep warm and dry. The water occasionally splashed over the side, and then the girls would run screaming for shelter. It seemed to me that they were in danger of being washed overboard if an exceptionally high wave should deluge the deck, for the officers had neglected, for some reason, to put up the rope

netting which was used in rough weather. I remarked to my friend that the steerage people should be made to go below, and my words seemed to be prophetic, for soon after a tremendous wave swept the ship on the larboard side, from stem to stern. The passengers on all the decks were more or less wet by it, and there was great screaming among the ladies. The greatest scream came from the steerage deck, and as we were looking down we saw a young Swedish girl lifted off her feet by the waters and swept overboard. It was her frantic cry which we had heard. A lady sitting next us also saw the girl go over, and she was hysterical at once. Her cries, and ours, soon attracted the attention of the officers. "Stop the ship!" was the order given, and the great vessel came to a standstill. Every effort was made to find the body on the surface of the waves, but there was no sign of it anywhere.

When the vessel was again on her way the excitement soon subsided, and the ship's officers were angry that there had been any fuss made about the accident. They preferred having it kept quiet. The fat purser came up to me and asked why I had been so foolish as to raise an alarm, and I told him what I thought of the management of the decks. If the rope netting had been in place the girl could never have been swept over the rail. We learned that she was a young Swedish girl, only seventeen years old, who was going to her brother in America. The passengers generously raised a purse to be sent to her parents in the old country, and our hearts ached when we thought of how the father and mother would feel. Certain of the ship's officers were not very popular on board when the full story of the affair became public.

We arrived in New York on Saturday, and on the following Monday I was at work again in my old position. It hardly seemed possible that I had been away for five months. During that time I had learned a great deal through experience, and I had seen things which would remain with me all through life. The trip had been a profitable one in more ways than one. I reached New York with considerable more money than I had when I started. In London and in Paris I had earned much more than was necessary to pay my expenses, and when the trip was over I decided that at times it is cheaper to travel than to stay at home.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Planning a Trip Around the World

IT was only a year after our return from Europe that I was seized with a desire to make a trip around the world. I was living in a small suburban town, and one evening, when several of the neighborhood boys were on the front porch of my boarding-house, we began to talk about a piece of news which had appeared in a morning paper. Three boys had started around the world by different routes in an effort to make the journey in record time. They were to travel as fast as possible, and were to spare no expense. I remarked that they'd have an exciting trip, but they wouldn't have time to see much of the countries through which they passed. "That's right," agreed Will Renwick, "and any fellow could go around as they are, with all their expenses paid. They're mighty lucky to get the chance. They ought to try going it without any money to start with, and then they'd surely have an interesting time." The fellows laughed at the suggestion. "It would probably be more interesting than pleasant," said Jack Irwin, and that closed the conversation on the subject.

The idea of going around the world had been in my mind for some time, and this mention of the trip started me thinking. I had been twice through Europe and could fairly claim to know something of the economies of travel. I had worked my way across the Atlantic as pantry-boy, and had always succeeded in making a living somehow in foreign countries. I began to wonder whether it wouldn't be possible for me to work my way around the world, as I had worked my way through Europe. An American lad of twenty, it seemed to me, should be able to look out for himself in any country, and I thought that if I was ever to make the trip, now was the time, before I became twenty-one and had to "settle down." The longer I thought about it, the more feasible the plan appeared. I tried to imagine myself alone in China or Japan, without any friend, and with little money in my pocket, and decided that such a position had no terrors to my mind. I thought of midnight in Singapore, or the Philippine Islands, and made up my mind that I could feel perfectly at home in either place. In fact, I decided that any foreign place, how'er remote, would be more attractive than our little town in summer, where the visit of the circus or Indian Medicine Company, created the only diversion. It was sufficiently dull in winter, when there were a few concerts, church sociables, and other entertainments to vary the monotony; in summer it would be almost intolerable. So it wasn't strange that I wanted to travel.

A Doubtful Scheme

The next time I met a crowd of the fellows I mentioned the scheme to them. They were more enthusiastic over it than I was myself. "Gee whiz," exclaimed Jack Irwin, "it's jolly fun to even think about such a lark. If I were in your place, with none's consent to ask, I'd start off to-morrow. Nothin' would hold me in this old town overnight. I'd go on the first ship sailing."

"That's very easy to say," I remarked. "It shows what a deep conception you have of the size of this earth of ours. You mustn't suppose that because I worked my way from New York to London I can go down to the North River docks and find a ship that will take me across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, across the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, and back to San Francisco. Very few ships ever take such a voyage, and even if I found one bound for San Francisco by that route, it isn't certain that I could get a berth aboard her. Jobs are as scarce at sea as on dry land, and I don't imagine I'll start on the trip next Saturday, or next week either, even if I start at all."

After sleeping over the plan several nights, some of its difficulties seemed almost insurmountable. I didn't doubt but what I could reach London or Liverpool without much trouble. It's nearly always possible to get a berth as pantry-boy or steward or cattle-man on a liner, but once in London I would be at the end of my string, and probably unable to proceed any further on the trip. The voyage across the Atlantic seemed very short as I looked at a map of the world, and England would be only the first lap of the journey. It would be decidedly embarrassing to start around the world and get no further than thirty-three hundred miles.

The next time I went into New York I visited a tourist's agent and asked about the itinerary of a round-the-world trip. He explained that people had to change steamers several times, and that it wasn't always possible to make close connection. He said that the actual fare of the trip is six hundred dollars, "but," he added, "people don't usually get around without spending two or three thousand dollars." He looked me over with a critical air. "Were you thinking of going around?" he inquired, "I'll be glad to furnish you with pamphlets, and will sell you the tickets at the very lowest rates." "No," I said, "I am afraid I can't go so far." I took the pamphlets, however, and when I got home I studied them very carefully. It was discouraging to find that the trip is so expensive, but when I read descriptions of moonlight on the Mediterranean and glorious days in Cairo, I was more determined than ever to devise a way by which I could travel around the world that very summer.

When I mentioned the plan to my older friends, they invariably laughed. They said I'd be in a nice predicament if I found myself penniless among the Boxers in China, or without medical attendance if I became ill. They said it was all right to think about such a trip, but they hoped I'd never be so foolish as to

attempt it. All this criticism made but little impression on me. They had laughed, too, when I started for Europe at the age of sixteen, with twenty-five dollars in my pocket, and they asserted that I would never get any further than London and would be sent back by the American Consul in that city. They frightened me some at that time, but when I returned with more money than that with which I started, after eight months of delightful experiences, I determined that a boy can do almost anything worthy, if he tries hard and in the right way.

An Interesting Bit of News

The spring days went by, and I seemed no nearer to beginning the trip than when it was first mentioned at Jack Irwin's house. It was a fine idea, but would I ever be able to carry it out. I felt willing to risk almost anything, but it seemed foolish to start for Europe when I was almost certain I would be able to go no further. I put in my spare time reading all sorts of books of travel. The more I read, the more determined I was to go. Finally I picked up a New York morning paper, and read in the Washington correspondence a statement which interested me exceedingly. "It has been announced at the War Department that any Congressmen who desire to look into the Philippine situation for themselves will be permitted to travel on an Army transport. One Senator and seven Representatives have determined to avail themselves of this privilege. They will sail from New York in the near future on board the U. S. A. T. *Ingalls*, which will make the voyage by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal." The article went on to describe the numerous points of interest the party would visit *en route* to the Philippines. It mentioned Gibraltar, Malta, Algiers, Port Said, Cairo, Aden, Ceylon and Singapore. "Then," it went on to say, "the Congressmen will probably visit any other places they care to see, as the voyage is really for their benefit. The transport will carry only about sixty recruits and some supplies for the army in the Islands. The Congressmen are sure to have one of the most interesting trips in the world, and other members are regretting that it isn't possible for them to so arrange their affairs that they can go too."

I could have danced for joy when I finished reading this interesting bit of news. As quick as a flash it dawned upon me, that here at last was the opportunity I had been waiting for. If I could only get something to do on board the *Ingalls* I would be sure of my passage out to Manila, which would be nearly two-thirds of the distance around the world. I would be able to visit the most interesting ports on the way out, and perhaps, if I were fortunate, I would be allowed to make some of the side-trips which the Congressmen would surely arrange. Here was a ship which was going almost around the world, and one which would make more and longer stops than the ordinary passenger steamers can afford to make. I saw that I must exert myself to get a berth on the *Ingalls*, and I decided that I would begin the campaign the very next day.

Discouraging Friends

That evening some of the boys in town were rowing on the river, I mentioned that I hoped very soon to be rowing on the Nile. Some of them laughed, and others looked up in surprise. "My," said Will Renwick, "are you really going to start? How are you going, and when?" I said my plans weren't definite, as yet, and that I would have to wait a few days before telling them what I was going to do. One of the boys laughed at this remark. "Oh, you're givin' us a jolly!" he exclaimed. "You'd better remember that goin' round the world ain't the same as crossing the pond to London." "Well," I said, "you wait and see if I'm around this town when the month is out. You'll be the first person I'll write to when I reach Gibraltar on the way around." And after this I made up my mind to look up the *Ingalls* in New York the very next day.

I discovered after a lot of inquiries that she was being repaired in the Erie Basin at Brooklyn. When I went over there I found that she was a small ship, hardly larger than the average steam yacht and I shuddered to think of what she might do in rough weather. From what I could observe it seemed to me that she couldn't be made ready for sailing within a month, and when I asked one of the foremen, he said it would most likely be six or seven weeks before she could start on her trip. This was unpleasant news. Now that I had fully determined to go I was anxious to be off as soon as possible, and six weeks seemed a long time to wait. I had few preparations to make before leaving, and would have been ready to go the very next day, if it could have been arranged.

I inquired who was the man to see in regard to a position on board the transport, and was told to call on the Superintendent of the Transport Service, over in the Army Building. I found him to be a decidedly pleasant person. He asked me to sit down, and when I had explained to him my desire to go to Manila, he looked me over carefully before he began to talk. "Well," he said, "you appear as if you would be willing to work, but I'm afraid you haven't had any experience at sea." I explained that I had once worked my way to Europe as pantry-boy and that I had also worked in the steerage of an Atlantic liner. "You ought to be able to stand most anything," he said, "but you know there's really very little that you could do on a transport. One requires experience to fill any place but that of an A. B. and you really ought to have had experience to fill that, too." I asked him what A. B. meant. "Why, that's able-bodied seaman," he said. "I'm afraid I'm not very able-bodied," I remarked, "but I'm willing to try most anything in order to make the trip."

Interview with the Major

The Major rested his head in his hands, with his elbows on the desk in front of him, then he looked up suddenly. "I'll tell you," he said "you might be able


to get on as gunner. This ship carries one small cannon, and someone is sent along to grease it with glycerine and fire it when necessary. The place pays fifty dollars a month and you had better put in an application for it." He was very enthusiastic, and seemed to think he had found just the place. But the expression of my face must have warned him that I didn't share his feelings. "What's the matter?" he demanded, "wouldn't you like to be the gunner." I felt as if an explanation were in order, but still I hardly knew what to say. "I'm sure it's a very good berth," I said, "but you know I've never even discharged a pistol, and I'm sure if they ordered me to fire that cannon I'd be put off the ship at the very first port."

The Major looked disappointed. "Well," he said, "if you think you couldn't do it, there's nothing left but for you to apply for a place in the fo'c'stle. But I warn you in advance that you'll find existence there anything but pleasant, especially as you've previously worked in the steward's department. But you know they say one can get used to anything, and you'll probably be a full-fledged sailor by the time you reach Manila." He gave me a blank which I filled out, and which he said he would forward to the War Department. Then I went back to our town to await results. After seeing the quarters for seamen on board the *Ingalls*, I was rather blue over the prospect of being an A. B.



CHAPTER XXXV

Away to the Orient

 FEW days later I observed another bit of news in the paper which interested me exceedingly. The transport *Ingalls* had been upset while in the dry-dock, and had sunk in Erie Basin. She had carried several workmen down with her, and altogether there was considerable excitement over the accident. I hurried to Brooklyn and tried to ascertain whether the ship was badly damaged, and whether it would now be possible for her to go out to the Philippines. At the gate of the shipyard, all information was refused, but when I went over to see the Major, who had been so kind, he said that he thought it wholly unlikely that the *Ingalls* could make the trip. "But you needn't worry," he said, "for the government is sure to send out another transport in her place, and probably it will prove to be a better ship." This was good news, for I had been fearful of what the *Ingalls* might do in a storm. It was announced a few days later that the *McClellan* would go out in place of the *Ingalls*, and she proved to be a larger and more seaworthy vessel. I went over her with great care, and examined especially the quarters for seamen in the forward end. They weren't very inviting. They weren't clean, and the bunks appeared anything but comfortable. It occurred to me, though, that things would appear different at sea, and I determined not to cross any bridges before I reached them on my way around the world.

I called at the Army Building every three or four days to see the Major. He assured me that he would certainly furnish me with a berth as A.B. on board the *McClellan*. He said it was almost unknown for a ship to start on a long voyage without some of the sailors leaving, and that I needn't worry for fear nothing would turn up. He advised me to wait until the very day of sailing before signing on as a seaman. "It's very possible," he said, "that you may yet be able to get a more pleasant position, and you'd better wait until the day of sailing, and see what happens."

The Day for Sailing Draws Near

I waited very impatiently for that eventful day to come. It had long been recognized among the boys in our crowd that I was really and truly going around the world, and I often noticed the fellows looking at me with a far-away expression in their eyes. I tried to persuade some one of them to go along with

me for company's sake, but when I mentioned the matter one evening, "they one and all with one accord began to make excuses." One fellow said his mother wouldn't hear of his going so far from home, another asserted that he simply had to enter college next fall, and that he couldn't afford to miss school; another insisted that he would die of seasickness before he reached the first port. It was very evident that I needn't expect any company from among my friends. This didn't cause me any uneasiness. I had been in many strange places, and had never failed to find companionable people, so I felt sure that I wouldn't be lonesome on the *McClellan*. I would have my work to attend to, whatever it would be, and doubtless the sailors would be very interesting friends to have. I would certainly have abundant opportunity to get acquainted with them on a three months' voyage.

As the eventful Saturday on which the transport was to sail drew near, I became nervous. I began to wonder whether the Major was really certain that he could find me a berth. It would be dreadful if I shouldn't get started, after all my plans were made, and my friends had said good-bye. I called at the Army Building on Friday morning, and the Major sent out word that I must be at the government pier at ten o'clock on Saturday. He didn't say whether or not he had a place in mind for me. That last day was very slow in passing. I went over to the pier and watched the busy scene. Provisions of all sorts were put in the *McClellan's* hold, and it seemed to me that they had enough to last through several voyages. The sailors all seemed busily engaged about the deck, and I examined them with considerable interest, expecting that we would be shipmates for so many weeks. Most of them had pleasant faces, and I had the comfortable thought that they would no doubt improve on acquaintance. The officers looked rather stern and forbidding, but I had served under a French pantryman for two weeks, and after him I felt ready for any sort of officer, however fierce he might look.

A Lively Farewell Gathering

Jack Irwin had asked a crowd of boys to a sort of farewell gathering at his house on Friday evening. It was anything but melancholy. Most of them thought it a great joke that I should be starting around the world without knowing what my work would be like, and they made all sorts of remarks about what my sailor's life would be. Few of them had any appreciation of what an undertaking it is to travel around the world without money to pay one's expenses, and those who had felt certain that I would be leaving the transport at the first port. "You'll be writing back for money," said Will Renwick, "and we'll have to play ball all summer to get enough to bring you home." This remark was received with laughter, and I told them that they had better begin booking games right away. Mrs. Irwin herself was the only person who seemed to appreciate what I was undertaking. She made me promise that I'd surely let them know if I ever

needed help of any description. I assured her that I couldn't imagine any situation in which I would need to appeal for help. "The world is no longer an unknown sphere," I said. "All the ports we are booked to touch are at least partly civilized, and I am sure to find English and Americans wherever I go. There are hospitals and medical missionaries everywhere, so that if I become ill, I am sure to be cared for." All this didn't seem to make much of an impression. "I can imagine how your mother would worry if she were living," said Mrs. Irwin, "and you know I've sort of taken her place."

The boys were all earnest in wishing me a pleasant trip and success in the undertaking. I said good-bye to all of them that night, because I was going into New York very early in the morning. I didn't ask anyone to see me off at the pier because I couldn't be sure that I'd have a berth, and, anyhow, it might be necessary for me to stay below at the very time of sailing.

I reached the government pier at nine o'clock instead of ten on Saturday. All was rush and bustle in the neighborhood, and any landsman could see that a ship was about to start on a long voyage. The gangways were crowded with hurrying messengers, and every man aboard the ship was busy. The baggage belonging to passengers was being hoisted over the rail, and the passengers themselves were already on hand with their friends, although the ship wasn't due to sail until eleven o'clock. The transport was gayly decorated with flags and bunting and a military band was playing the latest popular airs. The scene was one to rouse the lover of travel to a frenzy of excitement, and as I saw all these preparations for the greatest trip in the world, I determined to sail on the *McClellan* if I had to stowaway. I felt that I simply couldn't exist if I missed the trip after all my planning and the effort I had expended in trying for a position.

An Opening at Last

I looked all about for my good Major, but he wasn't anywhere around. None of the dock hands had seen him that morning. I stationed myself at the pier entrance and watched for his coming. He finally appeared at half after nine, and I went up to him at once. I didn't think it necessary to ask whether he had found a berth for me. He had seen me often enough in the past few weeks to know my desire perfectly. He looked at me smiling, "Don't be excited, my boy," he said. "The ship won't sail for two hours, and when she goes you'll go along in some capacity. You needn't be afraid that you've had all your hard work for nothing. You be around where I can find you in about ten minutes, and I'll go and speak to the captain." I followed him up the gangplank, and when he entered the captain's room I stood outside the door. He was inside what seemed an interminable time to me. When he came out he motioned me to follow him. We went down the deck and he explained that he had good news for me. "One of the masters-at-arms has left this morning," he said, "and

I've arranged for you to take his place. It will be much better than a seaman's berth and the pay is better, too. You come into the chief officer's cabin and sign the articles now, and then you can hustle out and buy a uniform."

The chief officer's room was just aft of the sailing-master's, and the three of us had scarcely room to turn around in it. The officer brought out a large sheet of paper with the "articles" printed on it. I observed in reading them that I was agreeing to remain with the ship for twelve months, and felt obliged to object. "But I want to leave at Manila," I said, "I don't want to come back to New York in the same way that I go out." The chief officer frowned and grunted. The Major said that I could leave at Manila without any difficulty at all, so I took his word for it and signed the paper. "Now," he said, "you'll just have time to run over to New York and buy your uniform before the ship sails. Go to this address and tell the man you want a master-at-arms' suit. You needn't pay for it, as I don't suppose you've got any money to spare. It can be taken out of your first month's pay."

I got over the great suspension bridge as quickly as I could, and on the way my mind was occupied in trying to solve the puzzle of what "master-at-arms" could mean. The title sounded rather important, but I thought of other high-sounding names for menial positions and deferred judgment until I should find out from some one on board the *McClellan* just what my duties would be. The tailor gave me a suit which fitted me fairly well, and I felt very good when I had it on. It was of blue, with brass buttons, and a double-breasted coat. The cap had a gold wreath in front and in the wreath a star. When I looked at myself in the mirror I decided that being a master-at-arms was decidedly better than being a seaman.

Off for the Far East

I returned to the pier just in time to get on board before the *McClellan* sailed. There was great excitement all around, and I stood by the rail without being noticed by any of the officers. Everyone was too busy to pay any attention to a petty officer. The passengers, who numbered about thirty in all, were giving last messages to their friends on the pier, and the crew were all engaged in making ready to sail. At last the screaming tugs began to puff and blow, and a tremor told us that we were off for Manila. The transport was pulled out into the ship channel, and then, under her own steam, she started down the upper bay, with the band playing and flags a-flying. As the dime-novel heroes so often exclaim, "it was a thrilling moment." I was launched on a venture the end of which was very uncertain. I had at last been successful in leaving New York on a ship bound for the Far East, but would I ever get back again, and would the trip be the failure which was predicted by so many people in my town?


I feasted my eyes on the familiar scenes of New York harbor. I observed

the tall sky-scrapers on the lower island and wondered when I would ever see a thirty-story building again. I looked at the great bridge, which appeared as if, in the dim distance, with its iron cables, apparently as thin as a telegraph wire. A Staten Island ferry-boat passed us with crowded decks. The people cheered when they saw the recruits in khaki uniforms and understood that we were bound for Manila. A fishing-boat tooted her whistle a dozen times as she passed us, and at Fort Wadsworth the garrison cheered us to the echo. I felt as if I were really going to war myself. When we passed Coney Island I took in every detail of the iron tower and the great wheel, and thought of Jack Irwin and Will Renwick and the good times they'd be having there on summer days, while I was far away in the romantic storied East. When I saw the hotels at Manhattan Beach, I remembered some good dinners I had eaten there, and began to wonder what sort of food would be given the masters-at-arms on board the transport, and I was still thinking of what might be before me, when I was recalled to the present by the gruff voice of the chief officer. He had stepped outside his cabin and stood looking at me as I leaned over the rail. "By heaven," he exclaimed, "why ain't you down below? Come here and I'll give you a bit of information."



CHAPTER XXXVI

First Days as "Jimmy Legs"

HE "bit of information" furnished by the chief officer took half an hour for delivery. I had a lot of questions put to me, and then he began to explain the duties of my position. "There are three of you masters-at-arms," he said, "and you are the policemen of the ship." I started at this, for I hadn't expected to join the police force, ashore or afloat. "There are six watches of four hours each," continued the mate, "and you'll have to go on from twelve to four in the afternoon and from twelve to four in the morning. While you're on watch you'll have to go up and down the decks and all over the ship. It's your business to see that there's no smoking between decks, no fire where it shouldn't be, and no disturbance of any sort. You must see that the sailors obey the rules of the ship. They can't bring any liquor on board, and if they try it, you'll have to take it away from them. If you discover any fights in progress, you must step in and stop the trouble." I began to think of the brawny seamen I had seen, and almost wished that I were back in New York instead of a policeman on board that transport. I somehow felt that if any fights were in progress, my safest place would be at the other end of the ship. Of course I didn't mention my fears to the mate. I listened to what he had to say, and then saluted and left his cabin. He told me that if I wanted any further information I'd better see old Captain Casey, the chief master-at-arms.

My Fellow Sailors

I was naturally anxious to see what my fellow officials were like, so I went below and asked for Mr. Casey. I found him in a tiny stateroom near the engine-room entrance. He appeared to be about seventy years old, and a more pleasant old man I never met anywhere. He was unwilling to talk about himself, but when I told him the mate had sent me, and I was a new master-at-arms, he softened considerably, and asked me to have a seat. I turned up a tin-pail I saw there and made myself as comfortable as might be, while the old man talked. "Why," he said, "I never thought I'd have a mate as young as you, my boy. When you opened my door I thought you were one of the passengers sure, and I says to myself, says I, 'Them aristocrats is becomin' familiar rather early in the trip.'" Mr. Casey talked in a pleasant Irish brogue, which was delightful to hear, and my heart warmed toward him as I thought that here at last was an officer

whom I could easily understand. "Didn't you think I looked like a policeman?" I inquired, donning my cap. "I was priding myself that I looked rather fierce." "Well," laughed the master-at-arms in chief, "I guess yez'll do now that ye've a cap on. But in the beginnin', if ye has occasion to use the handcuffs, just call on me. Two heads is better than one, and so is four hands better than two. I'm an old hand at the business, and none o' the chaps tries to go any monkey-shines with me." I lost no time in expressing my willingness to receive help with the handcuffs on any and every occasion. "Ah, it isn't a hard life," said Mr. Casey, "after ye're once used to it. It's the first few weeks as is hard, and in the beginnin' ye'll be wishin ye were back on Broadway. But ye'll have as fine a mate in Timmie as ye could want for, and when ye're acquainted with all the boys ye'll get along famous."

I was interested in the mention of Timmie, my mate, and inquired whether he was the other master-at-arms. Mr. Casey said he was and that he'd go out and find him, so that we could arrange our watches right away. He was gone only a minute, and came back with a fellow about nineteen years old. "This is Timmie," he said to me, "and what may your name be, my lad?" I told him that they could call me Harry. I shook hands with Timmie, and upon looking him over decided that he would be a very acceptable mate. He was clean, and refined in appearance, and he said that he'd be willing to help me in any way. "I was green myself, once," he said, "and I know how it feels to be on a strange ship among strangers. Did the mate upstairs tell you what watch you're to have?" I explained that I had been given the watch from twelve to four, afternoon and morning. "Well," said Timmie, "you can take that one this week, and I'll take it the next. We can have it turn about. A fellow can't sleep much on that watch, but on the eight to twelve watch next week you can do better." This kindness of Timmie's touched me exceedingly, and I began to feel at home right away.

Learning Things

Mr. Casey said that the berth I ought to have to sleep in was being cleaned out, for good reasons, and that he didn't know where I'd sleep at first. Timmie had bunked in with him, but there was hardly room for three in his little room, he said. He advised me to see the Quartermaster-Captain, and when I inquired in what way the Quartermaster-Captain differed from the regular sailing-master, he proceeded to explain one of the intricacies of the transport service. He said that the sailing-master fulfilled the duties of any ordinary ship's captain, but the Quartermaster was an army captain, and was sent along to represent the War Department. He was in supreme authority, though he wasn't supposed to interfere with the sailing department. "It's a wrong management, my boy," said Mr. Casey. "It's as bad to have two captains on a ship as to have two first cooks in a kitchen, and I never yet was on a transport where the two o' them wasn't fightin'

more or less all through the voyage. Now the Quartermaster on this tub is the best o' the two, and whenever ye want any favor ye'd better go to him. As regards the sailing-master, your safest plan will be to keep out of his sight as much as ye can. Ye don't want to hunt no trouble by asking him for favors."

I thanked the master-at-arms in chief for this valuable bit of information and hurried upstairs to find the Quartermaster.

Captain Logan was in his cabin, and he was in the good humor which I afterwards learned was his habitual state. He was a man who believed in treating everyone the same, and in being as pleasant as possible on every occasion. He asked me to sit down in his cabin, and when I explained that I was the new master-at-arms, he examined me critically. "You don't look as though you've had much experience at sea," he remarked. I told him that I had been twice to Europe. "Oh," he said, "that's only a little suburban trip compared to this voyage you're embarked on now. It'll be thirteen days before you see land at all, and we can scarcely arrive at Manila under ten weeks. You're sure to get more sea experience now than you've ever had before." I said that experience was what I was after, and Captain Logan laughed. When I told him that Mr. Casey didn't have any place for me to sleep up forward, he immediately said there was plenty of room in the first cabin. "You might as well have a bunk there as anywhere else," he said, "for they will only go empty throughout the trip. I'll call my clerk and have him fix you up right away. If anyone says anything to you, you simply tell him that I gave you that berth. I reckon that'll settle any trouble. The Major spoke to me about you in New York, and asked me to do everything I could to give you a comfortable voyage."

The Kindness of the Quartermaster

I went off with the clerk, feeling that everything was bound to be pleasant when Mr. Casey and Timmie and the Quartermaster were so kind. I was given a pleasant berth, and after depositing my suit-case there I hurried back again to Mr. Casey, for it was time to begin my first watch. He told me that there wasn't so much to look after in the daytime as in the night. He said that I needn't report to the bridge officer in the afternoon, and that the only thing necessary was to keep moving, and see that there was no smoking between decks and no unusual disturbance among the soldiers and sailors.

That first watch was a very interesting one. I had plenty of opportunity to observe the sailors, and I noticed that they were also observing me. None of them spoke to me, and answered me shortly when I addressed them. I decided they were waiting to find out more about me before offering me their friendship. Once, when my back was turned, a deck-hand called out, "Hi there, Jimmy Legs," but when I swung round none seemed to have heard the remark. I couldn't imagine why I should be called Jimmy Legs, but Mr. Casey told me

afterward that every master-at-arms is called that in the navy. When I visited the promenade deck I had a chance to observe some of the passengers. Beside the eight Congressmen there were several army officers and a number of army women, but the persons who interested me most were two boys about my own age. They looked to be agreeable fellows, and I wondered where they were going and for what purpose. It never occurred to me that we could be friends during the voyage, for I had learned already that a master-at-arms is an unimportant person, and I didn't suppose I would have any opportunity to make friends among the passengers. These boys eyed me with some curiosity, and I wondered whether I looked so different from the others of the crew that they should notice me in this way.

I didn't have much chance to exercise my authority during my first watch. My only discovery was a soldier smoking while lying in his bunk between decks. When I ordered him to smoke on deck he growled out something about "young upstarts," but I saw that he didn't light any more cigarettes. Most of the recruits appeared to be nice fellows, and I didn't anticipate any trouble from them during the voyage. Many of them came from Georgia and North Carolina, and were going out to join the twenty-sixth regiment of infantry in the Philippines. Some of them had never been away from home before, and they were almost spellbound at the sight of the limitless ocean stretching out before them.

At four o'clock, when my watch was over, I told Mr. Casey that I was going to lie down. I was already beginning to feel a little nauseated by the smells of the ship, and decided that I would be better off in my bunk than anywhere else. He said he would call me at midnight, when my next watch began. Everyone was surprised that I was willing to miss my supper, and while it was no surprise to me, I was thoroughly disgusted to think that I was to pass through the miseries of seasickness once again. On my return from my second trip to Europe I had been perfectly well all through the voyage, and had prided myself that I was at last free from the dreadful malady. It was humiliating, too, to suffer from such an illness just when all the sailors were watching me so closely.

Alone on Deck


I was dressed and on deck within ten minutes after Mr. Casey called me at a quarter of twelve. I heard the bells strike eight, then Timmie mounted the bridge and said to the officer there, "All's well below, sir." In a minute the sailor in the crow's nest sung out, "Lights are burnin' bright, sir." The officer answered "All right," and then the watches changed. Timmie and Mr. Casey came to say good-night, and both offered to do my watch for me if I were ill, but I said I would be better off on deck than down below. In fact, I rather enjoyed being alone on the bare upper deck at that hour. I had plenty of chance to think over the events of the day and to consider what might be ahead of me

in the days to come. I felt well satisfied with the results of my first day as master-at-arms, and was delighted to have found some companionable fellows as mates. I felt that I could have chosen none more satisfactory than Timmie and Mr. Casey. Evidently, too, the Quartermaster was anxious to make things pleasant, or he would never have given me that comfortable bunk, so altogether things were progressing very nicely. The only drawback to my present happiness was that dreadful seasickness, which almost made the future look dark before me. I made the round of the ship as best I could, but I could hardly bring myself to visit the soldiers' sleeping quarters, where the air was hot and close. When two bells struck at one o'clock I mounted the bridge by a great effort and saluted the officer there. "All's well below, sir," I said, in a thin, tired voice. The fourth mate came up and looked me in the face. "Well," he said, "you don't appear as if all is well below with you. I think you'd better call Mr. Casey and go back to bed until you're feeling better." I blushed in the dark and hurried down the ladder, but, of course, I didn't go to bed. That would have been too weak a thing for a master-at-arms to do.



CHAPTER XXXVII

Life in the Forecastle

 REMAINED in my bunk the next morning until it was time to go on watch at noon, and by that time I was better of my illness. The afternoon passed quickly, there was so much that was interesting going on, and by evening I was in such good spirits that I felt like eating something. Mr. Casey said I could take my meals in what he called the "petty officers' mess-room." When I went in there I decided that it was a "mess-room" sure enough. It was a narrow, dirty room, entirely filled by a long table, which hardly left room for anyone to sit down around it, and at meal time the messman had to go outside into the passageway in order to pass things from one end of the table to the other. Mike, the messman, had spent most of his life in Coney Island restaurants, and the advantages of cleanliness in food were beyond his comprehension. He thought that as long as we had plenty of everything to eat, the condition of the food didn't matter, and he had no idea that we would enjoy our meals better if the place were clean and wholesome.

I don't think I will ever forget that first supper in the mess-room. I was taken in by Mr. Casey, and seated next to him at the table. I didn't appreciate at the time how important this introduction would be to me, but I observed that the men all began to ask me questions immediately, and in a moment I was the centre of conversation. I tried my best to enter into the spirit of their jokes and to give them back as good as they gave, and before supper was over I felt I was on friendly terms with several of the crew. The men who ate with me were chiefly employed in the engine-room, though there were the two boatswains, the lamp-trimmer and the quartermasters from the deck department. Of course I was absolutely ignorant regarding marine engines, and I had never before heard of water-tenders and the other dignitaries of that region below. I naturally supposed, without thinking, that what the water-tenders had to do was to carry water for the firemen who were shoveling coal. I asked them whether the firemen drank much water, considering that they had such thirsty work. With grave faces, all the tenders began to explain that there were never known such drinkers as these firemen on the *McClellan*. "Why," said one of them, "they drinks a two-gallon pail full every ten minutes, and they're nasty as can be when we don't have the water there on time. I had a beastly row with 'em only this mornin'." Can't you see that sore on me arm, where one of the guineas struck me because I was a little behind time with the bucket?" He held up his arm, and I saw that

he had a dreadful scar. "I suppose he hit you with a poker, didn't he?" said I. "Yes," said my friend, "and the poker was red hot. He said he'd murder me if I didn't put three pounds of oatmeal in every bucket of water after this. Oh, we has a sweet life down in the engine-room. A Jimmy Legs has a paradise compared to us and you'd better be glad you're not a poor water-tender."

Life in the Messroom

I was glad indeed, and always thought of the tenders as having a hard time, until one day I visited the engine-room and they told me I had been the victim of a hoax. They explained that if the firemen want any water to drink they carry it themselves, and that the water-tenders have only to look after the water pipes, which was comparatively easy work. I thought of how the tenders had told me every noon how many buckets of water they had carried, and decided to be not so easy in the future. I would never have found out my mistake if I hadn't chanced to visit the regions below.

The food in the mess-room was not at all tempting. I thought at first I would never be able to exist on it, but after a few days I was hungry enough to eat almost anything. In the morning, I always ate bread and coffee and perhaps a roll. At noon, the soup was usually tasty, though I would tremble to state what might have been in it, and I could make a good meal from bread and soup and potato. The meat was so tough that I hardly ever tried to eat it. In the evening we had tea and bread-and-butter, and occasionally fried potatoes. There was always plenty of everything, and no one need go hungry on shipboard if he can eat the food. After the first week I ate quite heartily, but in less than a month I had sickened of the whole bill of fare and had no appetite at all. Fortunately there was an army commissary on board for the benefit of the soldiers, and I could buy sardines, baked beans and other extras, which helped me to exist. Mr. Casey introduced me to the night watchman in the saloon, who was on hand to serve the passengers with food and drink during the night, and I always had coffee and sandwiches from him on my night watch. Mr. Casey was popular with everyone on the ship, from the Captain down, and a good word from him was always worth having. The more I saw of him the more I admired his unusual character. He had once been a captain of his own ship, and though it was a great descent to master-at-arms, he never intimated that he had been used to better things, or told of the time when he had a crew of fifty at his beck and call. He treated everyone with kindness and courtesy, and never lost an opportunity of giving me some bit of advice which might help me with my work. Of course I had various unpleasant experiences, even before the first week of the voyage had passed. I discovered that the sailing-master of the ship was very different in every way from the Quartermaster. He had been for years captain of a New England whaler, and when I learned this I decided that he still imagined himself

on a ship of that sort. He was the terror of all the crew. If they saw him coming down the starboard deck they immediately turned about and went up the other side, for they were actually afraid to meet him face to face unless it was absolutely necessary. His facial expression was not one to be sought after. I think he didn't realize how fierce he looked, and very often he frightened people when his only desire was to be pleasant. I had seen a good many hard faces in traveling about, but when I first met Captain Linder, I decided he was the worst I had yet encountered. It wasn't long before I was as anxious as anyone to avoid meeting him on the deck, but accidents will happen, and on the Wednesday after we left New York he turned the corner just as I was hurrying aft to the wheel-house. My heart rose in my throat as he stopped and looked me in the eye.

Trouble Begins to Brew

"Look here, young man," he growled, "where be you sleepin'?" I told him that I had a berth on the saloon deck. "Well, you git your duds out o' there and go up forward where you belong," he said. "But," I stammered, "Captain Logan told me to sleep there." At this his expression was simply terrible and I fairly trembled in my boots. "That don't cut no ice with me," he exclaimed, with an oath, "Captain Logan ain't runnin' my end of this ship."

I touched my cap and hurried away as fast as possible. It seemed foolish for me to be so frightened, but there was no denying that I was. I tried to convince myself that no harm could come to me on a government ship, even if the captain was a brute, but I thought the safest way was to see Captain Logan and tell him what had occurred and ask his advice. He was angry when I told him my orders. "You stay where you are," he said, "and I'll speak to Captain Linder." But I had no idea of doing any such thing. I didn't want to meet the Captain again and have him glare at me and ask me if I'd moved, and then swear and perhaps lay hands on me. I told Captain Logan that I couldn't feel comfortable in my bunk any longer, and that I'd much rather move and avoid trouble. So I went to see Mr. Casey, and he said that Timmie and I could now have the little room which had been cleaned. It was newly whitewashed, and when I saw it I decided that we would be very comfortable. It was so narrow that we could hardly undress, and the lower bunk, which was mine, was too short to permit of lying at full length, but I soon got used to everything, and after a while felt very much at home. Mr. Casey said he could have told me in the beginning that I wouldn't be allowed to keep my bunk on the saloon deck. "I knew the old man wouldn't be satisfied while you were comfortable," he said, "and you would have had a miserable time if you'd insisted on staying there."

Timmie proved to be a pleasant roommate. He kept his belongings in good order, and our house-keeping arrangements were the wonder of the ship. We took care of our own bunks, and kept our linen good and clean. One week

Timmie washed the sheets and pillow-cases and the next week I did it. I had to wash on an average of twice a week because I hadn't started out with many wash clothes, and things became soiled very soon up around the fo'c'stle. There were three wooden benches on the forward deck, which were being used by some of the crew or the soldiers for washing purposes at all hours of the day and night. We had only salt water to wash in, and the only way we could remove the dirt was to spread the garments on the benches, soap them thoroughly, and then rub them with scrubbing-brushes until they appeared clean. This operation was decidedly hard on the clothes, but it made the dirt fly.

In a few days I felt as if I had known Timmie all my life. We were congenial in most ways, and as I look back upon my life on the *McClellan* I wonder whether I could have existed without him. He had been born and reared in New York City, and had shipped as master-at-arms because he knew Mr. Casey, and thought it would be good experience for him to see something of the world. He had made two trips to Cuba on the transport, so he was now a full-fledged sailor, and suffered no longer from the dreadful maladies of seasickness and homesickness. He knew all of the sailors, and gave me lots of information concerning them, warning me which ones to avoid and whose friendship was really worth cultivating. Every evening after supper we'd join the crowd on the fo'c'stle head and listen to the yarns the sailors told. We usually sat there from half after five till half after seven, and the time passed quickly while listening to the wonderful tales of old Dan Driscoll and Jimmy Callahan, who had been in the British navy and sailed all over the world. Sometimes I told about some of my experiences in Europe, and they seemed to find them interesting because they were so different from their own. Within a week I was so thoroughly a member of the fo'c'stle crowd that they called me "Kid," and that was the name I went by throughout the voyage.

The Routine of Ship Life

The days passed quickly after I had become accustomed to the routine of ship life. I was of course on watch during eight hours of every day, eight other hours I spent in sleeping, and the remainder were passed in eating, reading, writing, washing, mending clothes and keeping our tiny room in order. Timmie and I were never asleep at the same time, because when he was on watch I was sleeping, and he was asleep when my turn came. Mr. Casy kept the same hours week in and week out, while we boys changed watches every week.

Every evening there was a concert on the after deck by the regimental band, which was going out to the army in the Islands, but we sailors had no opportunity to listen to the music. I caught snatches of some popular air as I went my rounds, but with Captain Linder around I didn't dare stop to hear a piece played through. I had learned my lesson thoroughly and was careful to avoid him as much as possible. He had very strict ideas as to where a sailor belonged, and if I hadn't been

master-at-arms I think he would never have permitted me to visit the after deck at all.


We were due to reach Gibraltar on the thirteenth day from New York, and no one on board could have been more anxious for that day to arrive. Thirteen days without sight of land was quite a hardship, and after so many mess-room meals I was indeed anxious to go ashore to get something fit to eat. I had no idea how much time the Captain would allow me to spend ashore, but I felt sure Captain Logan would arrange for me to see all the sights, and I determined to ask him for permission, in preference to seeing "the old man," as the sailing-master was known on board.

There was great excitement among the passengers when at last the coast of Spain was visible, and when we passed between the Pillars of Hercules and anchored off the great Rock of Gibraltar, I breathed a prayer of thankfulness that I had accomplished one lap of the journey around the world without misadventure.



CHAPTER XXXVIII

A Day and a Night in Gibraltar

HE ROCK," as the sailors called Gibraltar, didn't appear from the bay exactly as I had expected to see it. A certain insurance company has printed a great many pictures of the stronghold in its advertisements, and I supposed, of course, it would look like the photographs. In this I was disappointed, for the great rock is considerably different in shape from what it appears in the advertising. It was sufficiently impressive, however, and I was anxious indeed to get ashore. Mr Casey said Timmie and I could go in the afternoon and he would stay on the ship. He said I had better ask Captain Linder for permission, but I decided that it would be all right to see Captain Logan instead. Of course the permission was forthcoming, for the good Quartermaster seemed willing to do anything possible to add to the interest of my trip. He said it would be all right for me to go, if I would be certain to return for the midnight watch. I promised him I would be back in time.

There were dozens of rowboats in the water about the ship, waiting for passengers, so Timmie and I got in one and started for the wharf. Two swarthy Spaniards did the rowing, and as they could speak a little English, we were able to get some pointers from them regarding the town. "Much fine place, Gibraltar," said one of them; "Heap Tommies there." Timmie couldn't imagine what "Tommies" meant, but I had been enough in England to know that he referred to the British soldiers, who are known at home and abroad as Tommy Atkins. We already knew that Gibraltar has a large garrison, and weren't particularly impressed with the information, but the dusky Don went on to tell other interesting things. "English bad," he said; "they make Uncle Sam fight poor Spain. America no want to fight. John Bull cause all the trouble." This was a new view of the cause of the Cuban war, and we thought it funny that this Spaniard should blame the English for what we did. Timmie tried to correct this idea of his. "England had nothing to do with it," he said, "and we whipped you all by ourselves." I was frightened at such strong language, and expected the Spaniard to object and make trouble; but he simply shook his head and went on rowing. People take life easy at Gibraltar, and don't get excited over little things.

The Lion of the Mediterranean

When we reached the wharf, we discovered that the entire town was sur-

rounded by a wall, and that there were only certain gates through which strangers were allowed to pass. When we went through we were handed cards of identification, which we were supposed to return when we went out again. Once through the gate, we found soldiers on every side, and nearly everything we saw was new and interesting. After walking a little, we came to a market where we saw the most delicious fruit on sale. It seemed a long while since I'd eaten any grapes or peaches, and we both laid in a supply which was sufficient to last us through the afternoon. I don't think I ever tasted better fruit, and after the ship fare it was especially welcome. All the time we remained at Gibraltar we existed chiefly on what we bought at the market, and when we finally sailed we had a quantity of fruit to eat on the voyage to Malta. It was wonderfully cheap, so we had no cause to stint ourselves.

To Timmie and I the narrow streets of Gibraltar were filled with interest. The queer mixture of English and Spanish architecture, the cosmopolitan crowd in front of the cafes, and the strange looking vehicles, were a source of wonder to us both. Timmie had never before seen British soldiers, so he wanted to visit some of the barracks. We talked with the men, and they seemed to think that Gibraltar was not at all a bad place in which to live. When we told them that we were Americans, they treated us with the greatest friendliness, and finally one of the musicians from the regimental band volunteered to show us the fortifications. This was indeed a treat. Although neither of us knew much about cannon, or the science of war, we were deeply impressed with what we saw of the arrangements for defence, and we decided that Gibraltar is indeed invincible. There was one terrace after another mounted with the latest and most terrible guns, and our English friend said there were some of the fortifications which visitors couldn't see "I tell you," he said, "we'd make mince-meat of the nasty French if they ever tried to knock us off this rock. We're here to stay, and there's no country can drive us away. Every once in a while there's pieces printed sayin' as how the French could batter down those forts from across the bay, but they couldn't. And besides, the Spaniards ain't foolish enough to let 'em have the chance." We agreed with him that France could hardly capture Gibraltar, and when this momentous question was satisfactorily settled we went back to the town.

A Talk with the Hero of Ladysmith

We were passing an imposing building when I asked its name. "Why," said our guide, "that's where the Governor lives. He's Sir George White, and he's a dandy, and no mistake."

"What," I exclaimed, "is he the General White who was in command at Ladysmith while the place was besieged by Boers?"

"He's one an' the same," said the musician.

"Well, I know him," I said to Timmie, "and we'll go in and make a call."

The musician looked surprised, and when we asked him to go in with us, he refused. "I couldn't call on the Governor," he said. "I'm only a musician. They wouldn't let me in." "I don't suppose they'd let us in Timmie," I remarked, "if they knew we are masters-at-arms. But we won't let on. It'll be all right if we can only get at the General himself."

Inside the door we found an officer on guard. He looked at us suspiciously, and I gave him no time to begin asking questions. "I'm a friend of General White's, from New York," I said, "and I'd like to see him." I handed out my card. The man carried it into a room at the side of the hallway and was gone two or three minutes. Timmie and I were wondering whether we would be put out, and Timmie couldn't imagine what had induced me to make this call, until I explained that I had really become acquainted with General White on my last visit to London. He said afterward he thought it was all a joke, when I told the musician the Governor was a friend of mine.

The officer returned with a smiling face. "Just step into his Excellency's office," he said. "His Excellency will be disengaged in a moment." The office proved to be a room beautifully furnished, and the walls were hung with portraits of former governors of the Colony. We sat in two great arm-chairs, and after two or three minutes General White entered with outstretched hand. "Why," he said, "you American boys are most remarkable. How did you happen to turn up in this out-of-the-way place? I shall expect to see you next in Ceylon or Singapore." I laughed and told him that those places were on the itinerary of our trip. "It seems only a few weeks since I saw you in London on my return from the Cape. Have you been interviewing any more people of late at ten pounds per head?"

General White referred to an interview I had secured from him regarding his Ladysmith experiences and had sold to a London paper for fifty dollars. I told him that I was a sailor now, and had little time for writing. "But I thought I couldn't leave Gibraltar without coming to see you," I said. "It's good to see any person I've met before, in a place so far from New York." The Governor said he was glad we came and that he hoped we would enjoy our stay in port. He asked us about our plans for getting around the world, and Timmie told him very enthusiastically that he, too, was going round the world before he reached home again. "Well," said the General, "travel is a great educator, and American boys seem to be able to go to most any place they want to see."

We didn't make a long call, for there were still a great many things we wanted to do before returning to the transport. We were delighted with the conversation, and Timmie was wildly excited to think he had been talking with the hero of Ladysmith. "He's not a bit proud," he asserted, "and he treated us as if we were old friends." When we were passing out of the Government House we met some of the passengers from the ship, and they stared to see the masters-at-arms emerging from such a place. When I told Captain Logan the next day what a good time we had experienced, he remarked that he had no doubt we were in for



A FISHING VILLAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCK



A STREET IN GIBRALTAR

an interesting trip. "You've already had one pleasure which none of the rest of us had," he said, "and I shan't be surprised if you get more real profit and pleasure from the trip than any of the passengers."

Gibraltar at Night

Before dark that evening we visited the Neutral Ground, which is a piece of land belonging equally to Spain and England. There are soldiers of both nationalities encamped there, and it was a strange sight to see them facing each other like watch-dogs. When Timmie saw the Spanish troops he laughed with contempt. "My," he exclaimed, "it's no wonder we licked them if they're all like this." They didn't compare very favorably with the sturdy Britishers, and from all appearances we decided that Gibraltar will belong to John Bull for a long time to come. Both Spain and France would like to see a change of ownership, for as things are now the Mediterranean is truly an English lake. With Gibraltar at one end and Egypt at the other, and with Malta for a Central depot, Great Britain dominates that great waterway, and could play havoc with the navies of Europe, scattered as they are.

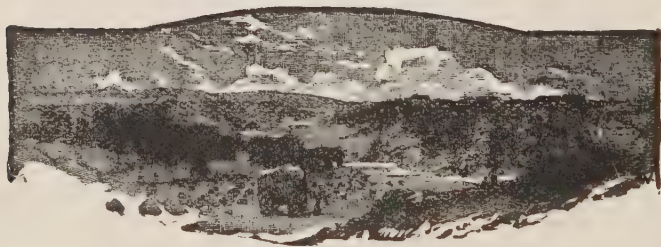
Gibraltar at night was a gay place. The cafes and restaurants did a rushing business, for there were several ships anchored in the harbor, and the passengers had seized the opportunity to enjoy a night ashore. There were Germans, Italians and French mingling with the Spanish and English, and there was a great mixture of languages. At eight o'clock there was a band concert in a small park, and Timmie and I determined to attend. We wanted to hear the music, but we were especially anxious to see our friend of the afternoon, who had been so kind in taking us about. He was in the very front row, and smiled and bowed when we stationed ourselves in front of the band-stand. He played a violoncello, and, as Timmie expressed it, "he made it fairly sing." It was a fine band altogether, and we hoped the *McClellan* band was there to get some points. There were eighty musicians altogether, and when they played the "Star-Spangled Banner" as a compliment to our passengers, we said we had never heard it played so well before.

There was a great crowd of people in the park, and we were almost as interested in watching them as in listening to the music. It was so different from any crowd we had ever seen before, and we boys decided that it couldn't compare with a New York crowd in appearance. "The women are positively homely," said Timmie, "and their dresses wouldn't pass muster on the Bowery." I told him that he mustn't be too critical, for he would certainly see worse looking people before our trip was over.

We stayed in the park until the concert was over, and then our friend, the musician, took us off to the barracks, where we had a jolly time among the soldiers. They asked us all sorts of questions about America, and Timmie told them some pretty wild tales. Two of the soldiers got into an argument which amused

us greatly. One asserted that he had studied geography at school, and that the Hudson River certainly flowed through a valley in the Rocky Mountains. This was ridiculed by another "Tommy," who said that the Rocky Mountains were at least two hundred miles from the Hudson. When they appealed to Timmie to settle the dispute, he told them that the Hudson flowed down from the White Mountains, and that the Rockies were really a hundred and fifty miles further west. "That would be near Rochester," he said to me *sotto voce*.

About a quarter after eleven it occurred to me that I would have to return to the transport if I was to begin my watch at midnight, so we said good-night to the soldiers, after promising to see them again before leaving port. We walked down the silent streets to the Water Gate and found it closed. I'm sure I went pale from fright. "What do you suppose is the matter?" I said to Timmie. "Look here," he replied, and I saw on the gate a notice reading as follows: "No persons will be permitted to enter or leave this gate between the hours of eleven P. M. and four A. M." We looked at each other, and Timmie burst out laughing. "We're in this town for the night, all right," he said. I couldn't see the joke. "Well, all I'm thinking about is what Captain Linder will say in the morning," I returned. "That's all right," said Timmie, "no use crying over spilled milk."



CHAPTER XXXIX

An Excursion Into Africa

WE spent the night in the neighboring market where we had purchased fruit in the morning. We wanted to go out to the transport as soon as the gate was opened, and we knew that the market would be alive soon after daylight. When we finally reached the gangway and gained the upper deck, we were delighted to find no officer in sight. We went forward and found good old Mr. Casey there on watch. He had waited for my return, and when I didn't show up, he decided to stay awake until I came, so that if a master-at-arms were needed, my absence wouldn't be discovered. This kindness touched me very much, and I insisted on standing his watch from four until eight. He didn't think that he had done anything worth mentioning. "We always does that much for a mate," he said.

I was hopeful that no one would discover that we were in Gibraltar over night, but Captain Linder discovered it from some source and came up frowning just after I had reported at eight bells. "Well, well," he exclaimed, "this is a nice beginning. "If you can't go ashore without staying over night, I think you had better remain on the ship." I explained that we were ignorant of the regulations, and had been shut up in the town without our knowledge. He sneered at this. "That'll do to tell," he said, "but you can't fool me." Then he walked off muttering, and I wondered what dreadful punishment would be meted out to us. I fully expected we would be deprived of our shore leave, but a fortunate incident proved to be our salvation. The Captain himself went ashore that night with two of the lady passengers. There was no band concert, but they must have found plenty to interest them, for they, too, were locked in. When they arrived on board the next morning the Captain looked very crestfallen, and he had nothing more to say to us about our absence. It was considered a good joke up forward that the Captain should have shared our experience. "That'll take some o' the starch out of his nibs," said old Dan Driscoll. "He won't be so fault-finder now for a day or two."

A Jaunt to Africa

When the eight Congressmen went ashore they discovered that it would be easy for them to make an excursion to Tangier, in Morocco, which is only about twenty miles from Gibraltar. So they chartered a small steamer for the day, and invited some of the passengers to go with them. I watched the preparations with

considerable interest, for one of my longings had been to visit North Africa, and I felt blue to think that I was now so near, and yet so far. It never occurred to me that a master-at-arms would be allowed to make such an excursion, when even Captain Linder wasn't going. But the good Quartermaster was looking out for my pleasure and profit, and when the Congressmen borrowed some steamer chairs and other furnishings from the transport, he ordered me to go along with them and see that all were brought back. Of course I was delighted to accept this commission. My only fear was that Mr. Casey and Timmie would think that I was unduly favored, and that one of them should have been allowed to go. But I soon found that they were almost as pleased at my good luck as I was myself, and all the men in the fo'c'stle were glad I was going. This friendly spirit made me very happy, and I didn't mind the frowns of Captain Linder and some of the other officers.

The run across the strait was very pleasant, and on the way I became acquainted with the two Eddy boys, whom I had noticed among the passengers on the day we left New York. They told me they were traveling out to the Philippines alone. Their father was a colonel in the army and they had been at school in New York. Now they were going out to spend the summer months with their parents. They were jolly and unaffected, so that we had a good time together, and they helped to make the day a pleasant one for me.

A Thrilling Excursion

Our experiences in Tangier were exciting from the very first. It being mid-summer, there had been no tourists in Morocco for some time, and when the natives saw us coming they made ready for an especially rich harvest of back-sheesh to make up for lost time. Our little steamer anchored in the bay alongside three ships which were said to compose the Moroccan navy. I remarked that they didn't look very destructive, and one of the Congressmen said that they were more ornamental than useful, since the European Powers permitted them to go only a few miles from shore. Our anchor had no more than touched bottom when we were surrounded by dozens of small rowboats, manned with dusky Moors and Jews. Some of them wore very little clothing, and others seemed to have piled on as much as possible, so that they varied greatly in dress. They swarmed over the rail and began to shout at us in a language which none could understand. It was evident, however, that they wanted to row us ashore in their boats, and we decided to place our lives in their care, since they probably appeared more fierce than they really were. All the women in the party became nervous as soon as they saw the Moors, and I'm sure some of them wished they were back at Gibraltar before they had even landed in Tangier. After seeing those natives it was hard to believe that we were only twenty miles from civilization.

We disembarked at a long pier, and supposed that we would enter the city without further trouble. But it was necessary for us each to pay a small sum of



STREET SCENES IN TANGIER



OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS

money before we could pass out at the gate. "It's just like paying the price of admission to some Midway show at the World's Fair," said Howard Eddy, and that was indeed the way it seemed. The city of Tangier would not be out of place as an exhibit at Coney Island or in any side-show, and the people were as remarkable as any one could find with a circus. They surrounded us by the hundred when we went into the streets from the pier, and seemed to be engaged in an effort to deafen us with noise. They yelled at us and at each other, and finally it dawned upon the Congressmen that they had some donkeys which they wanted us to ride about the town. As no trolley-cars were in sight, and the streets were rough and hilly, it was decided that the donkeys provided the only means of transportation. The women objected to mounting them because they were so very dirty. They were padded with filthy rags which must have been used for ages, and they had a peculiar aroma which was noticeable afar off. Finally, however, every one was persuaded to ride a donkey, and we started off in a long procession. The Eddy boys and myself were riding first, and after us came the rest of the party and about two hundred natives.

Experiences Among the Moors

The mixed population swarmed about us in such numbers that we could hardly see anything but people, and I suppose, after all, the people are the most interesting sight of Tangier. Some of them were negroes from the desert, with great brass rings in their ears, and there were several classes of Jews and native Moors. The women were wearing bloomers, and were usually veiled, with only their eyes visible to the stranger. Their eyes were large and dark, and the women in our crowd went into raptures over them. I was more interested in what I saw of the street-life as we went along. All the people seemed to be poverty-stricken, and several times I saw old men and women seated by the roadside chewing parched corn with apparent delight. They appeared to be actually ill, but they say the tropical climate makes people look old and pale before their time. The children were running about almost naked, and most of them looked as if they had never had a bath. In an open square we came upon a caravan of camels, which was resting through the heat of midday. They made a picturesque scene, with their Arab masters reclining under near-by tents.

Our party entered several stores where various curiosities were on sale, and every time they emerged it was only after great effort we could find the donkeys we had been riding originally. The natives seemed unable to distinguish one foreigner from another, and they were continually fighting and quarreling among themselves. The Eddy boys and I decided to explore some of the side streets, so we left the crowd in one of the stores and started out in search of adventures. We were glad afterward that we did, for we witnessed one of the fanatical rites of the Moslem Church. Arriving in front of the Mohammedan mosque, we observed a crowd

gathered there, and decided to wait and see what happened. They had formed a circle, and in a few moments a man rushed out of some dark doorway, entered the ring with a frantic yell, and began to execute a strange dance, swaying backward and forward, and contorting himself with frightful violence. He was soon joined by others, who began yelling and dancing, and this remarkable performance was kept up until they all dropped to the ground exhausted. Howard and Kenneth Eddy were frightened at all this frenzy, but they had no thought of running away. It was all so weird and fascinating that we couldn't have moved from the spot. An old priest came and took up a collection among the crowd, and then, after some more strange music the performance was over. I learned afterward that this ceremonial is sometimes continued for hours, and that the devoted Moslems not only dance until exhausted, but also scar their bodies with red-hot irons, punch out their eyes with spikes, eat live scorpions and chew broken glass. They execute, in short, any diabolical deed their mania may suggest, until the smell of burning flesh and the sight of blood turn the onlooker sick. We boys were certainly glad that they didn't undertake any such doings at the time we saw them, for things were unusual enough as they were. It is said that the religious exaltation of the dancers renders them insensible to pain, and that the horrible tortures they undergo make no impression on them at the time.

A Runaway Donkey

We dispersed from the neighborhood of the mosque along with the crowd, and started down a hilly street. For some unknown reason, Kenneth Eddy's donkey became frightened, and started off at full speed. We were all scared, and Kenneth yelled most vociferously. It seemed impossible that he should be able to keep his seat. He leaned forward, with his arms clasped tightly around the donkey's neck, and his feet flew into the air with every jump that the animal made. He might have held on indefinitely if the flight had continued, but all at once the donkey stopped, and poor Kenneth went over his head to the ground, alighting about ten feet away. We hurried up, expecting to find him seriously injured, but before we reached him he sat up grinning. "My," he said, "it was just like flying through the air, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything." A crowd of natives gathered round to watch the proceedings, and when Kenneth remounted the donkey and rode off their amazement knew no bounds. They evidently expected that we would rather walk than risk our bones again. We started off to find the remainder of the party, and after a while came to a building in front of which there was a crowd. We saw some donkeys which appeared to belong to our party, and decided that everyone was inside, viewing some curiosity. We decided to go in, too. Several of the natives yelled at us when we entered the door; but we were used to yells by this time and paid no attention. Once inside, we found everything deliciously clean and cool, and thought we had found the paradise of Tangier. A

long, dark hallway stretched before us, and we passed along until we came to a curtained door at the end. There we were suddenly confronted by several stalwart negroes who blocked our further progress. They appeared greatly excited, and motioned us away. We backed toward the front entrance, and they followed us until they saw we were safely in the street. "What do you suppose is wrong?" said Howard Eddy. I told him it was beyond me to explain why we were put out, when some of our party were evidently in there. Just then one of the Congressmen appeared, and when we told him our trouble, he laughed until we thought he would never stop. "Why, you little fools," he said, "that's the Governor's harem, which no strange man is ever allowed to penetrate. The ladies were allowed to go in as a special favor." We blushed when we remembered how we had entered so boldly, and when all the party was together again they joked us unmercifully about our mistake.

When the ladies emerged from the harem, we all visited a filthy prison, and we boys were sorry we went there. The smell was horrible, and the poor prisoners looked as if they were about to die with all sorts of terrible skin diseases. "It's an outrage," I said to the Eddy boys, "that such a hole as this should exist anywhere in the Twentieth Century, and I think one of the European Powers ought to step in and clean this city out. It is a menace to the health of Europe." One of the Congressmen said later that several European Powers would be very glad to take charge of Morocco, but they are all so jealous of each other that they can't agree as to which shall be the one to occupy the country.

Our Hurried Departure


After the disgusting filth of the prison, everyone was anxious to regain the ship in the harbor and sail back to Gibraltar. So we went down to the pier, and there occurred a worse row than any we had experienced during the excursion. When we tried to pay for the donkeys we had been riding, we discovered that each little beast had about twelve different owners in the crowd, and of course each person wanted money. It was useless to argue the question when none of us could speak their language, so we each paid what we thought was right and got away as quickly as possible. I had an English sixpence which I handed to the native nearest the donkey's head. He seemed well satisfied with the payment until he saw another man get two shillings. Then he was determined to have more from me, and started after me as I was hurrying to the pier. I saw him coming, and thought if I ran I could get inside the gate before he caught up. But he was an excellent sprinter, and caught me by the coat-tail just as I reached the turnstile. I had in my hands an old copper-pot of queer design which I hoped to carry home as a souvenir. He grabbed this away from me, and when I saw the fierce look in his eyes I decided to let it go, and get on the pier at any cost. I had seen no police while in Tangier, and there was no telling what those natives would do for money; so I hurried

through the gate, and breathed more freely when at last I was safe on the steamer in the bay. The party was soon gathered together, and on the return to Gibraltar they had an exciting time telling of their various unpleasant experiences, and how much money they had lost to the natives. We all agreed that though Tangier is a decidedly interesting place to visit, we wouldn't care to go again unless we had a strong escort of police to guard our interests. Some carried away tangible souvenirs in the shape of copperware and silks, but I know such things were unnecessary, as none of us could ever forget the smell of those filthy streets and the people who inhabit them.



CHAPTER XL

Through the Mediterranean

T was eight o'clock at night when we got back to the transport in Gibraltar Bay. Timmie and Mr. Casey were hanging over the rail on watch for me, and they had all sorts of questions to ask me about the trip while I was in the mess-room getting a bite to eat. I told them about the Eddy boys and how pleasant they were, and about the strange performance we had seen in front of the mosque. Timmie said he would have given anything to have seen it, but Mr. Casey said he had witnessed stranger things than that when he was mate of a schooner trading in the South Sea. Then he proceeded to regale us with one of his famous yarns, and before he had finished the room was crowded with soldiers and sailors. He cleaned the soldiers out when the story was over, for they had no right in the sailors' quarters, and Mr. Casey was a stickler for rules. It seemed good to be back in the mess-room among my friends after the long day in Tangier, and I realized for the first time that I was beginning to feel at home on the transport. I had looked forward to taking a nap in my bunk before beginning the midnight watch, but Mr. Casey said Captain Linder wanted to see us all on deck. I couldn't imagine why we should all be called up at once, and felt decidedly nervous when I presented myself in his cabin. He frowned in his usual manner, and then asked Mr. Casey who was on watch from eight to twelve. When he found that Timmie was on, he looked at me. "Well," he said, "you've been having a pretty good time to-day, so I guess you can go ashore and look up the missing men. You see the boatswain and find out who are away, and see that you get 'em back here before midnight." I saluted, and left the room, with Timmie and Mr. Casey following. When we got below I asked what the Captain meant. "He's given you a tough job," said Mr. Casey, "and I'd give a good deal if I could go and do it in your place. We're goin' to pull out in the mornin' at daylight, and every man must be on board by midnight so that we won't stand no chance of gettin' away short-handed. There's only two of 'em as hasn't turned up, and I can tell you where you'll likely find 'em ashore. They'll be in that first saloon on the right as you go down Waterport Street from the landin'. You can't miss it. There's Jim Syphers and Manuel Silva, an Irishman and a Spaniard, and you'll probably find 'em there dead drunk. They may be tough customers, so you handle 'em careful, and if they make too much trouble call for the police. The officers here are used to handling drunken sailors, and they'll be glad to give you a helping hand."

Searching for Missing Sailors

I knew the missing men by sight, and wasn't very cheerful over the idea of rounding them up and getting them out to the transport. This was one of the duties of the master-at-arms that I knew nothing about, but of course I couldn't refuse to go, since the Captain had ordered. Timmie and Mr. Casey said they would stay up, and if I wasn't back by midnight they would go ashore and find out what was wrong.

I left the ship about ten o'clock and reached the saloon in Waterport Street about half-past ten. The men were nowhere visible, so I went on down the street and visited every public house in sight. I couldn't find them anywhere, and was greatly discouraged when I started toward the wharf again. I wouldn't dare return to the transport and tell Captain Linder that I couldn't find the men, and knew I must keep on looking. Happening to pass through the market where Timmie and I had spent the night, I observed two dark figures reclining on one of the fruit stands. Upon examination I saw they were just the men I was searching for. I shook them several times and finally roused them from their stupor. "Come," I said, "you must get up and come down to the wharf before the gate closes. The ship's going at daylight." They only grunted. "Let 'er go," murmured Syphers; "we don't care." They seemed determined to stay where they were, then I decided to use heroic measures. There was a fountain in the neighboring square, so I went for some water. I doused them thoroughly, and, to my surprise, they took it very quietly. It had the desired effect, and in another minute we were on our way to the gate. We arrived there just in time to get out before eleven o'clock, and then I had to wait for a rowboat to come and take us out to the transport. It was eleven-thirty before we were at last nearing the gangway, and I thought that my unpleasant duty was practically accomplished. I was wrong, however, for the worst was yet to come. I suddenly noticed that each man had quart bottles of whisky in his pockets. I knew it would be against the rules for them to carry it on board, so I ordered them to throw it away. They simply stared at me in reply, and they appeared so stupidly drunk that I thought I could take it away from them without much trouble.

I reached for the bottles and they reached for me with an oath at the same time, and in ten seconds I found myself struggling in the waters of Gibraltar Bay. The struggle had been very short, for the men were not so drunk as they seemed, and were more than a match for an inexperienced master-at-arms. I yelled at the top of my voice for help, being badly frightened at the situation I was in. Although I could swim, I had no idea how long I would be able to keep afloat, and I couldn't be sure that anyone was on deck to come to my rescue. Syphers and Silva were trying to get from the boat to the gangway, and paid no attention to my cries. It seemed an eternity until I heard Mr. Casey's voice. He and the fourth officer ran down the gangway two steps at a time, and while Mr. Casey fished me out, the

fourth mate devoted his attention to the sailors. He grabbed them by the collars and dragged them to the upper deck. There he took the whisky away from them and pitched them down headforemost into the sailors' quarters. When I reached the deck, all dripping and shivering, they were nowhere to be seen. Timmie was on hand to congratulate me on my escape from worse injury, and they all three laughed at my appearance. The officer said I should be glad that I had escaped so easily. "You ought to know better than to attempt such a thing in a rowboat," he exclaimed. "It's hard enough to get it away when they're on the ship, and you should have waited until you got here and could secure help. This ought to be a lesson to you."

A Lesson Learned

It was indeed a lesson, and one that I was careful to remember. I had to go ashore after derelicts several times before the voyage was over, but after this night I was careful to leave the liquor alone until I reached the transport and Mr Casey was handy with the shackles. I had no dry uniform to put on in place of my wet clothing, so Timmie insisted on standing my watch while I went to bed. I slept soundly and awoke at five o'clock, just in time to see the great Rock as it was fading away astern. We were bound east through the blue Mediterranean, with the historic Island of Malta as our next stopping-place.

The four days following were among the most pleasant of the whole trip. I was by this time acquainted with most of the crew and was never at a loss for company. We spent the long, beautiful evenings together on the fo'c'stle head, listening to the interminable yarns of old Dan Driscoll or Frisco Murphy. They told about the early days of navigation between the California ports, and how they had so nearly struck it rich in the gold mines. They described exciting events of the South American revolutions, and how they had fled for their lives more times than they could mention. Old Dan had been once in San Francisco, and desiring to reach New York, he had shipped on a vessel bound for the Isthmus of Panama. When he landed there he knew of no way to get across unless he walked, so he started out to foot it to the other side, where he hoped to get a ship for New York. He became ill on the way, was thrown into jail, and was finally two years on the journey. He said he wished afterward he had stayed in 'Frisco, as he got landed in New York in January and nearly froze to death. Some of these tales were wildly imaginative, but nearly all had some foundation in fact, and they told them in a way that made it all seem as real as real could be.

Since I had become friendly with the Eddy boys they spent much time on the forward deck, and keenly enjoyed what they saw of sailor life. They said they envied me my position, but I told them they'd change their minds if they had to eat in the mess-room and were called out of bed at all hours of the day and night. I occasionally stopped on the after deck while on my rounds and visited with some of the passengers with whom I had become acquainted. They were always interested

in hearing about my experiences up forward and were anxious to see whether I could stand the life there until we reached Manila. Sometimes when I was talking with my friends, Captain Linder would watch me with flashing eyes and darkened face, so that he took away all the pleasure of conversation. It seemed to make him angry to see me anywhere on the saloon deck, so I wasn't surprised when he sent for me one day and ordered me not to speak to the passengers while I was on the ship. Of course he couldn't order me not to see my friends when I was ashore, and I even talked with them on board, while on my midnight watch. They would sometimes sit up until one or two o'clock, and then we'd talk over the news of the day.

The sailors didn't have much of an opinion of the passengers who travel on army transports. They insisted that they had seen too many strange things to have any faith in "them army folks," and of course there was ground for their opinion. But there are exceptions to every class, and some of the men and women were decidedly worth knowing. The Congressmen were in a crowd by themselves, since they were traveling as one delegation, but they had a hard time keeping together and on speaking terms with one another. More than once the silence of the open sea was broken with angry voices of the Republicans and Democrats who couldn't agree regarding the Government's policy in the Philippines. Sometimes they weren't even on speaking terms with one another, and it was a popular subject of conversation in the fo'c'stle that the Congressmen behaved like a lot of children on a Sunday-school picnic.

Through the Mediterranean

The Mediterranean was dotted with ships every day. There were picturesque sailing boats from North Africa, and ocean greyhounds on their way to America or the Far East. We never missed seeing one if it could be discerned with an opera-glass, and there were some warm arguments about the nationality of the different boats. One afternoon, two days before we reached Malta, we sighted a fleet of five warships, and there was immediately great excitement on board. The passengers insisted that Captain Linder change the course of the transport so that we could observe them at close range, and he did so. We were finally so near that we could see figures on the decks, but strange to say the cruisers paid no attention to all our signaling. They were flying no ensign, so it was impossible to say what nationality they might be. They were proceeding due south in line of battle, and the flagship was continually signaling to the others. It was very humiliating to our Captain that they ignored his signals, and he finally ordered that the gun be discharged. It was then that I was glad I hadn't signed on as gunner, for I wouldn't have known anything about how to proceed. There was a great scurry in the forward quarters, and old Bismarck, who kept the supplies, was almost crazy with excitement. He was running everywhere with his face all flushed and a wild look in his eyes. It was soon evident that something was gone wrong, and there

was a laugh among the sailors when it was discovered that there was no powder on board. Of course the cannon wasn't fired that day, and I thought to myself that I would have been quite safe in signing as a gunner since they couldn't possibly discharge the cannon without powder.

The warships kept on their course without noticing us in any way, and that evening there was a great discussion in the mess-room as to what nationality they were. Some insisted they were French and others claimed they were either German or Russian. Mr. Casey held that only an Italian would act with such discourtesy, and there was no end to the talk. This subject remained paramount in the mess-room conversation for several weeks, and I suppose we will never know what country claims those indifferent men-of-war.



CHAPTER XLI

The Historic Island of Malta

WE were due to arrive at Valletta, the chief Maltese port, on a Monday morning, and on the Sunday afternoon previous there was a short prayer-meeting on the fo'c'stle head for the soldiers and sailors. One of the Georgia recruits addressed the meeting, and his talk was helpful to all of us. When the service was over, one of the Congressmen who had been present, suggested that if we all wanted something interesting to read we should turn to the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Acts, where we would find an account of how St. Paul was shipwrecked on this very Island of Malta which we were going to visit on the morrow. At his request I read these chapters to the crowd, and everyone was interested. It would be a fascinating story to read at any time, and it was especially interesting because the *McClellan* herself was nearing the historic island.

We anchored off the island before daylight, and about seven o'clock in the morning we passed through the narrow harbor entrance and anchored alongside several British men-of-war. There were cruisers and battleships and torpedo boats on every side, and we counted no less than thirty-two ships of all sorts belonging to the British navy. When we saw the forts, too, at the harbor entrance, we were willing to admit that Malta is quite well defended, and that England doesn't propose to lose her most important naval station. I think the harbor of Valletta is the most picturesque that I saw on the way to Manila. The city was built up on every side, and one could hardly discern the open sea at all. The water being very calm, large numbers of small boats came out from shore with innumerable things to sell to the sailors and passengers. Mr. Casey said they were called "bum-boats," and that we would find them in every harbor of the East. They deal in tobacco and cigars, fruit, shirts and underwear, and certain varieties of canned goods. In Malta they dealt chiefly in lace, for which the Island is famous.

It kept our masters-at-arms busy trying to keep the bum-boat people off the ship. They not only swarmed up the gangway, but very often they climbed up the sides of the vessels, and were showing their goods to the passengers before we knew it. We were kept running from one end of the ship to the other, chasing the pedlers away. The officers were fearful that they would enter the staterooms and rob the passengers. Those fears were well grounded, as I discovered later, when I had my camera stolen in one of the ports, and found that it had been carried off by a native.

Among the Maltese

I was anxious to go ashore in Malta as soon as possible, for it had been arranged that the Eddy boys and I were to visit the sights together. Timmie was to go along, too, if he could get away at the same time. When we saw what a nuisance the pedlers were going to be, we gave up all thoughts of the outing, but good Mr. Casey insisted that we go ahead and carry out our plans. He said he would be responsible for the order of the ship. "I've been here before, my boys," said he, "and I know ye'll have a good time. Go ahead and enjoy yerselves, and come back at eleven o'clock, so that I can get a nap before mornin'." We thanked him for his continued kindness, and as he promised to make it all right with Captain Linder, we started off without waiting to ask permission.

When we landed at the custom-house we found that we could get a carriage for about twenty-five cents an hour. This was so cheap that we decided to be luxurious for once and hire one for the day. Howard Eddy said that he would rather visit the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck than any other place, so we ordered the driver to take us there. It was a considerable distance from the port, but everything we saw was so new and interesting that we didn't notice the length of the drive. I had once visited Rome, so the architecture wasn't altogether different from what I had seen before, but I have never been in a place where the street-life was more picturesque. The Maltese costumes were similar to those of the peasants of South Italy, made up of brilliant colors and in graceful fashion. The people we met seemed to be industrious, and it is said that Malta is one place on earth where a Jew cannot earn a living. The Maltese can beat the Jew merchant at his own game.

When we reached the inlet called St. Paul's Bay, we found a statue erected to commemorate the event which took place there, so people evidently believe that it is the exact place. They say the coast-line has changed somewhat since the day of the Apostle, but it still looks as if the wreck might very easily have taken place in the way the Bible describes it. We found an American boy about ten years' old swimming near the statue. The beach was stony and the water was dirty, so we were surprised to see him bathing in such a place. "We saw a much better beach than this not far back," I said, "and you ought to go there to swim." He gave me a pitying glance. "You don't reckon I'm swimmin' just for fun?" he asked. "I'm swimmin' here so's I can tell the fellers at home that I've swum in the place where St. Paul was wrecked, and which the Bible tells about." I had no more to say after this explanation, as such a triumph will surely repay the boy for the hurt his feet received. Kenneth Eddy was so taken with the idea of bathing that he insisted that we find a place to try it. We walked down to the shore a piece and finally discovered a sandy stretch which looked very tempting. So we undressed and enjoyed a good swim in the warm waters of the Mediterranean. I felt worried all the time we were in for fear there might be an undertow or even quicksand, but

we didn't discover anything of the sort. It was all delightfully pleasant, and we felt that this good sea-bath was alone worth a visit to Malta.

After our swim, we had the driver take us to an old church which is constructed over a cave. This cave is said by the Maltese to be the identical one in which the Apostle lived during the three months he spent as a missionary in the island, and when we entered it we felt as if we were truly in holy atmosphere. I suppose there is no way of proving that this is really the cave of St. Paul, but the natives have faith enough in it to have constructed a very beautiful church as a monument. As we boys stood within the four limestone walls of the sacred dungeon, we were deeply impressed with a sense of the sacrifices which were made by the Disciples of Christ in order that we might know the blessings of Christianity.

A Visit to the Chapel of Bones

After the cave the boys decided they wanted to visit the famous Chapel of Bones. We had been told that there was in Valletta a church constructed entirely of skeletons, and we thought this could hardly be possible. When we entered the place, however, we saw that this was true of the interior, at least. The walls and ceiling were built entirely of grinning skulls, and there were thigh-bones piled along the walls to a height of several feet. In the altar itself there were several complete skeletons. "Well, I never," said Timmie, after he had looked around. "This beats all I ever heard tell of. It would be enough to give a man the jim-jams to come in this here place after dark!" I thought to myself that it wouldn't be a cheerful place in which to attend church on Sunday. Howard Eddy said he'd never go to church at all if he belonged to that parish. One of the Congressmen, who happened to visit the place at the same hour with us, explained that these bones and skulls had all belonged to the crusaders who started from Malta to the wars in Palestine. When they were killed they were brought back to the island for burial, and years afterward their bodies had been dug up and the bones used to build this chapel. Over the altar there was an inscription in Latin. Howard Eddy knew sufficient of the classics to be able to translate it, and it read as follows: "The world is a theatre. Life is really a tragedy. Every earthly thing is a personification of vanity. Death breaks and dissolves the illusion and is the boundary of all earthly things. Let those who visit this place ponder over these maxims, pray for perpetual rest for the dead lying herein, and carry with them a lively remembrance of death. Peace be with you."

British and American Soldiers

None of us cared to remain very long in this gruesome place, so we went out into the warm, lively streets and enjoyed ourselves. We agreed that we were more interested in life than in death, and sat ourselves down in front of a cafe to have



THE CITA VECCHIA OR OLD CITY OF VALLETTA



THE LANDING AND HARBOR AT VALLETTA

what they called a "lemon squash." It was simple lemonade, in fact, but the English predominate in Malta and give their names to things. Kenneth Eddy professed to a great admiration for everything English, and especially for English soldiers. He asserted that they were usually better trained than the Americans, and Timmie almost exploded with wrath. "Why," he exclaimed, "look at the Revolution and the War of 1812! What are you talking about?" They carried on a heated argument, much to the amusement of various Englishmen in the cafe, and in the end Kenneth certainly triumphed. Some English soldiers were talking to a party of recruits from our transport just across the street when Captain Logan walked by. The English Tommies were off the sidewalk in a moment, with their hands saluting. The poor recruits made never a move and didn't notice the Captain any more than if he were not there. We saw Captain Logan stop, and his face grow red. He looked at the recruits in disgust for a minute, and then he opened up with such a broadside of strong language that we blushed unconsciously. He compared the recruits to the genteel Englishmen. "Those men," he said, "have no orders to salute the officer of a foreign army, but they did it out of courtesy, while you stand here like blockheads. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, and I hope you'll take some lessons in discipline from your English friends while we're in port here."

The good Quartermaster walked off in high dudgeon, while the recruits looked after him with dark faces. The English soldiers had nothing to say. "There," said Kenneth triumphantly, "I told you so. There's an exhibition of comparative discipline in the two armies. I couldn't have had it better if it had been made to order." Timmie had to shut up for the time being, but of course it wasn't fair to compare inexperienced recruits with trained regulars.

There were some interesting exhibits of armor in one of the Government buildings in Valletta, and we boys examined them carefully. We were all longing for the days of the crusades when there were knights in armor and battles worth talking about. "It must have been great," said Howard, "to ride an armored horse and fight with spears instead of guns," Kenneth sneered. "I guess you would have had to get up your muscle before you could do much in armor," he said. "If you ever fell off your horse you would be as helpless as a babe." Howard let this remark pass without reply because he was used to such taunts from his younger and stronger brother. We passed from one room into another, and each seemed more interesting than the last. This building had been erected centuries before, and each apartment had been the scene of some historic event. We had heard so little of Malta previous to our visit, that we had no idea of its wonderful history and the great men who had been its rulers. We discovered that it had been owned by nearly every great nation known to history, first by the Phoenicians, then by the Greeks, the Romans, the French and now it belonged to England. "If it's going to pass continually to the greatest known power," said Timmie, "Malta will soon belong to the United States of America. We would find it very convenient

as a coaling station for our warships on their way from New York to Manila."

We had supper in the evening at a native restaurant. The meat cost us only about twenty cents each, and we had a regular course dinner, beginning with soup and fish, and ending with dessert and coffee. Everything tasted good, and we decided to patronize the little eating-place every time any of us were ashore. When we had finished our meal, we walked arm-in-arm through the lively streets of Valletta. We had no coats with us and carried our hats in our hands. We whistled every American tune we knew, from "The Star-Spangled Banner" to "Yankee Doodle," and occasionally we regaled the Maltese with such popular songs as "Hello, My Honey," and "Rosey, You ah Ma Posey." I'm sure the natives thought we were tipsy, even though Timmie and I were wearing our official caps, and they didn't seem to appreciate the musical beauty of "rag-time."

At ten o'clock I told Timmie that we must get back to the transport so that Mr. Casey could go to bed, and Howard and Kenneth were so tired that they were ready to go, too. We all agreed that we had spent a fine day and that Malta was the best place we'd found yet on the voyage. "I imagine, though," said philosophical Timmie, "that we'll think every place we visit is the 'best yet.'"



CHAPTER XLII

From Valletta to Port Said

WE were anchored in the interesting harbor of Valletta for four days, and during that time Timmie and I went ashore together several times. One morning Timmie remained on board the transport, that Mr. Casey could go ashore, and I remained that same afternoon. Our chief master-at-arms thought that one day ashore was enough for anyone, and I really think that he saw more during that one day than Timmie and I saw during all the stay in port. The British soldiers were visiting the ship in large numbers all day long, and they became great friends with our recruits. Most of them appeared to be dissatisfied with life in Malta. "It's all right for a short visit," said a little corporal, "but you'd get jolly well sick of it after a year or two." Several Tommies said they would give a good deal to be going out to fight in the Philippines, and that they would be only too glad to exchange places with the men on the *McClellan*.

Some English residents of Valletta came out to a dance which was given on the transport one evening, but they didn't have a very good time. They didn't dance the American dances, and of course none of our people could dance as they do in England. So the entertainment degenerated into a conversation party, and it was all very stupid. Few of the Americans had ever been in London, and none of the English people had visited America, so they had no common ground at all. We sailors were rather glad that we weren't invited to take part in such festivities.

No Maltese Cats in Malta

Every time we boys went ashore we found some new and wonderful thing, but somehow I didn't see the very thing I had expected to find. One of the few bits of information I possessed concerning Malta before my visit, was that it must be the place from which Maltese cats come. And in going about I kept my eyes open for cats of that description, thinking that I would take one back to the ship if I found any especially fine. But I didn't see any at all. There were black cats and yellow cats, and cats of nearly every sort except the sort we call Maltese. When I met the American Consul, I asked him if he had seen any during his stay on the island, and he said he had discovered only one. "I asked the owner where she got it," he said, "and she told me it had been imported from Sicily." So it seems that all the Maltese cats have turned emigrants long ago.

They had in Valletta a great number of little white, woolly dogs, which are known as Maltese poodles, and these were very popular with the sailors. They bought several to take back to the ship, and when we finally left port there was quite a menagerie on the forward. We already had there an old cat with four kittens, and three cages of birds, and I wondered whether they would all live together in peace. We got two monkeys a little later in the voyage, and I sometimes thought that if they all started fighting there would be a worse disturbance than even the masters-at-arms could stop. But each animal had its owner, who was careful to keep it out of trouble, and there was seldom any quarreling. Both the monkeys and the poodles were afraid of the cats, and the birds were hung out of harm's way.

We had the blue peter up, and were all ready to sail out of the harbor on Thursday evening, when a launch came out from the custom-house with a message from the Governor. It stated that five privates were missing from the garrison, and that they were probably stowed away on the *McClellan*. The Governor asked that a thorough search be made. Captain Linder ordered Mr. Casey and Timmie and I to do our best to find the men, but although we looked in every likely place, there was no sign of them anywhere. Captain Logan then sent back word that he would have a more thorough search conducted on the way to Port Said, and if the men were found he would turn them over to the authorities in that port.

Deserters from the British Army

We were no more than out of the harbor when we all sat down for supper in the mess-room. We observed that Mike, the messman, had an assistant whom we had never seen before. When we inquired concerning him, Mike said he was an American who had been beached from a liner at Malta, and that he had obtained permission from the Captain to work his passage out to Manila. As the fellow was pleasant and made a good appearance, he was accepted as a valuable acquisition to the mess, and he was soon friendly with us all. About seven o'clock Captain Linder sent for the masters-at-arms, and when we were lined up before him he said we would have to find those soldiers before we did anything else. "I'm convinced they're on board," he said, "and you've got to find 'em." Timmie and I looked at Mr. Casey and then at each other. We didn't relish this task before us, for if the soldiers wanted to escape we felt more like helping than hindering them. But we had our orders, and Captain Linder expected them to be obeyed. We armed ourselves with electric torches and started out. I was so unfortunate as to find one of them within five minutes. There was a pile of wooden boxes outside the commissary, and when I looked behind them I saw the poor 'tommie lying fast asleep. I thought of the punishment he would have to undergo when he was returned to Malta, and it was hard to wake him and take him to the Captain. There was no doubt about him being a deserter, for he still wore his uniform.

After this we all three made a thorough search in the hold. The place was so ill-smelling and the air was so close that I said no person could live down there, even if he hid himself, but after a while we came upon two of them huddled in an army wagon which was being taken out to the Philippines. They were almost exhausted after remaining in the place several hours, and they were glad to go on deck, even if they were arrested. Of course those Tommies could never have entered the hold and closed it up after them, and there was only one explanation of how they got there. The recruits had told them it was a good place to hide, and they were going to pass them food and drink until it would be safe for them to appear on deck. It was too bad to spoil their plans, but, as Captain Logan said, "It wouldn't do for a transport to go around carrying off the soldiers of a friendly government." The fourth one wasn't found until Jim Syphers went up into the crow's nest at eight bells, and there the poor fellow was, drenched to the skin in the driving rain, and wishing that he had stayed with his regiment in Malta. The fifth was never found at all, for when we reached Manila, it was discovered that Mike's mess-room assistant was one of the deserters. He landed before the officers knew anything about it, and the British army is still minus one man.

The four were turned over to the British Consul at Port Said, and they received a rousing send-off from our recruits, who sympathized with them from the bottom of their hearts. Some of them had already discovered that army life isn't exactly the same as life on a Georgia farm, and they realized what the Tommies were going back to in Malta.

My Friends Among the Passengers

We had some warm days during the voyage from Malta to Port Said, and the men employed in the engine-room went about their work with no clothing on except their trousers. They came into the mess-room in the same attire, but I was used to most anything by this time and didn't care what they wore. My stay in the mess-room was very short at every meal. My appetite was beginning to leave me, and I could no longer enjoy the tough meats and canned fish which were served up every day. With bread and coffee and soup, and what fruit I was able to get, I managed to exist during the day, and at night I could always get something in the saloon pantry. Timmie didn't eat much more than I did, and Mr. Casey was the only one of the three who seemed to enjoy his meals. But Mr. Casey was an old sailor, and may have eaten even worse food than that given us on the *McClellan*. Occasionally my friends among the passengers would save me some fruit and cakes, and very often the Eddy boys brought me delicacies they had been able to obtain from the saloon waiters.

Having been more than three weeks on the transport, I was beginning to feel very much at home. The sailors were still friendly and with some of them I was almost intimately acquainted. Beside Mr. Casey and Timmie, I liked the boat-

swain best of the fellows up forward. He was a nice fellow and happened to know some friends of mine on Long Island. All the crew treated me as if they had known me always, and the "Kid" came to be a much-discussed person. The mess-room conversation always centered about me, and they were continually trying to get my opinion on various subjects in which they pretended to be interested. When I expressed an opinion it was sure to be made the subject of a joke, so I was always careful what I said. When we gathered on the fo'c'stle head in the evening to watch the sunset, I was sure to be the butt of all the sailors' humor. I didn't mind this in the least and enjoyed it as much as any of them.

Most of the crew were anxious to reach Port Said, for everyone had heard that it is the most wicked, filthy city in the world. They expected that shore leave would be granted, but in this they were mistaken. We remained at anchor only one day before starting through the great canal, and there wasn't sufficient time for anyone to go ashore. It was a good thing the sailors couldn't go, for they had just received their month's pay, and it wouldn't have lasted long in such a place.

I wasn't particularly anxious to go ashore myself, for the harbor at Port Said was filled with interesting sights. A number of great ships were waiting to start through the Suez Canal, and several came out while we were at anchor. There was a great deal of visiting between the different vessels and back and forth to the custom-house, and there were the usual number of bum-boats. The chief article of trade in this harbor seemed to be Egyptian cigarettes, and they were so very cheap that most of the crew laid in a large supply. I don't know whether they were good or not, but after I visited one of the Egyptian factories I didn't think I'd care to smoke the product. It could hardly help being filthy.

Music on the Water

During the afternoon a boat-load of Italian musicians came out from shore and entertained us for more than an hour. There was a string band, and they sang all the most beautiful Italian and Spanish songs. It was delightful to hear, and they carried away a lot of money when they finally went away. It is said that they make a large income by going from one ship to another in the harbor and playing their repertoire. Such music would be appreciated at any time, and it is especially welcome during the long wait which is necessary before a ship can start through the canal. On this same afternoon the regimental band we had with us gave a concert, but we all felt that we would rather listen to the Italian string musicians.

No one seemed to know at what hour we would be able to start through the canal. It seemed that several vessels were on their way through, and it was deemed inadvisable to start others until the earlier ones had made some progress. During the afternoon the electricians of the canal company came aboard to make



SCENE ALONG THE BANKS OF THE CANAL



THE HARBOR AND CUSTOM-HOUSE AT PORT SAID

ready for the passage. They fixed two great searchlights to our prow, and said that they would make the country along the canal as light as day. We were glad to hear this, for everyone was anxious to see the great waterway, and its surroundings, too.

About six in the evening we saw a great ship emerging from the canal, and as she came nearer we could see that she was a German troop-ship, homeward bound with troops from China. She was fairly covered with men in khaki, and I'm sure I never before saw a ship with so many passengers. She steamed slowly past us, and when the men saw that we were a United States transport bound for the Philippines they began to cheer. Then Captain Logan ordered our band to play "Das Wacht am Rhein," and it seemed that those German cheers must have roused the sleeping Pharaohs from their graves. The band on the troop-ship returned our compliment by playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and it turned out to be a very effective international incident. We cheered the Germans until they were out of hearing, and they cheered us in turn.

It was nearly dark when we lifted anchor and started through the world-famous Suez Canal, and every person who could possibly be on deck was there to see it. As masters-at-arms, Timmie and I had to keep the fo'c'stle head clear for the electricians, and we had a good opportunity to see everything along the banks.



CHAPTER XLIII

Through the Suez to Ismailia and Cairo

WE proceeded through the canal under our own steam, but we went very slowly. The rules of the company are very strict, and the pilot regulated the speed from his station on the bridge. Mr. Casey, who had been through very often, said that the wash of the water would wear away the banks if we went faster than five or six miles an hour. As a matter of fact, we went at the rate of about eight miles an hour.

I had heard and read so much about the great Suez that I was rather disappointed when I found it not different in appearance from the Erie Canal in New York State. It was wider, of course, and deeper, but it looked like any ordinary canal, just the same. The banks were low and sandy, and Timmie said he wondered how they kept the water from leaking away. Mr. Casey told him the canal is below sea level, so of course there will always be water in it. Dredge boats are working all the time to keep the channel clear, and it costs the company a great sum every year to keep the waterway in good repair. One of the Congressmen told us that it had cost more than a hundred million dollars to build it and keep it in repair, and it seemed to me that the stock of the company couldn't have paid many dividends. But Captain Logan said it cost the *McClellan* \$4,500 to pass through, and after that I changed my opinion. The canal is only eighty-eight miles long, and while going south we met five large steamers going north, so that it must be used a great deal. Most steamers have to pay more than the *McClellan*, for they are charged according to their tonnage, and so much for each passenger on board. We were of low tonnage and carried comparatively few passengers. They say that the great liners which go every week from Germany and England to the Orient have to pay as much as \$10,000 for the passage through the canal.

Through the Suez Canal

Every time we saw the searchlight of another steamer coming north, we were obliged to tie up to the bank. The waterway is too narrow to permit of steamers passing under way, and it looked as if we could almost shake hands with the people on the passing boat. About ten o'clock Captain Logan announced that we were about to meet a United States gunboat, which was on her way to the Mediterranean from Manila. This was great news, and everyone got ready to give her a rousing greeting. The band was stationed on the fo'e'stle head to play

"Yankee Doodle," and the soldiers arranged to give three cheers and a tiger for the navy men. When the gunboat at last approached and passed us, we discovered that the enthusiasm was all on our ship. Nearly everyone on the other was asleep in bed, and it seemed that they didn't take the least interest in the fact that they were passing a transport bound for the Philippines with soldiers. It was a disappointment to us all, but we comforted ourselves with the thought of how sorry they'd be when they awoke in the morning and learned what they'd missed. This was the first boat I had seen flying the American flag since leaving New York, and I made a note of the fact in my diary.

A lot of queer-looking negroes followed our boat along the bank, shouting and gesticulating, and begging us to throw money into the canal. They were entirely naked, and looked like some wild men from the jungle. "I guess them are sure-enough Africans," said Dan Driscoll, and all the sailors agreed that they were the "real thing." We didn't throw any money away, but we threw almost everything else, from a chew of tobacco to hard tack, and the natives dived into the canal after it all. They had to run to keep up with the steamer, and they kept up the chase for several miles without apparent exhaustion. "I guess they run by machinery," said Timmie, "or else they haven't sense enough to know when they're tired."

Troubles of a Policeman

The recruits were so anxious to see everything along the banks that it was almost impossible to keep them off the fo'c'stle head. I'd no more than clear one side than both Timmie and I were required to drive them off the other. They had but little respect for any of the crew, and the only person whose orders they obeyed was Captain Logan. One of the corporals was so persistent about standing on the head that Timmie determined to report him, and after he had done so, several of the soldiers jumped on to him, determined on revenge. Of course I entered the fray, and so did Mr. Casey. The three of us were being worsted, when the boatswain, and Mike the messman, took a hand, and finally the whole forward deck was a scene of uproar. It was the sailors against the soldiers, and every man of the crew was anxious to hammer the recruits for past offences. It was a merry battle, and might have ended seriously except for the prompt action of Captain Linder. He elbowed his way into the middle of the crowd and hit about him right and left until there was a general scattering. Then Captain Logan ordered the soldiers to their quarters below, and lectured them there on the duty of soldiers to obey orders. Captain Linder had never a word of reproach for the crew. He evidently considered that we had been on the defensive, and he wasn't the sort to object to a good fight if it were necessary. The whole incident resulted in nothing but good feeling all around. There had been a feud between the soldiers and the crew for some time, and this general scrimmage served to wipe it out. Both sides had fought bravely while they were at it, and each re-

spected the other on that account. Timmie and I found several candidates for the ship's hospital, and each of us had various bruises to rub with witch-hazel before going to bed that night. We didn't regret the occurrence, for after this the recruits obeyed our orders.

Howard Eddy, who always knew what was going on among the passengers, had told us that the *McClellan* would only go through the canal as far as Ismailia, and that she would anchor there for two or three days to allow the Congressmen to visit Cairo, the great Egyptian capital. Sure enough, we reached the town about one o'clock in the morning and dropped anchor. By this time all the passengers were asleep in bed, having tired of the monotony of canal scenery, and as it was Timmie's week with the midnight watch, I turned in, too. But I couldn't sleep for thinking of Cairo. This was a city I had always read about with the greatest interest, and I had heard from travelers that it was one of the most fascinating places to be visited on a trip around the world. And now I was within ninety miles of its busy streets and bazaars, with no likelihood that I would be permitted to see them for even a day. The Congressmen and the passengers could go, but I was only a master-at-arms. I dozed off about three o'clock only to dream of the pyramids and the sphinx, and when I went on deck at six in the morning, I was fully decided to ask for permission to make the excursion. It didn't seem at all likely that it would be given, for I was none too popular with Captain Linder, and Captain Logan might hesitate to send me off without consulting the sailing-master. Still, I reflected that things had often seemed impossible before, and I had been able to accomplish them without much difficulty.

A Piece of Luck

I wondered what would be a good time for me to see the Quartermaster, and decided that just after breakfast was the best. He ought to be in a good humor then. The excursionists were to leave the transport at eight-thirty, and I would have plenty of time to make my arrangements to go. I stationed myself outside the Quartermaster's cabin, and waited for about five minutes for conversation to cease within, when out walked Captain Linder. He glared at me in his usual pleasant way, and I felt weak and faint. He would understand now that something was up, since he saw me waiting there. I mustered up what courage I could and walked into the cabin. "Good morning," said Captain Logan; "have a seat." I sat on the edge of the chair and made my request. "I'm just crazy to see Cairo," I said, "and I've come to ask if it will be at all possible for me to go along with the Congressmen on the trip." I was immediately sorry that I had come. It seemed so impossible that he could grant what I asked. The Quartermaster waited a minute before replying. "I've just been arranging for you to go," he said. "Captain Linder was just in here, and he thinks it will be all right. Mr. Casey says that he and Timmie will be glad to stand your watch for two or

three days." I could hardly express my thanks. "Then I won't have to see Captain Linder?" I inquired. "No," was the reply, "everything is fixed, and you can start off with the others at eight-thirty. The Eddy boys are going, and Congressman —— says he will be glad to take you as his guest."

I went forward with my brain in a whirl and sought Mr. Casey and Timmie. They had known that I was to go, and appeared to enjoy the prospect of such an excursion for me almost as much as if they were going themselves. This made me happier still, and everything was lovely. They said I needn't worry about my watch, as one of them would always stay aboard and attend to any necessary duties. I had but few preparations to make. A tooth-brush was the only luggage I carried with me, for the plan was to remain only two nights and three days, and I didn't care to be burdened with anything unnecessary. The Eddy boys had soap and towels, and I put my pajamas in one of their satchels.

Off for Cairo

Our start from the transport was quite an event. The soldiers lined the rail, and they gave a cheer as the sturdy launch left the gangway. We landed at the Ismailia wharf, and a minute later I set foot for the first time in Egypt. Most of the party took carriages to the railway station, but Howard and Kenneth and I decided to walk, as it wasn't far. We were of course interested in our surroundings. We passed along a great avenue of date-palms, and everything about was typical of the Orient. The costumes of the people, the pleasant cafes, the architecture, all reminded us of the Egyptian pictures we had seen, and as Kenneth said, "It's just like the Arabian Nights, and I guess we'll see the Scheherezade at the next corner." In one of the cross-streets we observed some camels, the first any of us had seen hitched to wagons, and they appeared so ludicrous that Howard insisted on stopping to take a photograph of them.

We found the railway station without any difficulty, and the train was there, ready to start. The Congressmen were engaged in a mad effort to make the ticket-seller understand English. They had only American money, and that he refused to receive, insisting that they produce some English gold in payment for the tickets. The situation was rather alarming, for the reason that only a very few minutes remained for argument before the train started, and no one knew where they could get American money changed. Finally a professional money-changer appeared on the scene, and he was welcomed as a long-lost brother. The Congressmen weren't particular at what rate the exchange was made, just so they obtained their tickets for Cairo.

The train and locomotive had evidently been constructed in England, and were on the English plan. There were first, second and third-class coaches, and our party traveled second-class, which was fairly comfortable. The third-class compartments were impossible, for the reason that they were crowded with all

sorts of ill-smelling natives, who were probably wearing the clothing they had donned at Christmas time. We boys couldn't understand why the Egyptians wear such quantities of clothing in midsummer, when Egypt is one of the hottest places on earth. Some of the men and women looked like rag-bags, padded to the fullest extent, and they must have been almost smothered. They were really so much upholstered, that when two of them engaged in a fist fight at the Ismailia depot, the blows had no effect whatever unless they struck the faces of the combatants.

Through Historic Towns

We began the journey of ninety miles soon after nine o'clock, and for three hours we passed through a country different from any we had ever seen before. For some time after we left Ismailia there was nothing visible but stretches of hot sand as far as we could see, and the wind which came in at the windows was fairly scorching to the skin. Kenneth said it was really too hot to breathe, but it felt cool in our lungs, and the Congressmen tried to figure out how it could burn our faces and still be good to breathe. They finally decided that it was refreshing because of the total absence of moisture in its composition. When we had accomplished about half the distance to Cairo the appearance of the country was entirely changed, and the reason wasn't hard to find. The whole landscape was a network of canals, in which the waters of the Nile were carried to irrigate what had formerly been an arid desert. Oxen were turning water-wheels to force the water from the main canal to dozens of smaller ones, and as a result the former desert was now a picture of fruitfulness. Cotton and tobacco were growing side by side, and I mentioned that I never before had seen cotton in the field. "Well, that's a nice thing to admit," said Kenneth. "An American boy doesn't need to visit Egypt to see cotton growing, and you ought to be ashamed to confess such a thing."

The country villages along the railway consisted mainly of mud huts, which seemed to be connected one with another, and from a distance one could only discern a black, shapeless mass. Animals and human beings exist under the same roof, and the filth we observed was sickening. Every collection of huts was decorated with piles of rubbish on the roofs, and the only attractive features were the palm groves which were invariably near by. Judging by what we saw on the way to Cairo, village life in Egypt is primitive indeed.

At the larger stations there was always a lively scene. Native girls came to the car-windows with earthen jars of water, and at a place called Zagazig I was so thirsty that I couldn't resist drinking some. I knew it was probably dirty, but I wasn't prepared for the shock one of the Congressmen gave me. "Why," he exclaimed, "you don't know what you're doing. This town is infested with cholera, and more than likely that water is filled with germs." He was quite right. The town was about to be quarantined, and I was sorry I had yielded to my thirst.



WATER-CARRIER IN AN EGYPTIAN VILLAGE



RESTING ON THE ROAD TO CAIRO


I was actually nervous for days for fear the cholera would show itself, but there were no symptoms whatever. After this warning, I drank no water at stations, knowing it to be from the canal, and when we finally pulled into the Cairo station at twelve-thirty, I was ready to drink almost anything in the way of liquids.

The question of water was a troublesome one during the whole of the trip around the world. Most of the passengers on the transport were afraid to drink any but bottled water, and I was often warned against drinking that which was supplied to the sailors. But I found it impossible to follow any other course. The water from the tank was always at hand, and it wasn't easy to get the bottled variety. Mr. Casey didn't take much stock in the tales of impure water. "Take my word for it," said he, "a man's goin' to die when his time comes, and he can't put it off by drinking bottled water. I've drunk water thick with germs, and look at me." And after looking at the sturdy old fellow, I laughed at my fears, and went to the tank for a drink.



CHAPTER XLIV

Beautiful Cairo

HE Cairo railway station was a busy place. Two trains were arriving at the same time with ours, so there was a great crowd, and a lot of pushing and shoving. It was soon evident that our party couldn't possibly keep together, so it was agreed that we would all meet at the hotel in the evening, and until that time follow our own devices. Howard and Kenneth Eddy said they didn't want to waste any time, and that if we three boys would go about together, we would certainly see more and have more interesting experiences than if we stayed with the crowd. "And besides," said Howard, "we won't have to spend so much if we go by ourselves." This was a potent argument with me, for though I had come as the guest of Mr. —, I was anxious to pay my own incidental expenses. It was agreed then that we would check the hand luggage at the station and start out immediately "to do the town," as Kenneth expressed it. I said that I wanted to see the pyramids before we did anything else. "If I can see them and the Sphinx, I'm willing to miss some of the other sights." The boys agreed with me, so we left the station and were launched in the teeming city streets.

None of us had any idea in what direction the pyramids were, so when we saw some trolley-cars in front of the depot, Howard said we might as well get on the car and see where it would take us. It was a surprise to me to find electric traction in the capital of Egypt, for I had never heard there were such modern improvements in the Land of the Pharaohs. The cars were comfortable and up-to-date in every way. All the signs were printed in three languages, French, Arabic and Hebrew, but as we boys could read but little of any, we had a hard time making the conductor understand what we meant when he came to collect our fares. We had no Egyptian money, of course, and tried to persuade him to accept American silver. This he refused to do. He talked at us for a while in some strange tongue, and finally he stopped the car and put us off. Kenneth Eddy was highly indignant. "Well," he said, "what do you think of that? American money ought to be good all over the world, and if I were running the government I'd make it so. It's an outrage for us to be put off in the street, and I've a notion to see the American Consul about it." We persuaded him to do nothing so rash. "It would be only a waste of valuable time," I said, "and anyhow, we are sure to see more of the city walking than if we whizzed along in trolley-cars."

In the City of the Caliphs

The street in which we found ourselves was wide, well-paved and beautifully shaded with fine trees. Its general appearance reminded me of the great Paris boulevards, and all the time I was in Cairo I was reminded of the beautiful French city by the cafes, open squares and French architecture which predominated in all the main thoroughfares. At one of the cafes we sat down to have some coffee before proceeding on our search for the pyramids. We expected to stop about ten minutes, and remained an hour. The passing show was fascinating. There were people of nearly every nation passing back and forth along the street. There were French, Germans, Russians, tall Arabs in brilliant costumes, native Egyptians, soldiers of the British garrison, Spanish dancing girls, black Soudanese and haughty Abyssinians. The variety of costumes was wonderfully attractive, and the whole scene recalled the famous Midway of the Chicago Fair. We boys immediately decided that Cairo was great. "Just to think we've got only three days in this place," said Howard; "I'd like to stay here a year." "Yes," I said, "and if it's this way now, can you imagine how delightful it must be in the winter season, when fashionable tourists are added to the throng? It must be too fine for description then." There was music by a women's orchestra in the cafe, and this added to the enchanting scene. We might not have appreciated it all so much under other circumstances, but having come direct from the tiresome transport, Cairo seemed like another, brighter world. Its cosmopolitan life was a tonic to us all.

At the end of an hour we felt that we had wasted too much time at the cafe, so we started down the street again. Kenneth asked a policeman for the "Neel," as the famous river is called in French, and we turned off in the direction which he pointed out to us. After a few minutes we found ourselves entirely away from the gay boulevards, and in a native quarter which was as different as could be. The streets were narrow, winding and dirty, crowded with camels, donkeys and all sorts of strange vehicles. It was as much as we could do to elbow our way through the multitude, and at last we tried walking lock-step fashion. This worked better, but the dark Arabs scowled after us as if they thought us mentally deficient. After half an hour we were apparently no nearer the Nile than when we started, and were getting discouraged, when all at once we came to a native bazaar. We had all read of the Cairo bazaars and had seen poor imitations at Coney Island and various exhibitions, so now we decided to see what the original was like. It was even more fascinating than we expected it would be. There was an endless network of booths and passageways, all crowded with shoppers, so our progress was necessarily slow. But we were in no hurry to get out. There were innumerable things on sale which none of us had ever seen before, and it was a great temptation to empty our purses then and there. The only thought that restrained me was that I would surely find no end of beautiful things to buy in

Ceylon and Singapore and China and Japan, and that if I spent much money in Cairo I would surely be sorry for it afterward. Howard and Kenneth bought a lot of cheap trinkets, and were ashamed of them long before they reached Manila. I purchased a few souvenirs, to take back to Timmie and Mr. Casey and some of my friends among the sailors. They cost but little, and after all their kindnesses I wanted to remember them in some way.

Inside a Mohammedan Mosque

It was even harder for us to leave the bazaar than it had been to start away from the cafe on the boulevard, but it was after four o'clock, and I knew that we would never see the pyramids unless we continued on our way. It seemed to me that the further we walked the more interesting our surroundings became. When we arrived in front of a beautiful mosque the Eddy boys insisted on entering. They wanted to see what it was like inside and what the worshipers were doing, if there were any. Of course we had to remove our shoes at the door. Howard and Kenneth thought that a great joke, but it was no joke for me, since I had a great hole in my stocking. There had been so much excitement on the transport during the past week that I hadn't accomplished my usual darning. The attendants didn't seem to notice the hole, and I suppose they thought me very luxurious to be wearing stockings at all. The mosque was worth taking off one's shoes to see. Its decorations were gorgeously beautiful, and the whole interior was finished in white alabaster. There were rich Oriental rugs for the prayerful to kneel upon, and several Mohammedans were engaged in their devotions at the time of our visit. "My," whispered Kenneth, "how they do bob up and down. I should think they wouldn't need any physical culture if they come here every day and go through all those motions." I explained that Mohammedans go through the motions whether they visit the mosque or not, and later in the evening we saw numbers of them kneeling in front of their houses, facing toward Mecca, and praying to Mohammed. It was a scene that made us realize more than before that at last we were actually in the East, with all its queer customs and traditions.

When we left the mosque we started again in the direction which had been pointed out to us by a policeman; but for fear we were going wrong, I stopped a native and asked him for the "Neel." It was some time before he grasped my meaning, and then he pointed, and we knew we were going right. In five or ten minutes it was evident that at last we were approaching the great river, and about seven o'clock in the evening we stood on the bank, and saw before us the "Saviour of Egypt." It was indeed a great river, with a sweeping current, and this was only one of several branches. We had no time to look at the water. "Look over there!" shouted Kenneth, and there were the three great pyramids, standing out dim and majestic in the evening light. They appeared to be not far away, but

I said it was out of the question for us to reach them this evening. It would be dark before we could go half way, and certainly we didn't want to get lost out in that desert. "Besides," said Howard, "we are due at the hotel for dinner now." Kenneth wanted to go on. "I'm willing to miss dinner any time," he said, "if I can visit the pyramids, and I think we ought to continue, now that we've come this far. I'm sure we can get out there before it's dark." We couldn't decide what was best to do. Howard wanted to return to the hotel. Kenneth was determined to see the pyramids before he slept, and I was neutral. It did seem a shame to be so near and then go back to the boulevards. While we were hesitating, a couple of young fellows came along who looked to be English. We stopped them to ask how far it was to the monuments, and they said it must be about six or seven miles. We found them so interesting, and so willing to answer our questions, that we asked them a great many things about the city. They inquired whether we were ordinary tourists, and when we explained whither we were bound, they said they had read in the papers of the *McClellan's* arrival at Ismailia, and had wondered whether some of the passengers wouldn't visit Cairo. They said they were young Englishmen who were staying in Cairo for their health, and that they had found Americans "awfully interesting." We sat talking on the banks of the Nile for half an hour, and finally one of our new-found friends jumped up with the suggestion. "I'll tell you what we can do," he said. "It will be moonlight about nine o'clock, and we can as easily visit the pyramids then as during the day. It will be much more interesting, in fact, and if you once see those great piles of stone and the Sphinx by the light of the moon, you never will forget it. We can cross the river here by ferry, and have some lunch in a little cafe on the other side. Then, when the moon comes up, we can go out to the pyramids by trolley."

"By trolley!" I exclaimed.

Friendly Englishmen

"Why, yes," said the Englishman, laughing. "We're quite American in our enterprise. We have a rapid electric line running out from the Kasr-el-Nil, and it will take you the six or seven miles in about twenty-five minutes." He went on to explain that the trolley system is owned by a Belgian company, which declared a thirty-per-cent. dividend during the previous year. "So, you see, the trolley is popular here. Many of the natives ride back and forth without any object whatever, except to enjoy the sensation of traveling through the air so rapidly. One of their favorite recreations is to take a trolley-ride, and on a holiday it is nearly impossible to obtain a seat in one of the cars."

We all thought it exceedingly kind of the Englishmen to take us out to the pyramids, and accepted their invitation without any hesitation. One of the great joys of traveling is the experience of meeting new people and making friends with them, and this seemed a fitting climax to our first delightful day in Cairo. We

crossed the Nile on a ferry, which seemed very primitive when we remembered the ferry-boats of New York harbor, but we reflected that we were several thousand miles from Broadway, and wouldn't care to find everything as we were accustomed to see it at home. The cafe where we ate our evening lunch was built out over the river, and from its cool balcony we had a splendid view of the river itself and the city of Cairo opposite. The night was fine and cool, so cool, in fact, that I wished for a light overcoat. The Englishmen told us that the nights and mornings are cool in Egypt the year round. "It's only the middle of the day which is uncomfortable," they said, "and nearly everyone stays indoors at that time. It's only tourists, like yourselves, who are so foolish as to go about in the noonday sun." Kenneth hastened to defend our seeming indiscretion. "If you had only three days in which to see all this wonderful city and its surroundings," he said, "I imagine that you, too, would go out in the hot sun. Neither sun nor rain nor snow could keep me indoors here." This speech expressed the sentiments of Howard and myself, for we were continually thinking of the short time we had to stay. I looked forward with dread to going back to the transport and my little bunk on the forward deck, and as I observed my pleasant surroundings in the cafe, I almost decided to stay for a time in Cairo, and give up my plan of going around the world.



CHAPTER XLV

Visits to the Pyramids



ABOUT nine o'clock the full moon made the surroundings as plain as by day, and our English friends said it was time we started for the pyramids. So when the trolley-car came along we boarded it, and were soon on our way to the object of our long journey. The track was laid along a fine carriage-road, which was lined with beautiful trees, and we boys decided to ride along that road in the daytime so that we could see more of the scenery. It took us less than twenty minutes to reach the end of the line, and there, when we left the car, we saw the great tombs of the Pharaohs at close range. They looked to be very near, but the Englishmen said it would be a long journey up to their level, and then around them, and that we would have to mount camels for the trip. We were glad to do this, for Howard and Kenneth had never been on the back of a camel in their lives, and I had enjoyed the experience only once. People sometimes get seasick from the swaying of the animal, but we knew we had been too long at sea to go through that again. Each camel had a black boy to drive it along, and when we were once mounted we proceeded up the sandy hill at a rapid pace. In two or three minutes we were on the plateau of Gizeh, and near enough the largest of the pyramids to touch its sides. The moon made everything stand out distinctly, and we all agreed that it was much more romantic to visit the place at night than during the "garish day," as Kenneth expressed it. The whole scene about us was deeply impressive, and none of us had much to say. The Englishmen explained the different peculiarities in the construction of the great monuments, and all of us were wondering how those great stones could ever have been lifted in place. "They didn't have derricks then," said Howard, "and I don't see how else they could ever get them up." The Englishmen laughed at our speculations. "A great many wiser heads than yours have worried over this question," said one of them. "It is still unknown how the pyramids came to be built, and it isn't known certainly why they were ever constructed at all. It is the general supposition that they were erected as tombs for the ancient rulers of Egypt, for the mummies of kings have been recovered from them. If you like, we can walk into one of the pyramids and see the place where the mummies were." This suggestion made us shiver, because we didn't much relish the idea of entering such a dark place at that time of night, but of course we went. We weren't going to miss anything at all, if we could find a way of seeing it.

The Pyramids by Moonlight

We found nothing but a kind of cave within, and didn't remain long. "I'm glad to be able to say that I've been inside the largest of the pyramids," said Kenneth, and he told of this experience many times after our return to the transport. When we remounted the camels, we rode across the sand to where the Sphinx was looking out over the valley of the Nile. It was sufficiently dark to hide the irregularities of her features, and from a distance of a hundred feet they seemed to express a knowledge of the wonderful past. I quoted the words of Napoleon when his army was encamped on this plateau, "Remember, men, the wisdom of the ages is looking down upon you." I don't know that we boys felt exactly that, but we were certainly moved at the thought of all that had taken place since first the Sphinx looked out on Egypt. The Englishmen told us that when the Sphinx was first discovered she was covered with sand, and that several times since the sand had been dug away from round her. "She must be anxious to bury herself," said Kenneth, "and I'm glad that they didn't allow her to do it until we'd been there."

After making the round of all three pyramids, Howard suggested that we climb the one called "Cheops," which is the highest of all. "No, indeed," said I. "It must be hard enough to get up in daylight, and I don't want to fall down in the dark." But he was determined to climb the pyramid by moonlight, and the Englishmen sided with him in his contention that it would be easy enough to accomplish. "It's nearly as light as day," they said, and they offered to make the climb with us. I didn't want to seem backward, so I agreed to go, too, and we all started together. The climb wasn't easy, by any means, even if our friends did know the easiest way up, and the best way of gaining a foothold in the stones. It was only after twenty minutes of hard work that we stood at last on the summit. Then I felt repaid for the effort and was glad we had made the ascent. We had stretched out before us a wonderful panorama. Below us was the sandy plain, with a long caravan of camels winding its way southward across the desert. A short distance east was the wonderful Nile, and across it beamed the myriad lights of Cairo. At our right was the impenetrable Sphinx, and down the Allee des Pyramides were the lighter carriages of pleasure-seekers from Cairo. I couldn't restrain my feelings as I thought of all the history associated with the places I saw before me. "This one experience," I said, "is worth the discomfort of working one's passage on the transport. I can never be sorry after this that I started out to work my way around the world, and I will return to the ship with new courage for the remainder of the trip. I will never forget this beautiful night and our trip to the pyramids." We were loath to descend again to the earth and earthly duties, but the hour was late, and we knew we had a busy day ahead of us on the morrow. We remounted the camels and reached the car-line just in time to take the eleven o'clock car back to the city. The Englishmen accompanied



THE KASR-EL-NIL AT CAIRO



THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE SPHINX

us as far as the hotel, where we said good-night, and arranged to see them again before leaving the city. When we reached the room which we three were to occupy together we didn't feel at all like going to bed. "It's a positive shame to spend any time in sleeping," said Kenneth, "when we're in a place like this for only three days." But I explained that we wouldn't enjoy our experiences on the morrow, if we were tired and ill from loss of sleep, and finally we were all in bed at midnight.

A Morning Ride on Donkeys

At six in the morning we were up again, and at six-thirty we had partaken of a breakfast of coffee and rolls and were in the street. Our plan was to visit the pyramids again before leaving Cairo, and we were anxious to make the journey in the early morning while the air was cool. We had been interested the day before in seeing so many people riding round the city on the backs of donkeys, and it was Howard's suggestion that we make the trip to Gizeh in that way. It would be cheaper than to hire a carriage, and we would be quite safe, for with every donkey a boy was furnished to run behind and poke it with a stick. We found several boys with donkeys near the hotel, and remembering our experience in Tangier, we made an agreement as to payment before we started out. We were all laughing when we began the long ride. It seemed very funny to be trotting through the city streets on the backs of donkeys, which were so short that our feet almost touched the ground when we let them hang, and it was funnier still to think of those black boys running behind to beat the donkeys with a stick in order to make them trot. We wanted them to trot as fast as possible in the beginning, but after a while our chief desire was to have them go slow. We felt as if our very insides would be jolted out, and Kenneth said he was so sore from the continual jolting that he wouldn't be able to walk for a week. We were tired of the experience long before we covered the distance to the pyramids, but none of us were willing to give up. We stayed with the donkeys until we reached the camels, and then Kenneth declared that of the two evils he would choose the lesser and ride around the pyramids on a "ship of the desert." So we dismissed the donkey boys and returned to the city by trolley, and after this, when we saw the natives riding donkeys at a trot, we felt convinced that they had no nerves at all.

Our second visit to the pyramids of Gizeh allowed us to examine them more closely than we had been able to do the night before, and we spent some time with one of the guides, who gave us much interesting information. Among other things he told us that the great stones were at one time covered with alabaster, and presented an appearance so dazzling that it was almost impossible to look at them in the sunlight. The alabaster had finally been carted off by the Mohammedans, who used it to construct their beautiful mosques in Cairo and other cities. He showed us pieces of the alabaster lying about in the sand, and we carried some of it back to the ship as souvenirs.

We returned to the hotel about noon, and learned that the rest of our party were arranging to visit the pyramids during the afternoon. We were able to give them some hints about how to go and what to do, and we particularly advised them not to be tempted to ride donkeys. "It's all right to do in Rome as the Romans do," said Kenneth, "but don't attempt to do in Cairo as the Egyptians do, or you'll surely come to grief." Nearly all our friends had a vivid recollection of our excursion to Tangier, and this warning was scarcely necessary. We were delighted to find that they hadn't even heard of many of the interesting places we had seen in our tramp about the city. Most everyone had remained at the hotel the previous evening for fear of malaria in the night air, and some of them had wasted their time in playing whist. We boys were horrified. We knew they could play cards on the ship, where there was nothing else to do, and it seemed a wicked waste of opportunity to remain indoors in Cairo.

Street Scenes

We started out again immediately after lunch to see something more of the street-life and the native quarters. We had the memorable experience of witnessing a Moslem wedding, and the ensuing progress through the streets. We couldn't understand the meaning of the strange ceremonies, but it was great fun to follow the bride and groom as they drove from the mosque with a band of music to accompany them and a great crowd of natives following after. The music was indescribably strange. It sounded something like the so-called music we had all heard in the streets of Cairo at Concy Island, but there was more of it, and more variety to the one tune, which never seemed to end. The bride and groom amused themselves by throwing handfuls of copper money out of the carriage windows, and the resulting scramble was worth traveling a long way to see. We boys kept just far enough behind to see everything and to avoid the worst of the crowd, and we felt repaid for the uncomfortable tramp. The procession stopped in front of a handsome house, and there the crowd dispersed. The band went to refresh itself at a neighboring cafe, and Howard suggested that we go there, too, since they might begin to play again. I had no real desire for any more of that kind of music, but I wanted to see everything unusual, and went along.

There was an English newspaper on file in the cafe, and in looking over it I observed something which interested me very much. There was a note stating that the Shah of Persia was staying in Cairo for a few days at one of the great hotels, that he was traveling incognito and on private business. "Well, here's great luck!" I exclaimed. "An old friend of mine is here, and I'll take you boys to see him. Have you ever heard of Mouzafter-ed-Din?" Howard and Kenneth looked at me as though they thought me temporarily insane. I hastened to explain. "Mouzafter-ed-Din is the Shah of Persia," I said, "and I became quite well acquainted with him while I was in Paris at the Exposition. He's very glad

to meet young Americans, and we will all three call on him this evening after dinner. I'm sure he hasn't forgotten me, and we won't have any difficulty about getting in. He is one of the most interesting characters I ever met." Howard and Kenneth looked at each other and then at me. I could see that they had real doubts about whether they would meet the ruler of Persia, and I decided to say no more at that time. I was delighted at this unexpected good fortune, which had given me an opportunity to renew my acquaintance with one of the strangest men living, and the cafe life had no longer any interest for me. I left the boys to wait for the band to play, and hurried to the hotel which had been mentioned in the paper. I wanted to learn if the Shah were really there before I took the boys to call.



CHAPTER XLVI

The Shah of Persia



AS soon as I reached the fashionable hotel, I could see that the Shah was really staying there. In the lobby I recognized some of the attendants he had with him in Paris. They wore the same black caps which had impressed me then, and I knew there was no use making inquiries at the desk. The Shah was in Cairo and at this hotel, and I must plan a way in which we boys could see him.

We left our party at the hotel where they were staying, immediately after dinner, because I wanted to reach the Shah before he had time to start out for the evening. One of the Congressmen said as we were leaving, "I wonder what those youngsters are up to now?" We only smiled, and I told him we would report on our return. There was no use telling what our plans were, because something might occur to prevent me carrying out my purpose.

Arrived at the Shah's hotel, I went up to the desk and handed the clerk a card, upon which I had written a little incident by which the Shah might remember me. The clerk looked me over carefully. "Do you know this gentleman?" he inquired. "Oh, yes," I replied, "I know him very well. If you'll just send up the card, there'll be no difficulty about my seeing him." Howard and Kenneth looked at me with bulging eyes. This whole scheme seemed a foolish one to them, and they were horrified to hear me talking about the King of Persia in this way. "I think this is all some practical joke," said Kenneth, "and a dangerous one, too. If the Shah is here, and he doesn't know you, we're liable to be arrested as anarchists." I simply smiled, and waited for the boy to return from his Majesty's apartments. As I expected, the answer was favorable, and we followed the boy down the hallway and up a flight of stairs. Finally we entered a reception-room, and from there passed into a bedroom which was gorgeously decorated in white and gold. Beyond this we could see through the open door a party of gentlemen at dinner. "Come right in," said the boy, "the Shah is having coffee."

With Persia's Shah

The dining-room was small, and there were six gentlemen, all Persians, seated about a small, round table. The Shah sat farthest from the door, and was facing us as we entered. *Bon soir, bon soir*, he said, in French, and extended his hand. "I didn't know that you would remember me," I said. "These are two

other American boys who are on their way out to Manila, and as you are always interested in young people, I thought perhaps you wouldn't object to having them introduced." The Persian ruler laughed in a hearty voice and extended his hand to Howard and Kenneth. "Very glad to meet you," he said, and the boys bowed and smiled. They were plainly embarrassed, and it was surely an awkward position that we were in. The gentlemen were not through dinner, and there didn't seem to be an extra chair in the room. The Shah looked about him for a seat to offer us, and was about to ring a bell when I interrupted him. "We won't stay," I said; "I only called to say that I remember your kindness in Paris, and that I hope to visit Persia some day and see you there." Then he began to ask questions. He wanted to know how I happened to be in Cairo and where I was going. Then he had to explain to the gentlemen of his party how I had been in Europe all alone at the age of sixteen, and how he had seen me serving American baked beans in a booth at the Paris Exposition. The men appeared to be interested, and kept me talking for several minutes about my traveling experiences. They said they had never heard of such travelers as all Americans seem to be, and the Shah said he was surely going to visit the United States at some time or other. The gentlemen drank their coffee and smoked while talking to me, and we boys might have stood there indefinitely if the servant had not appeared to announce another caller. We had an opportunity, then, to get away, and, as Howard and Kenneth were plainly anxious to go, I said good-night. "I won't be surprised to see you anywhere, after this," said Mouzaffer-ed-Din, "and I hope you'll always call when you're in my neighborhood."

The boys had said almost nothing while we were in the dining-room, but as soon as we reached the hotel lobby they began to chatter. "Isn't he great?" said Howard, and "Wasn't he jolly?" said Kenneth. And then they said that they had expected to see some person dressed in Oriental costume, with a turban and rings in his ears. "His suit of clothes must have come direct from London," said Howard, and I told him that it most probably did, since the Shah has all his clothing made in Europe. "He looked rather dissipated," said Kenneth, "but nearly all of these Far Easterners look that way, and he seemed to be well educated in French and a perfect gentleman." "Why shouldn't he be a gentleman?" I asked. "Persia is not a country wholly benighted, and the Shah has a great many foreigners living at his court. And besides, he has traveled very extensively through Europe, and was in France for several weeks at the time of the Exposition."

Characteristics of the Shah

Leaving the hotel, we took seats in front of one of the cafes, and I started to tell the boys something about the characteristics of Persia's ruler. The first time I saw him was on a day when he went to visit the museum of the Gobelin tapestries in Paris. It was announced in the papers that he would go there, and a great

many people, like myself, thought this would be a good chance to see him at close range. So the galleries were filled with visitors all morning, as the exact hour of the visit wasn't known. About ten o'clock the guards came hurrying into the room where I was, and ordered everyone to line up against the wall. It seemed the Shah had arrived much sooner than he was expected, and they were making way for him to pass through into a reception-room which had been arranged. There was a lot of shoving and pushing, and everyone was talking of "the Shah," and saying over and over, "The Shah is coming now." It happened that there was in the crowd a woman with her little daughter, about six years old, and the child had a fox-terrier in her arms. These people were standing near me, and I noticed that the dog was making an awful racket, with his barking and snarling. The child's mother was doing her best to quiet him, but all to no avail. In a little while the crowd around was laughing, and finally the whole roomful was convulsed at some joke I couldn't understand. I asked a man next to me what the disturbance was all about, and he explained that the little dog was an unconscious punster. The word in French for cat is "chat" and is pronounced the same as the title of the Persian King. The little terrier, like many American dogs, had been taught to bark every time a person said "cat" in his presence, and now that he heard everyone saying "Shah," he was convinced that some feline was in the room. The French people were delighted with the mistake, but the little girl was badly frightened. Her mother said that if the dog didn't stop barking the Shah would certainly take it away with him, and she was in terror for fear this prophecy would be carried out. The more the crowd laughed, the louder the terrier barked, until finally there was a general uproar.

The Shah entered the room just when the merriment was at its height, and when he saw everyone laughing and heard the dog barking, his natural curiosity came into evidence. He inquired of the director what it was all about, and that embarrassed official had to explain that the terrier had mistaken his Majesty for a cat, and that the mistake had pleased the people. The Shah was delighted. He asked that the little girl be brought to him, but when the attendant went after her the child refused to move. She was positive then that the Shah was going to take her dog, and she burst into tears. Then, since the mountain wouldn't go to Mohammed, Mohammed went over to the tearful mountain and asked to see the dog. The little girl had put it behind her back, and she refused to bring it forth. The King stood there for at least two minutes, talking and cajoling. "I'd like to buy the dog if it's pretty," he said, and this remark caused the child to cry more than ever. Finally the situation became too embarrassing for even Mouzaffer-ed-Din, and he moved on to the reception-room. I imagine that after this experience he was careful not to speak to little girls who were crying in public. It is probable that the incident was laughed over by the royal party when they were at dinner that evening, and it was chronicled in the papers next morning, to the delight of the Parisians.

A Lover of Children

A few days later he went to visit the Louvre Museum, and after he had visited several of the galleries, the officials took him to a room where they had ready a buffet lunch. A crowd had been following the Shah about the building, and when he began to eat in this room the people lined up in the doorways to watch the operation. He always seemed delighted to have the crowd about, and made objection when the French police ordered people to keep a block away from the house where he was staying. Even after an anarchist jumped on the step of his carriage and fired a pistol point-blank at his chest, he persisted in his desire to have the populace follow him about the city. He seemed to enjoy the excitement of their cheers. On this day at the Louvre there was in the crowd a little ragamuffin about seven years old, who went up to the Shah while he was eating lunch and handed him a faded rose, which he had probably picked up in the street. The flower was dirty and withered, but this bit of attention pleased his Majesty very much. He took the little boy's hand and held it for two or three minutes while he talked. Then he brought out a shining gold piece with his effigy upon it, and handed it to the child, who ran off grinning. I have often wondered since what became of this royal souvenir. Very likely the boy took it to a money-changer's and had it turned into French gold; but I would like to believe that he will keep it always, and perhaps relate to his children's children how he came by that Persian gold.

The Shah showed his love for children in many ways. There was a long line of boys and girls at his house every morning, waiting to ask for almost anything, from a doll to a bicycle. It was said that not one was turned away empty-handed, and frequently the King himself would chat with the little ones. When he visited Brussels, the children there besieged his residence all through his stay, and his generosity was never exhausted. He seemed to have no end of money, and he was reported to have said that he would rather give it to deserving children than spend it in any other way. He spent \$20,000 during one visit to the grounds of the Paris Exposition; and it would be hard to estimate the sum he disposed of during the whole of his European tour. Before we boys left Cairo the following evening, we met the Shah driving through the native quarter, and throwing money out of the windows of his carriage. This was very nice for the natives, but it caused such a disturbance that I imagine the police would rather he would distribute alms in some more formal way. But it would be unnatural for Mouzaffer-ed-Din to be like other rulers or live as others do. He is a unique character, and I will always think of him as one of the remarkable men I have met in going about the world.


When Howard and Kenneth and I returned to our hotel about ten o'clock at night, our friends reminded us of our promise to tell where we had been. "I'll bet you have been in some mischief," said an old colonel, who had the Eddy boys

under his charge. "Well," said I, "we've been to call on the Shah of Persia, and we found him as charming as usual." The people looked as if a thunderbolt had struck in their midst, and then they all began to ask questions at once. They talked until they finally knew as much about the visit as we did ourselves, and then they were angry because we hadn't taken them along. They said we were as selfish as could be; we had visited the pyramids by moonlight without taking anyone along, and now we had talked with the Shah without inviting them to share the experience. "Well," said Kenneth, "you can't all be boys, you know, and you can't expect to have a good time wearing skirts. We expect to do some other interesting things before we leave here, but three is the limit of our crowd." When we were in our room and preparing for bed Howard expressed his opinion of people who were always wanting to do things and yet hadn't the nerve to undertake them. "They're much happier playing whist than they would be running around as we do," he said, "and it's their own fault if they miss a lot of interesting sights."



CHAPTER XLVII

Through the Red Sea to Aden

UR last day in the City of the Caliphs passed all too soon, and the hour drew near for us to leave for Ismailia. I dreaded the return to the dreary transport, and felt as if we were going back to prison. It had been so delightful in Cairo, so pleasant to go and come as I pleased, without being ordered about by several different officers. It was a real temptation for me to remain in Cairo and go from there to London, instead of continuing my trip around the world, but I knew if I yielded to this desire I would probably be sorry for it afterward. I had promised Captain Logan that I'd certainly be back, and it would be dishonorable not to keep my word.

Howard and Kenneth and I went to see the Englishmen who had taken us to the pyramids before we left, and they accompanied us to the train. We were truly sorry to say good-bye to them, for they had been good to three boys about whom they knew nothing, and had done much to make our stay in Cairo delightful. We gave them our addresses in the hope that they might some time visit America, and they in turn wrote down their addresses in England. We sent them either a letter or postcard from every port we visited during the remainder of the trip, and it is not impossible that we will all meet again some time in some remote corner of the earth.

After nearly three days of Cairo life, none of us were anxious to return to the monotony of existence on shipboard, and the ride to Ismailia on the railway was anything but cheerful. Most of it was accomplished after nightfall, so that we didn't have a view of the scenery, but the crowds at the different stations were larger than they had been on the daylight ride, and we boys had a lot of fun with some of the natives. We were careful not to drink any of the canal water which was offered us in earthen bottles, but a couple of Scotchmen who rode in our compartment were not so particular. At one station they not only drank the water which was offered, but they carried off the water-bottle, and paid the poor native girl not a cent for it. We didn't admire this proceeding, and Kenneth expressed his opinion of it in rather forcible terms, so that it looked as if there would be a fight at close quarters. I did my best to stop the fuss, because I didn't want to begin my work as master-at-arms any sooner than I could help, and after a while the Scotchmen quieted down. They seemed to think it permissible to treat the natives as mean as possible, and didn't relish any criticism of their way of doing it.

Home Again to the Ship

When we arrived at Ismailia we boys walked down to the wharf, and there the transport launch was waiting for the party. We were soon on our way to the *McClellan*, and reached the boat about ten o'clock. All the soldiers and sailors were lined up to see us pass up the gangway, and when I found myself on the forward deck I was immediately surrounded by an eager crowd. Everyone wanted to know what I had seen and done in Cairo, and I lectured about my experiences there for nearly an hour. Timmie and Mr. Casey were interested listeners, and I felt glad to be back among such good friends, even if I didn't relish my work as master-at-arms. I offered to go on watch in Timmie's place from midnight till four in the morning, but he wouldn't hear of my doing it. "Why," he said, "you're more tired than if you'd been up for three watches in succession here. I know from experience that sightseeing is hard work, and you'll be good and ready for bed by this time." So I went to my little bunk and turned in. The mattress was a little hard, and the bunk itself was narrow, after the luxurious hotel bed in Cairo; but I slept soundly until five in the morning, at which hour we were to continue our journey through the Suez Canal.

We lifted anchor promptly on time, and started for Suez. It was interesting to pass along the narrow waterway by daylight, and there seemed to be more life on the banks as we went along. Several black men from the desert followed us, diving for money and yelling like mad. The soldiers thought them exceedingly funny and made some queer remarks regarding their appearance. We passed only two vessels passing north, and it was now their turn to tie up for us. One of them was a British liner homeward bound with passengers from India, and we exchanged hearty cheers and friendly remarks as the two ships were abreast in the canal.

Before noon we anchored off the town of Suez. It looked to be only a small place, and everyone said there was nothing worth seeing, even if we went ashore. One of the Congressmen said that it was supposed that the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea somewhere near Suez, but of course there was no telling the exact spot. Captain Logan had telegraphed for ice to be brought aboard at this port, and we all looked forward to having cold water to drink. It seemed that the supply of ice was so nearly exhausted that the soldiers and crew had not been favored with ice-water for several days. The supply which was offered at Suez angered the Quartermaster so that he refused to accept it at all. He said we would have to get along until we reached Aden, for he wasn't going to pay a high price for ice which was broken into slivers. We admired his economical spirit, but couldn't help wishing that he'd exercise it in some other place than the Red Sea, and in some other way than by stinting our use of ice. We knew full well that our condition would be sufficiently uncomfortable, even with plenty of cold water to drink.

Red Hot Weather in the Red Sea

When I mentioned my plan of going around the world, several of my friends had said that I'd regret having passed through the Red Sea in the month of August. They said it was by far the hottest body of water in the world, and that August was one of the worst months in which to make the passage. But I looked at the sea on the map, and decided that such a large body of water couldn't be so awfully hot, and that there must be a breeze of some sort. But the afternoon after we left Suez on our way south taught me that my friends had not exaggerated conditions in the least. The sun beat down from a burnished sky, and it wasn't possible to find a cool spot in the transport. I had considered myself too slender to perspire much, but I sat under the awning on the forward deck and the sweat rolled off me in great drops. Mr. Casey said that I needn't expect any cooler weather until we arrived at Aden, and we might not find it even then. "But won't there be a breeze?" I said. "Yes," he replied, "there may be a breeze, but it will come from the Arabian desert on one side, or from the Sahara on the other, and you will be more uncomfortable with the breeze than without it." This wasn't very encouraging, but Mr. Casey, as usual, was right.

When night came our little hole next the engine-room was like an oven, so Timmie and I decided to sleep on deck. I took just a blanket and a pillow and lay down on the hard wood. It seemed that there was no breath of air stirring, and not even the motion of the ship created a refreshing breeze. The soldiers and sailors were lying everywhere on the forward deck and the fo'c'stle head, so that I could hardly go about on patrol without stepping on some one. The passengers were fortunate in having cots which were attached to the ship's railing, and on them they were able to get some rest. I think that I had only three hours' sleep altogether, and Timmie said he had no more.

The next day was a "regular scorcher," as old Dan Driscoll expressed it. The sun was even hotter than after we left Suez, and we hadn't so much vitality to resist the heat. The sailors of the deck department worked in the open air, and could at least breathe freely, but the poor firemen and the engineer's department suffered terribly. They said it was almost impossible to get air into the engine-room, and they came up at noon and night looking almost suffocated. On the third day two men had to enter the hospital, and on the fourth there were three more laid up, and if the voyage had lasted much longer, there would have been no stokers left to shovel coal. Mr. Casey said that when the great ocean greyhounds steam through the Red Sea one or two firemen are always sure to die, for they cannot stand the hard work without sufficient air to breathe. This statement seemed horrible to Timmie and I. It is, of course, a great saving of time and money to go through the Suez Canal, but if valuable lives are to be sacrificed, it would surely be as well for the ships to sail around the Cape of Good Hope.

Dull Days for Sailors and Passengers


During part of our trip through the Red Sea we were in sight of land, but there was nothing but barren rocks, colored a dark red, as if they were burnt by the scorching sun. Occasionally we passed some small, rocky islets, and they looked dreary, indeed. There seemed to be no life anywhere about, and we wondered whether we would ever see the green, pleasant earth again.

The hot days passed slowly on board the transport. It was my week with the midnight watch, and as it was quite impossible to sleep during the day, I didn't get much rest at all. It was too uncomfortably warm to read or write, and all there was to do was to visit with the sailors in the fo'c'stle, and with old Frenchy, the bridge quartermaster. Frenchy had served a long term in the American navy, and knew innumerable tales of the service. I often felt that if I could take down his narratives just as he told them to Timmie and me, my fortune as an author would be made. Everyone on board the ship went about wearing as few clothes as possible. Some of the soldiers sat on the fo'c'stle head with nothing on but trousers, and Captain Linder went after them in his usual forceful manner. After that they were careful to keep in their quarters down below. The recruits had what was a really unpleasant time, because they had no regular work to do. I often thought that my life would be miserable if I didn't have to stand watch eight hours a day, and when I was off watch I was glad to be occupied with washing clothes or doing almost anything to keep me busy. The soldiers had nothing much to do except to play cards and think of home. Most of them suffered terribly from homesickness, and said over and over again that they would never have enlisted in the army if they had known what transports are like.

There is an end to everything, and on the fifth day our voyage through the Red (hot) Sea terminated at Aden, in Arabia. We knew that we were near some port long before we cast anchor off the town, because we saw so many rocks projecting out of the water and such a number of fishing boats. The town of Aden appeared to be built on rocky land, as barren as any we had seen during the voyage, and from the water it looked to be anything but interesting. This was a mistaken view, as I found on going ashore that afternoon.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Mid Oriental Squalor

HERE were two British men-of war at Aden, and we saw that we were again at a British coaling-station. Timmie said that England seemed to own every decent port on the way around the world, and this was evidently the case. Gibraltar and Malta dominate the Mediterranean, and Aden controls the entrance to the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. Beside this, there is an English Army of Occupation in Egypt, and all signs agree that this army will remain indefinitely. "We want to hustle around and get some coaling-stations for Uncle Sam," said Timmie, "or we might have a hard time in this part of the world in case of war. It isn't fair that Old England should have every port that's valuable." This conversation took place in the mess-room, and the assistant messman, who proved to be a deserter from Malta, expressed some sentiments which made him very popular with our crowd. "Why," he exclaimed, "in case of a war between America and any European power, the United States fleet could use any coaling-station that England owns, for she would be a firm ally. You have no idea what a strong feeling of friendship exists between the two countries. All this jingo talk doesn't amount to anything. On the China station, if a party of Yankee tars goes ashore and is pitched into by Germans or Russians, you can bet that there'll be a crowd of Britishers on hand mighty quick, and the Anglo-American alliance is successful every time. And if the British crowd gets into trouble, the Yanks help 'em out, and that's the way it always goes. There may not be a formal alliance between the two nations, but there's a mighty strong feelin' of friendship, just the same." This sentiment met with the approval of nearly everyone in the mess-room except two Spaniards who worked in the engineer's department. We had all been treated so well in the English ports we visited, that whatever ill-feeling we had toward Britain had been wiped away with kindness.

The Steamer Point

When the transport dropped anchor off the rocky peninsula of Aden, we could see only three or four buildings ashore. "That isn't much of a place," said Kenneth Eddy; "it won't be worth while going ashore here at all." Mr Casey laughed. "That isn't the town at all," he explained. "That is Steamer Point, and Aden is about five miles back. But I can tell you now that Steamer Point is cleaner and more attractive in every way than the native town. This is

one of the worst holes you can find on a journey round the earth, and for my part I'm goin' to stay on shipboard, where I'm fairly comfortable and can get something to eat." Captain Linder announced that we would have to stay in Aden two days in order to coal the ship, and of course Timmie and I didn't propose to remain quietly on board for a long time; so we asked for permission to go ashore that very afternoon, and when it was given, we went after Howard and Kenneth Eddy to go with us. We four made up a congenial crowd, and we could have a good time in any place, however uninteresting it might prove to be. Shore leave was granted to nearly all those in the deck department, but the engineer's people were obliged to remain on board and help in the coaling operations.

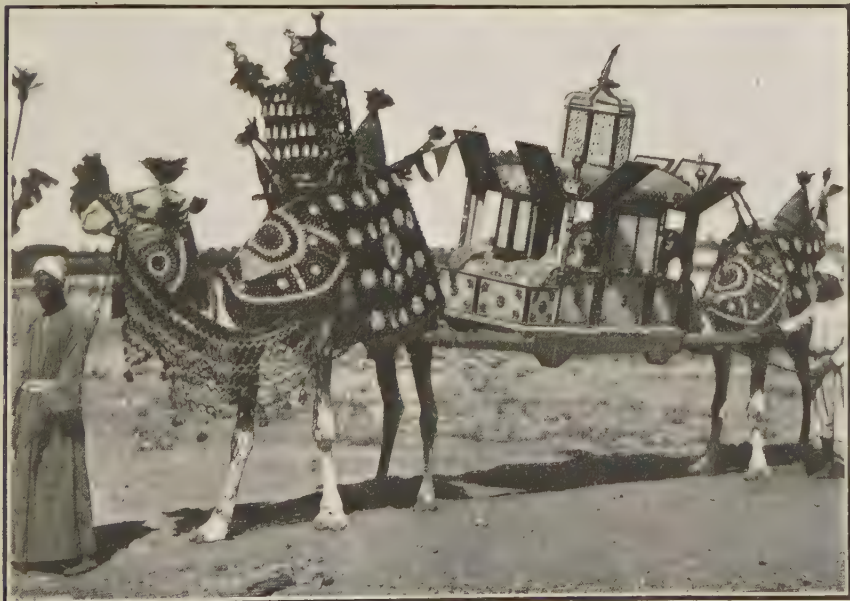
Our fun began as soon as we boys landed at the wharf and set foot for the first time on the Asiatic Continent. We were immediately surrounded by natives who had horses and carriages which were at our service for the journey overland to Aden, but none of us noticed the carriages at all. We were too much occupied with the natives themselves. They were the most remarkable persons in appearance that we had seen on our trip. They were Somalis from the neighboring coast of Africa, with shiny, black skins, and facial expressions which were positively idiotic. But they might have looked natural if they had left their hair as nature made it. Nearly everyone we saw had dyed his hair with a solution of lime until it was the color of a ripe orange, and shone out in strong contrast to his ebony skin. None of the natives were troubled with an over-abundance of clothing, and most of them were thin as walking skeletons, and looked as if they were not accustomed to good food or nourishment.

Popularity of Red Hair

It happens that my own hair is somewhat reddish in tint, and when those Somalis saw me land from the launch they stared at it in open amazement. I tried not to notice this discourtesy, but when they followed me about, and endeavored to get as near as possible to my head, so that they could examine it, I couldn't help being embarrassed. The boys noticed their curiosity, too, and of course they joked me about it unmercifully. "My," said Howard, "isn't it wonderful how these natives can admire red hair. Some people have to go a long way from home to be appreciated." "Yes," said Timmie, "I suppose the poor things don't know any better. It's possible that they have never seen any hair so red before." I didn't mind the attention I attracted, but I didn't relish the idea of being teased about it during the remainder of the voyage, so I tried to make the Somalis understand that I didn't appreciate their delicate attentions. But they followed me about just the same, and they called other natives to come and see. It is possible that they had never seen a foreigner with red hair, but this seems hardly probable, since so many ships coal at Aden every year. We entered a store at Steamer Point to buy some lemonade, and when I turned around suddenly there



A FAVORITE MODE OF TRANSPORTATION IN ADEN



CAMELS DECORATED FOR A WEDDING PARTY

were three natives examining me from behind. This was too much, so I went after them with a cane. The boys laughed uproariously, and they told all about it as soon as we returned to the transport. The sailors were not slow to take up the joke, and I heard about "Aden hair" during the remainder of the voyage. There's no doubt but what the Somalis thought my hair artificial, like their own, and if they had been able to speak English they would certainly have asked for my recipe. Whenever the sailors began to tease me about the Somalis' admiration, I would say: "Well, I don't mind. It's worth a trip around the world just to find a place where red hair is really appreciated." And this sentiment was usually enough to silence them.

After an hour among the English shops at Steamer Point, we boys began to consider ways and means of getting to Aden. A carriage was too conventional to suit, and no one had any intention of walking five miles in the hot sun, although there was a refreshing breeze from the southwest. While we were discussing the question, we saw a long caravan of camels passing along the road, and Kenneth had an inspiration, or what he called one. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "We'll go to Aden on camels, just like Arabs from the desert. That'll be great fun, and an experience none of us will ever forget." Timmie was equally enthusiastic. "I never did ride on a camel," he said, "and this will, maybe, turn out to be my last chance." Howard said he was willing, so I agreed, although I doubted the pleasure of a five-mile ride on camels' backs.

On Camel-Back to Aden

Having decided to ride camels, we had to look about for animals which we could hire, and there didn't seem to be any available. We walked all over the Point, and were getting discouraged, when Kenneth spied a short caravan coming up the road. "I'll make a deal with the caravan man," he said, and when the train came up to where we stood he carried on an animated conversation with the driver by means of signs. Finally an agreement was reached, and we mounted our beasts of burden. There were ten camels altogether, walking solemnly along in single file, and it was hard to decide which ones would be best for riding purposes, and it turned out that Timmie had chosen the meanest one of all. His camel refused absolutely to walk along at a comfortable rate. He insisted on trotting at intervals, and when Timmie kicked he would stop altogether. When he trotted, the poor boy had to hold on for dear life, and we all expected to see him thrown off. It was fun to watch the beast's manœuvres, but Timmie couldn't appreciate the joke. He yelled at us to make the driver stop so that he could get off, and at last we all waited while he could change to a more docile animal.

It took us some time to get accustomed to the queer, swaying motion, but after about fifteen minutes we felt as if we were true Arabs, who had ridden only camels all our lives. It was pleasant to be seated high above the ground,

where we could see everything of interest, and we felt quite superior to the ship's passengers, who passed us in carriages. They were surprised to find us riding camels, but one of the Congressmen said afterward that they needn't be surprised at anything "that quartette" did. "They'll always do the unexpected," he remarked, and we didn't object to this reputation. We hadn't started round the world to do the things we were accustomed to doing at home, and we all agreed that variety is the spice of life and the joy of travel. "They can play whist and knit if they want to," said Kenneth, "but we'd rather do something more exciting."

We had excitement enough to last us quite a while before we completed that ride to Aden. None of us had ever heard that camels would run away, so we were surprised when the leading one broke loose from the driver, and ran wildly down the road. Of course the others followed suit, and in less time than it takes to write it we were all clinging tightly to our animals and expecting every minute to be thrown off. Our feet were in the air most of the time, and every second we rebounded from the camels' humps. They seemed to be loping rather than trotting, and Kenneth said afterward that he'd match his camel to beat any trotter that ever ran a race. Of course they didn't run as fast as we thought, but we were sufficiently frightened to make us yell at the tops of our voices for someone to stop the runaways. We had no lines to pull them back, for they were tethered one to the other by ropes, and the driver controlled the whole number by leading the first. We didn't notice much of the passing landscape, but I recognized Captain Linder in one of the carriages we passed. He was leaning out of the window and grinning—for the first time during the trip, I'm sure. I said afterward that if our plight would make the Captain grin again, I was quite willing to go through another runaway experience.

Our Thrilling Ride

We were all about exhausted when all at once the camels stopped running. When we looked up we saw that the road led between two great walls of rock. There was an iron gate and other defences to mark the British territory, and when the guard saw the camels running without a driver he immediately shut the gate and stopped them. We were most profuse in our thanks, and Howard in particular acted as if he had been near losing his life. "We might have been killed," he said, "if those animals had thrown us against some of those big rocks along the road. I'll never ride one of them again, and I'll walk back to Steamer Point if we can't get a carriage. We couldn't help laughing, in spite of our fright, when Howard said he'd walk, for we were all so sore from the bumps we received that we couldn't have walked a mile to save us. We stayed there by the gate, and told the driver when he came up that we wouldn't pay him a cent for the ride we had. "If you lived in New York," said Timmie,

"we'd sue you for damages, instead, and before any decent jury you'd have to pay." This threat made no impression, since the driver couldn't understand English, but he realized that we wouldn't pay, and stormed about it in great style. He made all sorts of fierce gestures, but we weren't afraid. We were four to one, and we had several British soldiers there to help us. After a few minutes he took his frisky camels and went on to Aden, and we were glad to see the last of him.

We waited until we saw the boatswain coming along in a carriage, all alone. We greeted him joyfully, and told him that he'd have to take us on to Aden, since we were stranded in the desert. He was glad to do this, and said he wanted company, so all our troubles were over for the time being. "What an exciting time we've had," said Kenneth, when we were comfortably seated in the carriage and speeding along the smooth road. "Do you know," he continued, "I think it's that red hair which caused all the disturbance. In the first place it excited the natives at Steamer Point, and now it's made the camels run away. When you visit Arabia again," he said to me, "you'd better wear a wig."



CHAPTER XLIX

The Hottest Town in the World

WHEN the boys finally reached the town of Aden we found it to be a dirty, but decidedly interesting place. The people seemed to be the poorest of the poor, and considering the country in which they live, it isn't surprising that they haven't been able to accumulate a great deal of this world's goods. There was scarcely any green thing to be seen in the neighborhood, and what few trees there were had been planted in made land. It was impossible to buy fresh fruit. We went into a store and asked for pineapples, supposing, of course, they could be had in the green state, but the man offered us the canned variety, which we declined with thanks. We told him we could get canned pineapple at home. After we had been about some, we all agreed that we would rather live almost anywhere than in Aden, with its dirt and heat and wretched native population. The town is said to be the hottest in the world, and there is so little rain that the government had to devise a system of condensing the sea-water in order to furnish sufficient for drinking purposes.

We purchased a copy of an English newspaper which is published at Steamer Point, and one of the first things Kenneth read to us was an account of the terrible heat they were having in New York and Philadelphia. It gave the number of people who were dead, and after reading this we ceased to commiserate ourselves for being in Aden. "I guess we're no worse off than we'd be at home," said Timmie, "and we see so many interesting sights that we can sometimes forget the heat out here, while in New York we'd think of nothing else."

The Hottest City in the World

The Jewish shops in Aden contained many beautiful silks and embroideries, and we were tempted to buy them to take home with us. We resisted this inclination, however, and contented ourselves with the purchase of some Jewish caps, which were wonderfully made, and seemed to embrace every color known. We also bought some silk vests such as the Arabs wear, and when we paraded the streets wearing the caps and waistcoats, the natives lined up to look at us. The people from the transport laughed when they passed us by, and no doubt they envied us our freedom to do as we pleased, without regard to appearances.

The purchase which I prized most was a queer-looking musical instrument

which the natives called a domboura. We were going along a street and heard the monotonous tones which pass for music in the Orient. There was a crowd of natives gathered round an old man, who was picking a two-stringed instrument constructed on the order of an American banjo. It was much larger, and instead of thin sheepskin the rudely-carved bowl was covered with a piece of camel's hide, with some of the hair still intact. It looked as if it might have existed before the flood, and when I spied it first, I said to the boys, "There is the original banjo of the world." The old man picked one string and then the other, and the natives appeared to enjoy the sound. We watched them for awhile, and then I asked the player if he would care to sell the domboura, as he called it. He replied by asking a ridiculous sum, and I told him that I would give him one rupee, which is about sixty cents in American money. He pretended to be horrified at an offer so low, but before many minutes passed he agreed to take the money, and gave me the instrument. The natives laughed when they saw me carrying it through the street. I suppose they thought I couldn't play it, but I'm sure I can still get as much music out of it as that old man was able to make. When I reached the transport with my purchase, several of the passengers wanted to buy it from me, but I was determined to carry this primeval instrument home as the nucleus of a collection, and I kept it by me during the remainder of my trip around the world.

On this first day at Aden we remained ashore until nearly midnight. Mr. Casey had agreed to stand Timmie's watch, and as the town was so far from Steamer Point, we didn't expect to visit it again before sailing. And anyhow, one long day in Aden was enough. We had seen enough of the orange-haired Somalis who surprised us so at first sight, and before we had been about much, we discovered that the old men with beards dyed them orange as well. Kenneth never saw one of them without laughing, and pointing for the natives to look at my hair, and I became so used to these attentions on his part that I didn't object at all.

Into the Indian Ocean

It was good that we didn't plan to visit Aden a second time, for the transport finished coaling sooner than was expected, and at noon of the second day we lifted anchor and started for Colombo, Ceylon. The two British warships saluted us as we passed out, and our band played "Rule Britannia" as long as they were within hearing. The British officers, as usual, had treated our passengers with great kindness, and we all felt that the Anglo-American alliance was strengthened every time we visited a British port. The soldiers stationed at Aden had visited the recruits on our ship, too, and left behind them numerous souvenirs in the shape of buttons, shoulder-straps, and swagger-sticks. Some of the recruits had a regular passion for such trifles, and seemed bent on accumulating as many as possible on the way out to Manila. We were careful not to

carry off any deserters from Aden, and Captain Linder had the whole ship carefully searched before we left port.

When we got out into the ocean toward the evening of this day, it became evident that we were to have a rough sea. So far on the voyage we had been blessed with fair weather and no storms, and everyone had been saying that this condition of things was too good to last. So when the waves began to twist the *McClellan* from stem to stern, and to wash the forward decks, I said to Mr Casey, "I guess we're in for it, at last." "Oh, no," he said; "it's only the southwest monsoon, and we'll be able to make good time to Colombo with it back of us." I had never been able to distinguish between monsoons and typhoons, so I asked whether he meant that we were going to have a cyclone at sea. "No, no," he replied; "this is only a strong wind, and the sea won't become dangerously rough." Notwithstanding this assurance, I felt anything but comfortable, and by the time supper was over in the mess-room I saw that I was in danger of becoming seasick once again. This would be too humiliating, to be ill in the very middle of the voyage, after I had been at sea more than six weeks, and I tried my best to fight the feeling off. There was no remedy, though, and determination had no effect, so I busied myself in keeping out of the sight of every member of the crew, and bore my misery in silence. I stood my watch as usual, though I was too weak to patrol the decks, and as soon as possible I sought my little bunk. Timmie realized what was the matter. "Never mind," he said; "it's that grub we ate yesterday in that heathen town, and you'll be all right by morning. I'll stand watch for you, if you're not."

Another Attack of Mal de Mer

But in the morning I was no better. The old ship was pitching and tossing in a frightful way, and I felt like blessing those persons who insisted that the *McClellan* was a good sea-boat. I said to Mr Casey that I would as soon be sailing in a tub, and he laughed. "You'll feel better later on," he said, "and after you're well you'll enjoy this spanking breeze." Of course I stood my watch, as usual. If the crew knew I was laid up in bed they'd everyone know what was the matter with me, and I was determined to preserve my reputation at all costs. Most of the passengers were uncomfortable, too, so I had the decks pretty much to myself.

It was two days before I was able to visit the mess-room and stay longer than two or three minutes at a time, and three days before I felt like myself again. Then I began to take a renewed interest in what went on about me. The wind was still blowing from the southwest, but Captain Linder had ordered the sails hoisted, and they served to steady the ship. I went into the boat-swain's room and tried to find out something about monsoons in his sailing-books. I discovered a statement to the effect that the southwest monsoon blows

steadily in the Indian Ocean from April to October, so I knew there was no chance of smooth water before we reached Colombo. There was no music in the evening on the saloon deck, for the passengers didn't feel able to appreciate it, and of course they weren't in a dancing mood. They sat around in steamer chairs, or lay quietly in their cots on deck. One poor woman, the wife of a colonel, had been scarcely able to sit up since we left New York, and she said several times that she would never again travel by water for the sake of seeing her husband. "If he wants to see me after he's ordered back to the States, he'll have to go to Manila," she said, "for I don't ever expect to cross the ocean again." Of course she changed her mind when she was safe on land again, but no doubt she was in earnest in what she said while we were in the Indian Ocean.

There wasn't much sociability on the forward deck, either. The majority of the recruits were ill, and the sailors couldn't sit on the No. 2 hatch or the fo'c'stle head without getting drenched at intervals. Sometimes there wouldn't be a wave over the rail for an hour or two, but then a big one was sure to come sooner or later and drench everyone within reach. One day the Eddy boys had come forward to visit with Timmie and I. We were all seated on the hatch and planning what wonderful things we would do in Ceylon, when all at once we heard a yell from the boatswain's room. We knew what it meant, but before we could move, a great wave struck us from behind and rolled every one of us into the gutter. Then, when we were climbing to our feet, another followed, and still a third came after us before we could seek shelter. All this was great fun for the crew. They turned out *en masse*, as soon as the danger was over, to poke fun at our dripping clothes and woe-begone expressions. They didn't cease to talk about it in the mess-room for several days, and after this experience Timmie and I invited our visitors into our little cabin when there was danger of a drenching. The cabin, however, was not a pleasant place in rough weather. It was so situated that when the port was closed there was almost no air for breathing, and there was always a damp, nasty smell. Our clothes were mildewed if we left them in our lockers for two or three days without airing.

The Love of the Sea

We spent most of our spare time at this period of the voyage in Jack, the boatswain's room. He was a jolly fellow, and good to all us boys. He gave me much good advice about how I had better act when Captain Linder was about, and what things I had best leave alone. Some of the sailors sat up nights to think of jokes to play on me, and Jack used to warn me beforehand, so that I could sometimes turn the tables on them. He watched with interest my progress as a sailor, and often laughed when he recalled the first two or three days I had spent on board. "You've learned fast, my lad," he said one evening, "and you'll turn out a flat-footed sailor yet. You'll be sorry to leave the old

ship when we reach Manila. "I expect to see you go down the gangway with tears in your eyes." And when I thought of how homelike the ship had come to be, I wondered whether Jack wasn't right, after all. I was beginning to understand for the first time in my life why sailors love the sea, and can't bring themselves to work on land. When I first went to Europe, and saw how hard the crews work, and for what small pay, I thought they were foolish indeed. They could earn more money by less work ashore, and they would certainly have a much better time, altogether. But now I began to understand that a sailor feels safe and at home on shipboard, and is a stranger in a strange land when he goes ashore in port. Still, I was already looking forward to our arrival at Manila, and, remembering some of my experiences on the transport, I didn't think I would be sorry when the time came for me to leave.

The Captain and the first officer had always some complaint to make about the way I did my work, but now I was accustomed to this fault-finding, and it didn't worry me long. I knew that I would be through with them all at Manila, and until then I could put up with anything, especially as I had so many good friends among the sailors.

I had a great deal to think about during the long night watch from twelve to four, and this was now my favorite. I told Timmie that I would as soon have it all the time, and of course he was willing. I used to stand at the rail for half an hour at a time, watching the wonderful phosphorus in the water, and the great fish which followed the ship, and thinking of the trip which was before me and the interesting experiences which were behind. And although I never regretted that I had started round the world, I couldn't help thinking sometimes of Will Renwick and Jack Irwin, and the boys at home, and wishing that I were safe with them in the little Jersey town.

CHAPTER L

In Ceylon's Sunny Isle



T was one o'clock in the afternoon when the green shores of Ceylon first came into view from the fo'c'stle head, and a little later we picked up the pilot who was to steer the transport into the harbor. As we advanced within the great breakwater which forms the harbor of Colombo, every person on deck was searching the shore with his eyes, anxious to have first glimpse of some of the sights of the city. Timmie and I occupied our usual position on the fo'c'stle head, and I repeated the well-known lines which we used to sing so often at missionary meetings of the Junior Christian Endeavor Society:—

What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle:
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

"I don't smell any spicy breezes," said Timmie, as he sniffed the air. "Well," I replied, "I don't smell them either, but no doubt Bishop Heber did, or he would never have written those lines. I'm willing to agree with the third verse, if what we can see from here is a sample of the whole island. Every prospect is certainly pleasing to the eye." "And the vile men will appear later in bum-boats," said Timmie, laughing, "for they say Colombo harbor is filled with pedlers of every description."

"The Cross-Roads of the Nations"

Passing within the breakwater, we had some evidence why Colombo is called "the cross-roads of the nations." There were ships at anchor flying the flags of all the mercantile nations, and bound for nearly all the great ports of Europe and the East. The ship which interested us most was a great German trooper, which was lying next to us. She was homeward bound, with soldiers from China, and as we entered the anchorage her men gave us a warm reception. "Get out the band," ordered Captain Logan, and in two or three minutes

the air was resounding to the strains of "Das Wacht am Rhein." The Germans waited until the air was finished, and then they gave three cheers, the like of which none of us had ever heard before. "They're enough to wake the Buried Cities," said Howard Eddy, who had been reading up on the history of Ceylon and wanted to display his knowledge. The German band returned our compliment with an excellent rendering of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and then, when our men had finished cheering, the pleasant incident was closed.

That same afternoon, however, a French transport entered the harbor, homeward bound with troops from China, and the German and American bands played "La Marseillaise" amid the Frenchmen's cheers. Then the new band played the American and German national airs in turn, while everybody cheered. "The Singalese on shore must think bedlam has broken loose in the harbor," said Mr. Casey. "They have certainly never heard so many cheers before. It's strange three transports should anchor here on the same day."

When the soldiers from the three ships went ashore at the same time there were predictions that trouble would surely result. The officers on the *McClellan* said that the French and Germans would certainly come to blows if they happened to meet in a barroom, and that the American recruits would probably split and help both sides. But there were no unpleasant incidents at all. The German trooper left that same evening after she had filled her bunkers with coal, and it was an inspiring sight to watch her steam out of the harbor. Every inch of her deck-space and even her spars were crowded with the soldiers in khaki, who cheered us as long as we were within earshot. Our band played their national air again, and of course they thought of the dear fatherland for which they were bound. Some of our recruits were wishing that they, too, were homeward bound, instead of going out to the Philippines for three years' service.

We were anchored comparatively near the wharf, but the entire shore-line was so thickly planted with palm-trees that all we could discern of the city was the church-steeple and the signal-staff on top of the government building. The rich, green foliage along the water gave us an idea of what we might expect to find when we penetrated to the interior of this island, which has the reputation of being one of the most fertile and beautiful in the world. One of the Congressmen owned a book about Ceylon which he loaned me to read, and occasionally while we were in the Indian Ocean I read extracts aloud to Timmie and Mr. Casey and Jack, and others of the deck crowd. So we already knew that this was perhaps the most interesting place we would visit on the way to Manila, and that Ceylon is said to be the most successful and prosperous colony in the British crown. We were all of us anxious to go ashore at the earliest possible moment, since there was so much of interest to see, but the order came from Captain Linder that the masters-at-arms would have to remain aboard and do police duty. I was disappointed for the moment, but later on, when I found



SOME NATIVE BEAUTIES IN CEYLON



ELEPHANTS NEAR KANDY

what fascinating things there were to observe in Colombo harbor, I didn't object to staying on watch.

The Pedlers and Their Wares

The bum-boat men swarmed about the transport as they had done in no other port. They were so numerous that Mr. Casey and Timmie and I hardly dared go below deck, for fear they would climb over the side. They had all sorts of things to sell, but what interested us most was the fresh tropical fruit they offered. We didn't know the names of some of the varieties, and we had no idea whether they would be very good to eat, but we were willing to devour anything fresh after such a prolonged diet of canned goods. The pineapples were especially welcome, and for an English penny we could get the largest and juiciest ones to be had. Although the pedlers were not permitted to come on board, we had no difficulty in trading. They had baskets which were attached to long poles, and when we expressed a desire to purchase something, the basket was hoisted to the railing. They always insisted that we deposit the money before they sent up the goods. No doubt they had learned from sad experience that sailors develop a thieving tendency in foreign ports, and are not scrupulous about paying, once they have the goods in their possession. In the same way it was often necessary to pay the boatmen the fare before they would bring us out to the transport from the landing. Very often the sailors would reach the gangway, say "Ta-ta" to the native oarsmen and let them go without payment. Of course the poor natives couldn't board the ship, and unless there was an officer handy to listen to their complaint, they would never get their money.

Many of the bum-boat men in Colombo harbor had jewelry to sell, and at the request of the Congressmen a few of them were allowed on board to show their goods. The passengers had read in a guide-book that there is no place in the world where precious stones may be purchased as cheaply as in Ceylon, and they were anxious to learn if this were true. The native jewelers displayed their collections of unset stones, and also their rings and brooches, and there was a dazzling array of sapphires, diamonds and turquoises. When the passengers asked the price of any stones they expected to be able to purchase them eventually at about half what the jeweler asked, for it is notorious that in the East there is no such thing as one price for all. The Singalese merchant gets what he can for his goods, and the customer knows that he is sure to be cheated if he accepts the first valuation.

Jewels of Asia

It was finally developed that the prices of sapphires and other stones were wonderfully cheap, compared to what we would have to pay in New York, and nearly all the passengers bought rings, and bracelets, and unset stones. Of course

when the jewelers left the transport there was no way to find them again, since they were apparently homeless and nameless, and when it was discovered that the jewels were mostly glass and cheap imitations, there was great tribulation among those who had bought them so eagerly. Most of the rings lost their lustre after two or three days, and the gold on the bracelets was all rubbed off within twenty-four hours. It was evident that all the purchasers had been grossly deceived, and, as they had paid good prices in some cases, they thought it no joke. Even the ship's officers had been caught by the wily natives. The fourth officer paid \$35 for a supposed diamond and sapphire ring, and threw it overboard the next day. Nearly everyone threw their "jewels" away as soon as they began to fade, and the Singalese jewelers were a sore subject with them for many a day. Some of the fellows up forward made purchases, too, and we had great fun over it in the mess-room. When it was seen that the sapphires and rubies were only glass, we set to work to discover what kind of glass they were. "Mine is a piece of Apollinaris bottle," said Jack, the boatswain, and Jim Syphers said his ring was set with a piece of a beer bottle. Manuel Silva said his had once been next to good champagne, and that he would therefore keep it. "This is as near as I'll ever get to the real thing," he said, "and I want to wear the ring anyhow just to remind me occasionally what a fool I am."

"There are the original brownies!" exclaimed Howard Eddy, as he stood looking over the rail. We boys followed the direction of his eyes and saw eight naked boys a-straddle of a log, and paddling toward the transport. They were as brown as could be and had shiny black hair, which was only wavy, not curled. They made the log fly through the water and in a few minutes they were alongside. Then they stood up and began to cry out, "Di-di-di-dive, di-di-di-dive," at the top of their voices, making wild gestures at the same time. "Do you suppose they're crazy?" asked Kenneth. It certainly looked as if the boys were temporarily insane, for apparently there was no meaning to the noise they made. The passengers crowded the rail and watched them with great interest, but no one grasped their meaning until Mr. Casey came up to explain. "Why," he said, "they want us to throw money in the water for them to dive after. I've seen 'em do it many a time, and I guess what they miss gettin' wouldn't pay many carfares."

Diving for Coins

The passengers immediately started in to throw coins, and it was wonderful how those brown urchins dived into the water after them. Sometimes they would be out of sight for one or two minutes, but they always came up eventually, with the coin in their mouths or mayhap between their toes. They didn't miss a single one while I watched them, and they seemed never to tire of the swimming. "Why," said Mr. Casey, when Timmie remarked that they must be nearly exhausted, "them fellers live in the water. They're regular fish, and just as much

at home there as on dry land. This is how they make their livin', by divin' fer money 'round the ships in this harbor, and it's a good livin', too, considerin' that they don't buy no clothes, and can live on almost nothin' but fish and rice."


When the passengers tired of watching them dive, the boys stood on their log and delivered a Singalese version of "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-aye," which was certainly the funniest song I ever heard. I couldn't understand a word they said, and couldn't imagine what it was about, but the expressions of their faces and their gestures convulsed me and everyone else who was watching them. They got a lot of money for this performance, and Howard Eddy and I said we could make our fortunes by exhibiting them in America. Certainly, they would be different from any show which was ever seen in New York.

With so much to interest, the first afternoon which we spent in Colombo harbor passed quickly by. All the surroundings were new to us, and we saw boats which were like none we had ever seen before. Mr. Casey called them catamarans, and they looked so narrow, that Timmie said they would never in the world stay afloat in rough water. Then our chief called our attention to the outrigger, which extended from one side. "When it's rough," he explained, "the natives sit on the outrigger, and in that way balance the boat. It is a crazy arrangement, though," he said, "because it requires three times as much effort to force that boat through the water as it does to propel an ordinary canoe. I reckon these people has used 'em until they wouldn't think of usin' any other kind, and that's the reason they're so far behind the times; they hain't sense enough to pick up ideas from the foreigners." When I went ashore the next morning, I decided Mr. Casey was prejudiced against the Singalese, for they seemed to be more enterprising than any Orientals we had so far seen on our trip.



CHAPTER LI

Pleasant Days in Colombo

URING our first evening in Colombo harbor I managed to get a little sleep before beginning my watch at twelve o'clock, and when I was through at four in the morning, I decided to go ashore instead of going to bed again. I was anxious to see something of the city while it was still cool, and before the sun made it unpleasant to be out in midday. I waked Timmie at four-thirty to ask if he was willing to go along, and though he slept only four hours, he readily consented to the early start.

We called one of the queer catamarans, which were already on the watch for passengers, and in a few minutes we disembarked at the wharf and walked out into one of the principal streets of the capital of Ceylon. We looked about us in surprise. There ahead was a double-tracked trolley line, with up-to-date cars whizzing back and forth, and in the same street were dozens of Japanese jinrikishas, darting hither and thither, on the look-out for passengers. I hadn't expected to find any trolleys in Ceylon, and certainly one wouldn't look for a double-tracked system. Two tracks are possible on account of the width, and level well-paved condition of the streets. Even at this early hour the cars were crowded with natives, who seem to appreciate the advantages of modern electrical development. The fares are exceedingly low. For two cents the native can ride almost anywhere within the city limits. Timmie and I discovered that Colombo is a city which covers a wide area, and is divided into several sections by small lakes, so that a street-railway is a great convenience in going from one neighborhood to another.

The street in which we found ourselves was lined with handsome stores, and there were several office-buildings which would do credit to small American cities. The stores were not open at five o'clock, so I suggested that we ride around the city for a time and endeavor to get an idea of its characteristics. "And let's ride in a jinrikisha," said Timmie. "I've always wanted to ride in one of these queer arrangements, and didn't suppose that I'd ever have the chance, unless I could visit Japan." There were numerous 'rikisha men demanding our patronage, so we selected two who appeared to be strong, and started down the street. I knew the name of a hotel situated on the beach outside the city, so I told the men to go there. "This is simply great," exclaimed Timmie, as we moved rapidly past the stores, and I was quite as enthusiastic as he over the pleasures of jinrikisha riding. The 'rikisha men ran like well-trained race-

horses, and I saw at once that this little man-power vehicle was superior to carriages for going about cities like Colombo, where the pavements are in excellent condition. It is possible to stop instantly, whenever necessary, and one can go in and out of the narrowest alleys without being bumped or thrown against the wall. Several times we felt sure we were going to collide with other men who were dashing along the street, but though we had narrow escapes, there was no accident, and we witnessed not a single mishap with a 'rikisha during all the time we were in Ceylon.

Ceylon's Sunny Isle

The fares for jinrikishas are twenty cents for the first hour, and fifteen cents for each succeeding hour, so that almost anyone can refrain from walking in Colombo. Many of the residents, we learned, keep their own 'rikishas, and hire regular men to pull them about. This makes them independent of the licensed vehicles, and of course it is much cheaper than keeping a horse and carriage. It is easy, however, to get 'rikisha men at any time of the day. They fairly swarm throughout the city, since the natives have discovered that it is profitable work, and in order to decrease the number, the government is about to double the license fee. Timmie and I thought it must be hard work to pull one or two men about in the hot sun, hour after hour, and we inquired of an Englishman how long the 'rikisha men can continue the work. "Here in Ceylon," he said, "they seldom keep at it any longer than is necessary for them to obtain what they consider a competence. When they acquire two or three hundred dollars they retire to a life of ease, and considering the work they do to earn it, I hope they enjoy their retirement. In Singapore and other ports where Chinamen do the work, they run themselves to death, for the Chinese are not so easily satisfied with a little money as are the Singalese." We boys decided that the Singalese are the wisest people of the two, for it isn't a cheerful prospect to look forward to hauling a jinrikisha all one's life.

Many of the foreigners in Colombo occupy picturesque and attractive residences, and are wealthy, having made their fortunes in trade and the exportation of tea, cinnamon, and other products of the island. The ruling class is English, but centuries ago the Portuguese and the Dutch were successively in possession of Ceylon, and many of the present inhabitants are descended from those two nationalities. It was evident to us, as we rode through the streets, that the population is a mixed one nowadays. There were the native Singalese, with their pure brown skins, and they were easily distinguished, because they go about without any headdress except a comb, and both men and women wear their hair long and done up in a knot at the back of their heads. The two sexes dress so much alike that at first we were unable to distinguish the men from the women. Timmie thought it a great joke to see the men with long hair, but I thought them rather attractive than otherwise.

The People and Their Ways

Beside the Singalese, there are hundreds of thousands of Tamils in Ceylon. They are natives of Southern India, and are used to work on the great plantations. The Singalese make good house-servants and artisans, but they have no fondness for hard labor, so it is necessary to import the Tamils to keep the country under cultivation. Beside the working classes there is the merchant class, and this embraces Moors, Parsees and Chinese. The Parsee merchants dress in an elaborate fashion, and we soon learned to distinguish them from the others. Most of them are quite wealthy, and live in beautiful country places outside the city. The Moors were not different from those we saw in Tangier and in Cairo.

We noticed in passing through the business streets that many of the signs bore Portuguese names, and thousands of the natives still retain the cognomens given to their ancestors by the early settlers of the island. We were told that DeSilva is the most common name of all, and an English boy said he used to have great fun when traveling on the railway. He said that when the train pulled into a station he would put his head out of the window and cry, "Hey, there, De Silva!" A dozen or two natives would be sure to come, running, thinking they were the De Silva meant. We saw three jewelry stores in a row, all kept by people named De Silva.

We were less than an hour in reaching the beach after making a tour of the city, and we didn't want to leave the 'rikishas. We were calling at the hotel to see if Howard and Kenneth Eddy were out of bed. They had come ashore the night before, determined to live at the hotel while the transport was in port, and we agreed to meet in the morning and go around the city together. I found them at breakfast in the hotel dining-room, and while they were finishing their meal Timmie and I walked up and down the beach. There was the finest surf either of us had ever seen. The waves were fully twelve feet high as they came up the sand, and we thought how fine it would be to bathe and be rolled in by such breakers. But the beach at Galle Face is no use for bathing. There is an undertow that would entrap the strongest swimmer, and people have learned by experience to keep away.

A Friendly English Boy

When Howard and Kenneth finished eating, they came out to where we were and brought with them an English boy, about nineteen, named Sidney Webster. His father was one of the Government officials in Ceylon, and he had made friends with the Eddies as soon as they reached the hotel. "Sidney says he'll be glad to show us around the town," said Howard, "and he thinks we'd better start out right away." Timmie and I were ready, for we had our jinrikishas there, and as soon as the three other boys had found some sturdy men, we set out on the return to what Sidney called "the Fort." "You see," he

explained, "what we call 'the Fort' was always the quarter where the foreigners lived, and it used to be surrounded by a high wall. Now, however, it is the business part of the city, and the walls have long since been razed to the ground. The natives are so peaceable and the harbor is so well defended that there is no longer any necessity for a walled town to protect the foreigners."

Sidney explained a great many interesting things as the five jinrikishas moved along the shaded roads. He pointed out the different castes among the natives for one thing. "Why," he said, "it is too funny the ideas they have about themselves. They may all look alike to us, but they know what their ancestors did, and they are determined to do no work which is degrading. Only the lower caste would be guilty of pulling one of these 'rikishas about town, and if you should ask any but the lowest coolie to climb a cocoanut tree, he would be insulted. Yet they will steal chickens night after night, but they wouldn't think of accepting money for doing anything they think debasing."

Round About the City

The little native children, up to ten years old, were running about the streets without a stitch of clothing, and apparently they didn't mind the heat. Sometimes we saw them bathing in one of the lakes, and they splashed about like veritable water-babies. The shores of the lakes were lined with natives engaged in washing clothes. Their process was to wet the garments, lay them on the bare stones, and then beat the dirt out with other stones. "I shouldn't think the clothes would stand many washings like that," said Timmie, when he observed this operation. "This is worse than using a scrubbing-brush like we do on the *McClellan*." Sidney laughed. "Well," he said, "our clothes don't last long, but we've become used to the native laundries now. There's to be a steam laundry opened here soon, and we hope then to drive some of the Singalese washerwomen out of business."

Sidney took us to see the Pettah, or Black Town, where the poorest natives live, and we visited the great market there. The display of fruits showed that Ceylon has a wonderful climate for agriculture, and the great quantities of fish showed us the wealth of the surrounding seas. Fishing is indeed one of the chief industries carried on by the natives, and they can always make a comfortable living by it. Some of the fish were strange in shape and color, the like of which we had never seen before, and some of the fruit was different from any we had eaten so far on the trip.

We also visited some of the native shops and viewed the wares they had on sale. These were chiefly the products of India and Ceylon, and consisted of shell-work, carvings in ivory, ebony and sandalwood, Indian jewelry, and quantities of the false gems with which we had experience on the transport. I bought a model of an outrigger-boat, which I wished to bring home, so that I could

show the boys what strange craft they have in the waters of Ceylon. Timmie bought some carved elephants which the dealer said were ebony. He discovered later that they were merely blackened coconut-wood, but as he paid only a small sum for them, he didn't feel cheated.

The afternoon passed rapidly. There was so much that was interesting to see, and Sidney gave us so much information about places we saw, that the hours seemed only so many minutes, and evening arrived long before we felt like returning to the transport. Howard and Kenneth insisted then that Timmie and I go to the hotel for dinner and return to the transport just in time for the midnight watch. So it was then settled that we would all eat dinner at the hotel, and we had the good time we expected. Nearly all the ship's passengers were staying at the hotel during the transport's stay in port, and I had an opportunity to visit with those among them who were my friends. It was delightful for us to be together and exchange our experiences of the day, and there were many amusing incidents recounted.

A Delightful Evening

During the evening there was a concert at the hotel in compliment to the American visitors, by the British regimental band, and we boys were permitted to join in the dancing. This was more fun than we had experienced for some time, and midst all the merriment I forgot that there was any such thing as a transport or any such person as a master-at-arms. But at eleven-thirty Timmie said we must return to the ship if we were to begin watch at midnight. So we rode down to the wharf again, and in a few minutes we were telling Mr. Casey all about our delightful first day on shore. Then we arranged that I should go on watch until two o'clock, and that Timmie would relieve me then and until Mr. Casey was ready to begin at four. In this way we could each get some restful sleep after our long fatiguing day ashore.

CHAPTER LII

The Original Garden of Eden

IHAD enjoyed less than five hours' sleep when I awoke at seven o'clock in the morning, and Timmie had slept about four, but we regretted that we hadn't been wakened earlier. We had planned the previous days to go by rail to a place called Kandy with the Eddy boys and Sidney Webster, and the express train was due to leave at eight o'clock. We had permission from Captain Logan to remain away from the transport two days, since, as he said, we'd "been very good policemen during the voyage." Mr. Casey said that he and Jack, the boatswain, could settle any disturbances which might occur on board, and of course we would be back in time to do our share of the work before the *McClellan* sailed for Singapore.

We hurried through our breakfast in the mess-room and went ashore as fast as the ship's steam launch could go. We were in continual fear that Captain Linder would see us on the launch and call us back, but we reached the landing-stage in safety. The sailing-master had told us on a previous occasion that masters-at-arms had no right to use the launch on any occasion whatever, except with his permission. But as he wasn't up, we thought it would be all right to risk a scolding. We met the other boys at the railway station, and they were nervous for fear that we wouldn't arrive on time. "If you'd missed this trip," said Sidney, "you'd never have forgiven yourselves, for Kandy is surely the garden spot of the earth. They have there in the Royal Botanical Gardens what well might have been the original Garden of Eden. I'm sure the original one couldn't have been more beautiful than this." We told him that if we had missed the train we would never have forgiven Captain Linder, for he would surely have been the one who was to blame.

Railways in Ceylon

The railway train was very similar to the one I had seen in Egypt. There were the three classes of carriages, and, as usual, we boys economized by traveling second-class. The third-class was crowded with natives almost to suffocation, and Sidney Webster said he wouldn't hear of our riding there. The fares were six, four and two rupees for the different classes, and, as a rupee is about fifty cents in American money, it cost us about two dollars to travel the seventy miles to Kandy. The ride was worth a great deal more money, for it proved to be the

most fascinating railway journey I had ever enjoyed, surpassing in interest and beautiful scenery even the famous Swiss railways. When the road left Colombo it plunged almost immediately into a tropical forest, and in a few minutes we were surrounded by the most luxuriant vegetation I had ever seen. The country was flat during the first hour of our journey, and every little while we passed along the border of some marsh or lake, which was crowded with aquatic plants. Sidney told us that there are numerous crocodiles in these little lakes, and we instinctively shuddered at the thought. The great trees in the forests were twisted together in most remarkable ways, and covered with creepers, which, in some cases, had strangled the life out of them. The undergrowth was dense, and we weren't surprised to hear Sidney say that one cannot walk more than half a mile an hour in a Singalese forest, for the reason that it is necessary to cut one's way at every step.

We were continually on the lookout for monkeys among the trees, for we had heard that they were to be seen in this country; but Kenneth Eddy was the only one who saw any, and he said they were flying from the train into the denser woods. We saw many birds with beautiful feathers, and there were hundreds of cockatoos, which seemed to wear all the different shades and colors of the rainbow.

After we had traveled about thirty miles, the railway left the flat country and began to ascend among the hills. It wound in and out among the peaks, going rapidly higher, and the view became magnificent. Howard wondered what would happen to us if the train should leave the track, and we all requested him to think of some more pleasant subject. "A great many people have asserted, that this railway is the most picturesque in all the world," said Sidney, and we said that we could agree with that sentiment as far as our experience permitted. Howard and Kenneth said it reminded them of the Union Pacific Railway in America, though of course the mountain scenery was somewhat different. In Ceylon we had tropical vegetation all about us, while at home the peaks were bare and bleak. The air became deliciously pure and cool as we ascended the mountains from the low country, and we began to understand why so many people in Colombo find Kandy a delightful residence during the hottest part of the year.

When we reached the famous city, after a journey of nearly four hours, we found it beautifully located. There were hills and valleys in every direction, and it was evident that a great deal of money had been expended in making the place attractive. Kandy was formerly the capital of Ceylon, before the commercial importance of Colombo made it advisable to move the seat of government there. We boys went to engage rooms at a small hotel, and then started out immediately to see something of the town. It was delightful to stroll about a place so rich in natural beauty. There is in Kandy an artificial lake, surrounded by a road where the people go to drive in the afternoons, and back of the town is a

small mountain with a shaded road winding around it, from which you can get a fine view with every step. There were seats along the way, where people may sit and look at the scenery, and it is possible from some points to see for miles over the hills and the valleys. The hills are all covered with trees up to their very summits, and are restful to the eyes.

In the Garden of Eden

We couldn't be satisfied to let the afternoon pass without a visit to the famous Botanical Gardens. These gardens were first established at Colombo more than a hundred years ago, but as the climate there was not as favorable as desired, they were removed two or three times, and finally located at Kandy. They cover an area of about a hundred and fifty acres, and are most beautifully laid out. They are said to be the most complete and beautiful in all the world, and after our visit we boys thought the statement could hardly be an exaggeration. There is a little river flowing through the gardens, and in some places it has been widened into pools where rare aquatic plants are growing. We saw strange trees, which we had learned about at school, but never expected to see growing.

There were many different specimens of the india-rubber tree, and there was a kind of palm, called the palmyra-palm, which Sidney said was very different from the cocoanut-palm which we had seen growing in Colombo. The two varieties will not thrive in the same neighborhood. The palmyra-palm grows almost wholly in the northern districts of Ceylon, while the other is found in the southern counties. Both are valuable to the native, as they furnish food, clothing, and shelter. Their fruit is similar, though not exactly the same, and can be eaten fresh or dried. The palmyra-palms which we saw at Kandy, grow to a height of seventy or eighty feet in a straight stem, which branches at the top into fan-shaped leaves, among which are found the clusters of fruit. When the kernels of the fruit are planted, they grow sprouts similar to parsnips, and the natives make many palatable dishes from them. The wood of the tree is valuable for building purposes, because it is one of the few varieties which the white ants refuse to touch; but the tree is chiefly valuable for the coarse sugar which is made from its juice, in the same way as from the cocoanut-palm.

Some of the plants in the Botanical Gardens bore gorgeous flowers. "If I saw them painted in a picture," said Timmie, as he looked at them, "I wouldn't believe they could be natural. I would never have believed such colors existed in flowers if I had not seen them with my own eyes." The orchids interested Howard, because he had some orchid plants at home. "But I'm afraid I won't appreciate mine now," he said, "after I've seen these brilliant specimens." I told him that he shouldn't feel that way about them. "Yours may be as choice in America," I said, "as these are in Ceylon."

How Coffee Is Grown

After visiting the gardens, we returned to the hotel about five o'clock, and one of the ship's passengers, who had been kind to me on former occasions, said that he was about to visit a coffee plantation, and asked if we would care to go along. We accepted the invitation with alacrity. We had heard that Kandy is the centre of the coffee industry, and that tea and coffee raising are the chief industries of Ceylon, so if we could see something of these our knowledge of the island would be considerably strengthened. Before we returned to the hotel we had learned a great many things about the business, and none of us felt particularly anxious to engage in coffee-planting. Some great fortunes are made at it in Ceylon, just as money has been made at cotton-raising in America, but fortunes have also been lost. Coffee land is very high about Kandy. The best of it brings about \$600 an acre, and the wild and uncleared districts are sold at \$65 an acre. So it requires considerable capital to buy the land and start the plantation. Then the coffee plants do not bear until after they have been planted six years, and that is quite a long while to wait for money to begin to come in. In the meantime the plants may have been destroyed by rats or other vermin, leaving the planter greatly in debt. There are many men in Ceylon who are poorer to-day than when they reached the country, on account of their failures in the coffee business. Of late years it has not been possible for planters in Ceylon to compete with the products of South American plantations, so the raising of coffee has been greatly curtailed. Men are devoting their attention now to tea, instead, and this is likely to be the chief export of the island in the future. Ceylon tea has become famous the world over within a few years, and it has come out ahead in competition with the Japanese and Chinese varieties.

Most of the tea and coffee plantations are situated at a distance from the railways, and the products are hauled to the station in bullock-carts. When we boys first saw such a cart we laughed outright, it looked so primitive when we thought of our American horses and farm-wagons. But the bullocks are not to be ridiculed. Though they may be slow, they are also sure, and they are invaluable and absolutely necessary to the planters and farmers.

There was a band concert at Kandy during the evening we were there, and it was interesting to observe the crowd in attendance. They were of varied nationality, but the persons who interested us most were the high-caste natives, with their elaborate costumes. Sidney Webster told us that it is very easy to tell the caste of a Singalese by the sort of comb he wears, and the height at which it is stuck in his hair. Some of the women at the concert were decorated with quantities of jewelry which must have weighed several pounds, and which were certainly inconvenient to carry about. One young person had rings on all her toes, as well as on her fingers, with numerous bracelets and necklaces, beside. The poorer Singalese wear just as much jewelry as the rich, only it is of course

of inferior quality. The women decorate themselves with ornaments which are made out of sea-shells, shark's teeth, carved wood and the like.


The Tooth of Buddha

Kandy is chiefly famous, not because of its beautiful gardens, but because it has a great curiosity in the shape of a tooth of the founder of the Buddhist religion. This tooth is kept in a temple, and when we boys visited the place in the morning we found that great precautions have been taken against the loss of the sacred relic. In the middle of the temple we entered a room which had neither window nor door, with the exception of the narrow opening through which we passed. The atmosphere in the room was anything but pleasant. Of course there was no ventilation, and the perfume exhaled by the quantities of flowers sent as offerings made the air damp and sickening. Several Buddhist priests followed us into the circular chamber, and one of them, who could speak English, began to explain the history of the relic. We suggested that we would rather see it first and hear about it afterward, so he sent for the key to the shrine which contains the tooth. The shrine is bell-shaped, and stands on a table of solid silver. The priest opened one door and then another, and finally, in the last compartment, we saw the tooth, lying on a golden lotus flower. The priests who were standing about seemed to look upon it with great reverence, and we didn't wonder at this when we learned its history. It seems that, according to the Buddhist chronicles, the tooth was secured at the funeral of Buddha and carried into India, where it remained during eight hundred years. Then during a war for its possession it was sent on a ship to Ceylon, but the vessel was wrecked, and for some time the relic was buried in the sand by the seashore. Finally another ship came along and completed the journey to Ceylon. The tooth remained in this island for two hundred years, and was then sent back to India, only to return to Ceylon after another century had elapsed. It is also supposed to have been in China and in Burmah, and there is a Portuguese account which says that the tooth was destroyed by them. The account of its destruction is given in detail by several historians, who say that it was pounded in a mortar and the dust was thrown in a river, but the priests at Kandy say that these accounts are entirely false. When the British were in possession of Kandy, immediately after its capture they had the tooth examined with great care. It was pronounced nothing but a piece of ivory, which had become yellow with age.

As the tooth is about two inches long, we boys decided that Buddha must have been a very big man to have had it for his own, and we all left the temple feeling that the relic is a swindle. Thousands of the Buddhist faithful travel to see it every year, and on this account Kandy has become one of the chief centres of the Buddhist religion.

CHAPTER LIII

Among the Boers in a Prison Camp

IMMIE and I were sorry that we couldn't remain a longer time among the beautiful scenery about Kandy; but it was a great privilege for us to be allowed to make the trip at all, and we didn't want to overstay our leave. We told Sidney Webster and the Eddy boys that we didn't want them to leave because we did; but they refused to stay without us, and we all went back together to Colombo. As usual, Timmie and I were sorry to return to the transport, but we received the friendly greetings of Mr. Casey and the sailors, and these always caused us to be more contented with our lot. Mr. Casey had been on the ship so much of the time since we arrived at Colombo that we insisted that he go ashore on the afternoon of our return. He went at three o'clock and was back in time for supper at half-past five. "There's no pleasure for me among them heathen," he said. "I'd sooner be on the ship here among white people. I've made my last trip ashore before we leave, so if you boys have anything to do, you needn't hesitate about goin', if the old man is willin'."

We had some very important plans for the next day, and in order to let the "old man" know that we were paying some attention to duty, we remained on board all that afternoon and night. We insisted on Mr. Casey taking a good sleep, for we wanted to be away for about eighteen hours the next day. Sidney had told us about the camp for Boer prisoners of war at Diyatalawa, some miles up the railway, and it was planned that we boys should all visit the place and see what the Boers are really like at close range.

Timmie and I asked Captain Linder for our leave before we went to bed at night, and as he had been having a good time ashore, he gave his permission without asking any questions as to where we were going. So at six in the morning, after each of us had secured some refreshing sleep, we went ashore, and met the other boys at the Galle Face Hotel about seven o'clock. We were Sidney Webster's guests at breakfast, and during the meal we laid out our day's campaign. "No visitors are allowed at the Diyatalawa camp," said Sidney, "but right after breakfast we'll call on his Excellency, the Governor, and ask his permission to go within the guard lines. He's a fine man, and as he knows me, I think he'll give it. We can start for the camp at nine-thirty and have all day for our sightseeing there. I have been wanting to go up there myself for some time. I have never seen any of the Boers, and would like to know what they're like.



A GROUP OF IMPRISONED BOERS



SOME YOUTHFUL PRISONERS OF WAR

With the Governor of Ceylon

We all five called at Queen's House to see Sir West Ridgeway, the Governor of Ceylon, and his Excellency's secretary looked us over with astonishment when we stated our errand. "Just send up my card," said Sidney, "and say that I have four American friends along with me." Then, while we awaited an answer, we had explained to us the importance of the man we were about to see. Sidney said that he had been suggested as British High Commissioner to South Africa, and that if he had been sent the war there would perhaps have been over before now. "He understands the Boers better than almost any other English statesman, and he's done a lot to bring about good feeling between the authorities here and the prisoners at Diyatalawa."

His Excellency received us in his office, and we weren't the least embarrassed in his presence. He had us sit down, and then devoted his attention to us American boys. He noticed the uniforms Timmie and I were wearing, and when he asked concerning them, we explained that we were masters-at-arms from the transport in the harbor. He plied us with questions about America and what was going on in the Philippines, and after we had conversed this way about fifteen minutes, Sidney announced that we had come for permission to visit the Boers at Diyatalawa. Sir West Ridgeway laughed. "Well," he said, "you Americans usually get what you go after, and I suppose I may as well grant you the permission forthwith. But you must promise not to stir any of the prisoners up to revolt by your seditious language." We told him we didn't think our visit would have any such effect, and then, since we had accomplished the object of our call, we said "good-bye." We were all deeply impressed with the fine personality of this Colonial Governor, and we thought it only natural that Ceylon should be wonderfully prosperous under his administration.

We reached the railway station in time for the nine-thirty train, and we reached the camp at Diyatalawa shortly before noon. We had heard that there were more than five thousand prisoners interned here, and we were curious to know what means the British had adopted to keep so many in one place without putting them in cells. We discovered that the entire area of the camp is surrounded by a wire fence ten feet in height, and several feet distant from the first barrier there is erected another exactly similar. Between the two is a perfect network of barbed wire, stretched back and forth until it would be quite impossible for any person to get through. We supposed that this wonderful entanglement would be quite sufficient to prevent escapes, but the British evidently do not regard it so. The ground within the first fence is covered with insulated wire, and every time a prisoner approaches the barrier an alarm is rung in the nearest guard-huts and the soldiers are at his heels. These guard-huts are stationed at frequent intervals around the camp, and the elaborate arrangement of fences makes but few soldiers necessary to guard the thousands of prisoners.

Five Thousand Boers in Camp

Diyatalawa seemed to be an ideal location for such a camp. The ground is high above sea-level, there is always a breeze stirring, and the climate generally is free from fevers and ague. The British War Office could find no better place for the location of prison-camps than Ceylon, and Diyatalawa is one of the most healthful districts on the island.

Our note from the Governor gained us ready admittance to the enclosure, and during our stay we were shown around by two British lieutenants, who did everything possible to make us enjoy the visit. Our little party was divided in its sympathies. Kenneth and Timmie were known as rabid pro-Boers, while Sidney and Howard were equally strong in favor of the British. I tried to be neutral. "I admire the British soldiers," said Kenneth to our guides, "and you've put up a good fight against the Boers, but I don't think the war should ever have been started in the first place." Then Timmie gave vent to some of his opinions, and Howard and Sidney began to present their side of the question. It was all amusing to me, but the British officers suggested that it would be better not to discuss the subject while we were within the camp. "If you're going to talk about the war," they said, "we shan't be able to allow you to speak to the Boers at all." Of course we were anxious to talk with the prisoners, so the boys discontinued their argument.

We found the Boers comfortably provided with food and shelter. They are housed in large huts constructed of wood, and having roofs of galvanized iron to keep out the rains and the rays of the tropical sun. The roofs are covered with cocoanut leaves, so that the iron doesn't get heated during the middle of the day. In each hut we saw beds for about forty prisoners. They were ranged along the wall on either side, and over each was a shelf on which the prisoner kept his books and other small belongings. Under the bed was his clothes-chest and the tin plate and knife and fork with which he ate at table. They were eating dinner at the time we began our rounds. Some of them had their tables in the huts where they slept, but more had spread their meal under some shady tree in the open air. They are furnished with the raw materials, and each hut is supposed to prepare its own food. If one man develops into a good cook, he is sometimes hired by the others to occupy that position all the time.

Some of the prisoners arrived in Ceylon with a considerable sum of money in their possession, and others are permitted to earn it by doing odd jobs of work about the camp. Nearly all of them are able to buy extra food when they want it, though we thought what they were given by the British was very good. They had even better fare than falls to the lot of Tommy Atkins, for they had jam for their bread, and that is a luxury which Tommie gets only on special occasions. They all appeared happy and contented, and those with whom we spoke had no complaint to make of the treatment they received. All this was rather disap-

pointing to Timmie, who had expected to find the poor Boers on the verge of starvation.

A Prison Town

The camp resembled a busy town, as we went about it from one hut to another. The structures are so arranged as to form streets, and these were named after famous places in the Transvaal. There was Ladysmith Street, Majuba Hill and Spion Kop, and there were other thoroughfares called after most of the well-known Boer generals. We found no lack of shops in the strange town, although most of the supplies were sent out daily from Colombo. Some of the prisoners had started into business for themselves on a small scale, and were saving money against the time when they might be permitted to return to their families in South Africa. We saw one enterprising fellow who had constructed an oven out of clay which he dug in the camp, and he was baking a kind of Dutch cake, which he sold at a penny each. He was doing a thriving business, for cakes are in demand with the prisoners as an extra to their regular bill of fare. Another man had a notion store, where he sold souvenir postcards, writing-paper and other articles which are needed for carrying on home correspondence. He sold small ivory elephants, too, beside shellwork and Singalese jewelry. All these things are sent by the prisoners to the wife, sister, or sweetheart who was left behind in the Transvaal.

We came across three young fellows in a rickety tent, who had formed a partnership for mending shoes. The British authorities will furnish only so many pairs in a given time, and when these are worn out the Boers are very glad to pay something for having them repaired. The most prosperous shops we saw were those where groceries and canned goods were sold. The inhabitants of Diyatalawa enjoy such luxuries as canned fruit and vegetables, and will spend a lot of money to obtain them. We saw some American canned meats on the shelves of these stores, and a certain brand of American baked beans was among the favorite delicacies in the camp.

Amusements of the Prisoners

Those prisoners who were not employed in any way seemed to have no difficulty in putting in their time to advantage. There is a good-sized library of Dutch books in one of the huts, and the camp is well-supplied with illustrated papers,—some of them several years old. They had numerous sports, in which they engaged with much interest. They had a bowling alley which they had built, and the sound of the balls and pins could be heard all over the camp. Quoits is the favorite game, and one of our guides said that he had counted no less than thirty games in progress at one time. We visited a large structure called the Recreation Hut, which is used for a variety of purposes. It is used during the day as a gymnasium and reading-room. There were several punching-bags in evidence,

and the number of boxing-gloves seemed to show that boxing is held in high favor among the Boers. At night religious services are sometimes held in the hut, and on other occasions addresses are delivered by some of the most popular among the prisoners. We observed at one end of the large room a stage, and when we inquired why it was necessary to have scenery there, we were told that amateur theatrical performances are given, and that there are frequent concerts by the musical colony in the camp. The curtain of the stage was a remarkable affair, showing a painting of the battle of Magersfontein. The British soldiers were seen to be in full retreat, and I asked the British officers how it happened that such a picture was exhibited in a prison camp. "It was painted by one of the Boers," came the reply, "and we could see no good end which would be gained by ordering it down. That is a picture of the battle from their standpoint, and the painting will not have any effect on the result of the war."

We were told that the Boers have a cricket-team which is first-class, and as a special favor they were allowed to play against the crack English team of the island at Colombo. The English won, but the Boers played the best game they had seen for many months. At the time of our visit other matches were being arranged, and the authorities appeared quite willing to permit the team to leave camp, trusting to their honor that they would not abuse their liberty to plan an escape.

There were many famous men among the prisoners at Diyatalawa camp. We had the privilege of shaking hands with General Joubert, General Olivier and a number of other high officers. They were dignified in their bearing, and we couldn't help being impressed with their personalities. They are treated with great respect by the other prisoners, and are accommodated by the British in special huts. They are frequently allowed out on parole, and we noticed that when the generals walked down Ladysmith Street every hat was raised in salute. We also met a son and a nephew of ex-President Kruger and a brother of ex-President Steyn. They were not different in appearance from the other Boers, and could speak but little English.

Youthful Martyrs

We boys were greatly interested in the younger prisoners. Some of them were not more than fifteen and sixteen years old, and we felt very sorry that they should have been taken so far away from their homes. Of course they were captured while fighting against the British, and it was within the rules of war to send them to Ceylon as prisoners, but we couldn't help wishing that they were at home with their mothers. Some had been taken while fighting side by side with their fathers, so they were not altogether without parental care at Diyatalawa. Most of these young fellows could speak good English, and we had some pleasant conversations together. They expressed no desire that the war

might be ended quickly in favor of the British, and all seemed willing to spend the rest of their lives at Diyatalawa, rather than have General DeWet surrender. We hadn't talked with many of them before we were convinced that these Boers are really among the bravest people in the world.


The hours passed rapidly as we went from one hut to another about the camp, and darkness was at hand almost before we knew it. We knew it would be necessary to return to Colombo on this evening if we didn't want to remain until the following night, so we said farewell to the lieutenants who had so kindly acted as guides, and made our way to the station. "I felt almost as if I had been in the Transvaal," said Kenneth, and this sentiment expressed the feelings of us all. We had spent a day with Boers who had been really fighting in South Africa, and would no longer be obliged to depend upon newspaper descriptions for our idea of the Boer character. We were all agreed, even Sidney and Howard, that they were deserving of respect for their earnest struggle and conviction of mind, even if we did believe their philosophy wrong. Seeing a people is worth about a thousand times reading about them, and we carried away from Diyatalawa some impressions which will remain with us always.

We reached Colombo shortly before eleven o'clock that night, and Timmie and I were back on the transport in time to stand our night-watch. Good Mr. Casey was on hand to welcome us, as usual, and he said that if we were sleepy he would be quite willing to stay up in our stead. Of course we were exhausted after several days of continual sightseeing, but we couldn't accept such an offer from him. "Why," said Timmie, "I couldn't sleep a wink if I thought that dear old man was sitting up in my place."

I went to my bunk to sleep until three in the morning, and Timmie was to stand watch until then. All that was necessary for him to do was to be on hand in a case of emergency. There was no officer on the bridge while we were in port, so he didn't have to say "All's well below, sir," at the end of every hour.

CHAPTER LIV

From Ceylon to Singapore

 R. CASEY had told us when we went up to Diyatalawa that the transport was due to leave Colombo for Singapore the following day, and this was indeed Captain Logan's plan. But the passengers had been having such a good time in Ceylon that they persuaded him to wait one day longer, so we boys had one more day to spend in going about the city. We put it in to good advantage. We met Sidney and Howard and Kenneth at the hotel, and with them we made a call at the Young Men's Christian Association Building. This was the first such institution we had found since leaving New York, and we were curious to know about the work as it was carried on in the tropics. We found the building to be a cheerful place, and very similar to other buildings of the sort in the United States. There was a reading-room and the secretary's office downstairs, and on the second floor was a large hall which was used for meetings and ordinarily for the educational classes which are conducted by the Association. There the young Singalese can learn type-writing, stenography, bookkeeping, and the other subjects which are taught in American business colleges. The secretary told us that they are willing students and learn fast.

But the best thing we learned is that the Singalese are not only embracing English studies, but are also learning to know the value of English religion. The churches of Ceylon increase in size every month, and the Buddhist temples are no longer frequented by any but the older natives, who refuse to listen to any new ideas. When we boys visited some of these temples on the last day of our stay, we were surprised to find them such dilapidated, tumble-down affairs. When I remarked to Sidney that it was strange they weren't in better repair, he said that the priests have all they can do to collect a living for themselves, without attempting to improve the temples. I think it would not be too much to hope, that if I should go around the world again in ten or fifteen years, I might find Ceylon a Christian country.

A Jinrikisha Ride

On this last afternoon we decided to take a long jinrikisha ride through the country about Colombo, and it was a pleasant experience to look back upon during our voyage to Singapore. We appreciated the wonderful vegetation, although by this time it was no novelty, and we had become so accustomed to 'rikisha riding

that the peculiar motion didn't affect us in the least. We remained in the country until nearly seven o'clock, and then returned to the hotel in time for one more good dinner. Timmie and I ate as much as we could. We knew that we would have to exist on mess-room fare for several days to come, and it would be pleasant to feel that we had at least eaten something worth having in Colombo. After dinner the British regimental band gave another concert, and there was dancing until midnight. We boys enjoyed ourselves more than at any previous time during the trip. The only thing that marred the evening's pleasure, was my fear that Captain Linder might put in an appearance and observe that his masters-at-arms were having a very good time. I didn't doubt that he would order us back to the ship if he found us dancing at the hotel. But he didn't make his appearance, and everything was delightful. At eleven-thirty we felt it necessary to go back to the transport, and Howard and Kenneth packed up their belongings and went with us, since the transport was to sail at daylight, and they didn't care about rising at four in the morning to go aboard. Sidney Webster accompanied us down to the landing-stage. We were sorry to say good-bye to this good friend, who had done so much to make our visit to Ceylon pleasant and profitable. We couldn't be sure that we would ever see each other again, but we parted with the hope that our paths might sometime cross as we go back and forth in the world.

I stood my watch as usual on board ship, while Timmie went at once to bed. Mr. Casey visited us on deck about three in the morning, and said that he had slept long enough. "You go down to your bunk," he ordered, "and don't wake up till dinner-time." I followed his advice, and had no knowledge of the time we left the harbor of Colombo and started for Singapore. When I visited the fo'c'stle head about noon the shore was rapidly fading from view, and about all we could discern of sunny Ceylon was the majestic peak of Mt. Adam. Mr. Casey said that we were rounding the southern extremity of the island, and that by evening we would be heading north by east for the Straits of Malacca. After such a series of interesting experiences on land, it was almost a relief to be at sea again, but after two or three days I was as tired of the ship as ever. One of the sailors had given me twelve hundred miles as the distance from Colombo to Singapore, and when I discovered that it was fifteen hundred instead, I was as much disappointed as if I had been sentenced to five days in prison instead of four.

Troubles of the Passengers

But we sailors up forward were not nearly so tired of the voyage as were the passengers. They had been together in close quarters for more than two months, and they appeared to have exhausted all their capacity for having a good time. Some of them refused to speak to the others, and Mr. Casey often remarked that if the voyage should be continued to Manila without any stop at

Singapore, none of them would be on speaking terms when we reached the Philippines. It is sometimes trying to live with a lot of strange people in a friend's house, and it is a hundred times more so on a ship, where it is nearly impossible to be alone for any length of time.

Up forward our society was more varied, and there was always something interesting going on. Each day had its own peculiar events to make it memorable. On one day a soldier would throw a fit and nearly go overboard, and on another there would be a fight in the firemen's quarters which would lay up two or three men in the hospital. Mr. Casey always advised Timmie and I to keep clear of such disturbances, especially if the fight was being carried on with knives. "Wait till they've been at it long enough to damage each other a little," he said, "and then you can step in and use the handcuffs. It's no use at all to stop 'em while their ire is still unsatisfied. If they get carved a little, they're ready to stop, and they won't want to fight again for a long time to come." This philosophy seemed plausible, and we were quite willing to follow his advice. We had no desire to get in a mix-up with Spanish firemen.

The most exciting incident of the five days' voyage was when the key to the No. 4 hatch was missing one night. In this hatch were several cases of wine that were being sent out to the Philippines, and the first officer was in constant fear that some of the waiters or sailors would break them open and make away with their contents. It was only possible to lock one side of the hatch, and there was always danger that the planks might be removed from the other and access had to the wine in that way. On this eventful night, I was ordered to get a trunk out of the hatch by Captain Logan. Mr. Casey always kept the key hanging at the head of the bed, so I went to his room to get it. To my consternation, there was no key there. I looked up Timmie and asked him about it. He hadn't used the key since the day before. Then we found Mr. Casey, and he said he supposed it was hanging in its usual place. Of course it wasn't there, and when Captain Linder yelled down to know why the hatch wasn't open, I had to confess that the key was lost. His face became red with wrath, and he began a tirade the like of which I had never heard before. He called me various unprintable names, and threatened that I would be put off the ship at Singapore. Although I didn't say so, I felt in my heart that nothing would please me better, for I would then be out of his sight at any rate. He railed at me for fully five minutes, and when he stopped it was because he couldn't think of any more unpleasant things to say.

Discouraging Days

I went forward and told Mr. Casey that I would surely leave at Singapore, if I had to climb out of the port-hole in the night. I felt more unhappy than at any time during the trip. I knew that I was in no way to blame for the loss of the key, as Mr. Casey had it in charge, and I hadn't used it for three days before. I

wished that the wine was at the bottom of the sea. I could hardly sleep that night on account of my state of mind. The next morning I heard that the key had been found, but when I asked where it had been, no one seemed to know except Mr. Casey, and he wouldn't tell. "Best not to say anything more about it," he said, and that was all he would give concerning the mysterious disappearance. After this, however, I avoided Captain Linder more than ever before, and I determined that when I read about dear old sea captains, I would take the "dear" with a grain of salt. It became my firm conviction that lovable sailing-masters only exist in the imagination of the authors of sea-tales.

During the last day of our voyage to Singapore we were continually in sight of land, and because there was something to see beside mere water, the time passed more rapidly than usual. I spent what little leisure time I had seated on the fo'c'stle head watching the panorama on either side. We were passing through the Straits of Malacca; on one side was Penang, and on the other we could discern the coast of Sumatra. We could see high ranges of mountains which appeared purple through the clouds from a distance, and occasionally we were so close to shore that we could observe the palm-trees growing near the water. There were fishing-boats and steamers in sight all day long, so we would have known without a chart that we were nearing some great commercial port.

I awoke on the morning of the sixth day and found that we were anchored in the harbor of Singapore. When I went on deck I found the usual army of bum-boats surrounding us, with the usual supply of fruit, tobacco, etc., for sale. They were not so persistent in their efforts to board the transport as in Colombo, and in this port they were all Chinese. From the surroundings, indeed, I might have supposed that I had wakened in Hong Kong or Shanghai, for Chinese junks were numerous in the harbor, and the natives of the city were mostly from the Yellow Kingdom. As at Colombo, we could see the flags of many nations flying from the mastheads of ships in the harbor, and I wasn't surprised to learn that Singapore is one of the very greatest commercial cities in Asia.

We were anchored about two miles from the landing-stage, and as it was reported that we would move closer to shore the following day, Timmie and I decided to wait until then before asking permission to visit the city.

CHAPTER LV

Singapore—End of the Voyage Near

WHEN the Eddy boys and Timmie and I landed at Johnston's pier in Singapore; we found dozens of Chinese 'rikisha men anxious to pull us about the city, and as we knew almost nothing about the place, we followed our usual custom of riding around aimlessly, seeing what we could of the street-life and the people. Sidney Webster had given us a little book, telling something about the Colony, before we left Ceylon, and we read in it that Singapore has a population of about 160,000, three-fourths of whom are Chinese. The city forms the capital of the colonial division called the Straits Settlements, which embraces Penang and several other islands in the neighborhood of the Straits of Malacca. This Colony has its own stamps and coinage, and is a government quite distinct from India and Burmah. We were rather disgusted at the difference in the money we found in various English dependencies. Every port we visited had a new system, and it wasn't always easy for us to learn the exact values of coins during a few days' stay.

We saw some handsome buildings in the business streets of Singapore, but outside the half-dozen chief thoroughfares we found only Chinese shacks and a swarming Chinese population. It was very interesting on the first day to leave the jinrikishas and visit the Chinese shops and peep into their dwellings; but we discovered that an hour or two among the varied smells of Chinese streets was about all we could stand. There were some beautiful things on sale in the different stores. We examined a great many of them, and bought but few, for I was still determined to save my spending-money until I reached Japan, and the other boys had already disposed of their extra cash in Ceylon.

One thing I did was to buy some white duck suits. The blue uniform of the master-at-arms was very uncomfortable on board the transport, and I knew that when I reached Manila I would want some cooler clothing to wear. I visited one of the best Chinese tailors in the city, and he made me several suits of excellent material for a dollar and a half each. He said he could make them as cheap as seventy-five cents, but I thought the larger price was little enough to pay. The suits fitted me very well when they were finished, and I could hardly have got along without them in Manila. They were of an excellent quality of white duck, and would have cost seven or eight times as much in the United States, so I was greatly pleased with my purchase. Chinese tailors are quick workmen, and deliver goods on time.



IN THE FAMOUS BOTANICAL GARDENS AT SINGAPORE



RAFFLES SQUARE — A BUSINESS CENTRE

A Tropical Fairyland

We tired of riding about Singapore long before evening. There was but little to see that we hadn't already seen in Ceylon, and since the Colony is comparatively new, there were no museums of interest and no public buildings worth visiting. I said that we might just as well go back to the *McClellan*, but Kenneth Eddy had learned from some source that there would be a band concert in the Royal Botanical Gardens at nine o'clock in the evening, and we all agreed that this would be worth waiting for. We had a lively remembrance of the beautiful gardens at Kandy, and welcomed the chance of visiting another tropical Eden. We had dinner at a hotel where we saw most of the ship's passengers, and about eight o'clock our four jinrikishas started for the four-mile trip to the Gardens. They had 'rikishas in Singapore in which two people could ride, but we boys thought one person was enough for a Chinese to pull four miles.

When we reached the Gardens we might have imagined ourselves in fairyland. The gorgeous foliage was illumined with thousands of paper lanterns, and the scene about the band-stand was brilliant, indeed. All the society of the port was promenading under the palms, and we enjoyed watching the variety of costumes. There were many rich Chinese, and a few wealthy Malays, and among the European colony there were Russians, French, Germans, and of course a great number of English. We boys, who had always been used to thinking of the Chinese as poor laundrymen, were surprised to find so many of them wealthy in Singapore. Every afternoon at five, dozens of them may be seen driving on the Esplanade, with horses and carriages which have been sent from Europe, and not a few of them are millionaires.

The concert in the Gardens was given by one of the British Regimental bands. There were eighty instruments, and we thought the music even better than we had heard in Cairo, Gibraltar and Colombo. It lasted until eleven o'clock, and then we were all ready to return to the transport, where I was obliged, as usual, to go on watch at midnight.

We were anchored at Singapore for six days and they were very tiresome days to me. I was by this time so anxious to leave the *McClellan* that I almost counted the hours until we should be in Manila, and as there was little to see at Singapore, I could imagine no good reason why we should remain so long. It developed finally that the Congressmen among the passengers were anxious to go to Hong Kong from Singapore, instead of sailing direct to Manila, and they had cabled the War Department for permission to do so. They waited several days, hoping for a favorable reply, and when they received no answer on the sixth day, Captain Logan said he would be obliged to sail. I was very glad that the permission to visit Hong Kong was not forthcoming, for such a trip would mean that I would remain on the transport about ten days longer than I had planned for.

Fate seemed against our reaching the Philippines within a reasonable time.

We had filled our bunkers with coal at Singapore, and after we were about twenty hours from port it was discovered that the fuel was almost useless for generating steam. We crept through the water at a rate so slow that we scarcely seemed to move at all, and for two days we made barely six knots an hour. This was tantalizing to passengers and crew alike. The passengers were tired of one another, and the crew was tired of the ship.

Busy Days for "Jimmy Legs"

When we were about three days from Manila, I decided that it would be a good plan for me to see Captain Linder and tell him that I wanted to leave the ship at that port. He knew it all the time, of course, but I thought he might expect some notice from me. So I mustered my nerves together and knocked at his cabin door. He said "Come in," and when I stood there before him he stared at me with his usual pleasant expression. "I would like to leave when we reach Manila," I murmured. The corner of his lip twitched a little, and I wondered what was coming. "There'll be time enough to talk about that when we get there," he said, and I left the room with my heart in my boots. I had a presentiment all along that he might attempt to keep me on the transport out of spite, and now I felt sure that this was his plan. Of course he could do it, within the law, since I had "signed on" for twelve months, and only three had passed, but I made up my mind that I would jump overboard and risk drowning, rather than be on that miserable ship much longer. When I consulted Mr. Casey and Timmie and Jack, and others of my friends up forward, they said it was nonsense for me to feel that way. They said it would be easy enough for me to get off if I wanted to, whether the Captain gave me my discharge or not. But notwithstanding these assurances, the next few days were filled with worry for me, and I longed to see Manila Bay, so that something would be settled about what I was to do.

We masters-at-arms were exceedingly busy during the last of the voyage. The passengers wanted their trunks brought up from the No. 4 hatch so that they could make ready to go ashore for good, and every time that hatch was open the first officer made one of us "stand by" to see that the cases of wine were not disturbed. He couldn't have been more watchful if those cases had contained diamonds and the crew were pirates, and after I reached Manila I often laughed over this queer feeling on his part. I determined that if I ever met any of the officers for whom that wine was intended, I would inform them of the nuisance it was to the masters-at-arms, so that they might appreciate it all the more.

When I had a spare moment I was obliged to spend it in writing, for of course there were numerous letters I wanted to send to my friends at home, to let them know of my safe arrival in Manila. I had written often to dear Mrs. Irwin and Jack, and Will Renwick and the other boys during the trip, and I knew

they would all be waiting anxiously to know that I had seen the last of the transport.

Beside my work, and the writing, I had a great deal of thinking to do. I was about to reach the first objective point of my trip around the world, and must begin to think how I was to get to China and Japan, and back to San Francisco. Manila would be more than eleven thousand miles from New York, but it was also that far back to New York again, and I must begin to consider ways and means of getting there. Fortunately I would reach the Philippines with a considerable sum of money in my pocket. My wages during the long voyage would amount to a good deal, and I had spent but few dollars in the different ports we visited. If I could in some way earn some more money in Manila, I would be able to make a trip through China and Japan, and perhaps I could get a position of some sort to work my way from Japan to San Francisco. All these plans required consideration, and I had no time for loafing or reading books.

The prospect of saying good-bye to some of the fellows in the crew was by no means pleasant. Mr. Casey, in particular, had won my heart by his uniform kindness and good-will, and I didn't like to feel that I might never see him again. Timmie was trying to decide whether he, too, had better leave the ship and work his way home with me. I wanted him to do this, because it would be pleasant to have company, and he was a boy to whom I had become greatly attached in three months' time, and I now looked upon all the sailors as my friends. They said unpleasant things sometimes, and my feelings were often hurt by some of the side-remarks, but I realized that they meant no harm, and they would be truly sorry to see me leave the transport. Old Dan Driscoll and Jim Syphers and others were characters I could never forget, and I would always be glad that I met them on my trip around the world.

End of the Voyage Near

On the other hand, I would be very glad to say farewell to several of the ship's officers, and I could contemplate with pleasure the likelihood that I would never see them again. I felt sorry to have learned that some men can be mean in such petty things, but no doubt the experience will be of benefit to me when I come in contact with others of the same sort. One of the best things about travel is the knowledge we gain of human character.

At last the looked-for day arrived. I awoke one Monday morning, and when I looked out of the port-hole I saw before me an extensive city, with ranges of purple mountains in the background. I knew that this was Manila at last, and when I hurriedly dressed and went to the fo'c'stle head I found that we were proceeding slowly up the famous bay to our anchorage. Howard and Kenneth Eddy were just out of bed, too, and when they reached the fo'c'stle they were nearly wild with delight. They were about to meet their father and mother, after a separation of many months, and they could hardly wait. Howard had been in


Manila before, so he pointed out to Timmie and I the various points of interest which we could see from the deck. He showed us Cavite, and the scene of Dewey's famous battle, and pointed out the sunken hulls of two Spanish cruisers which were still visible above the water. Then he pointed out some of the chief public buildings of Manila when we neared the shore, and told us where the business and residential districts were located.

There were many ships in the bay, and several transports which had come out with troops and supplies from San Francisco. They gave us a warm welcome, for the *McClellan* had been expected for several days, and everyone was on the lookout for her. The passengers were on deck with their baggage, anxious to get off as soon as possible, but it was to be some time until they were permitted to greet their husbands, wives and friends. Howard and Kenneth were greatly excited when they discovered a launch steaming out rapidly from the mouth of the Pasig River. "I know that's father coming to meet us," said Kenneth, and when the boat came nearer, it turned out to be him sure enough. Mrs. Eddy was on board, too, and they exchanged air-kisses with the boys whom they were awaiting so anxiously. The launch followed us in to the anchorage, and even after we stopped, and the gangway was lowered, no one was permitted to come on board except the health officers, who went about vaccinating everybody who hadn't been through that operation successfully within a few weeks previous. Timmie and I had submitted to it at Ismailia, where it was also required by the rules of the port, but it didn't "take," and we had to be scratched again in Manila Bay. When the vaccinating was over, we supposed that the friends of the passengers could board the transport, but it was announced that the Commanding General was coming out to welcome the Congressmen, and until he mounted the gangway no subordinate could do so, however anxious he might be to kiss his wife. The General was rather slow in making his appearance, and it was noon before the passengers had landed with their baggage. I took down the addresses of the Eddys and others of our friends, and Timmie and I promised that we would see them just as soon as we were able to go ashore.

When they had all gone, the ship looked like a deserted place. The saloon cabins were emptied of the clothing and knickknacks which had made them cosy and homelike during the long voyage, and the deck-chairs were folded up and put away. The crew seemed overjoyed to know that the passengers were gone, and that for a while they would have the ship to themselves. Before Captain Linder had time to go ashore, I sought him out and asked when I might expect to get my discharge. "Not for a week or two, anyhow," was the startling reply. "You'll have to stay here and help check off this freight." My eyes filled with tears of anger. Here I was in Manila Bay at last, and not permitted to go ashore. I thought of the letters from home and the friends I wanted to see, and I determined to go into Manila if I was put into the brig for it.

CHAPTER LVI

Last Days on the Transport

R. CASEY and Timmie, and everyone else, agreed that it was simple meanness which caused Captain Linder to make me help with checking off freight. That is a part of the master-at-arms' duties, to be sure, but there were a number of applicants for my position, and any one of them could have done the work as well as I. So long as I was anxious to have my freedom, the Captain might have made a new appointment at once, and given me my discharge.

The removal of the freight began on the very day of our arrival. A troop of Filipinos, in cascoes, came out to act as porters, the hatches were all opened, and the army supplies were transferred to the cascoes as fast as Timmie and Mr. Casey and I could check them off. One of the bridge quartermasters checked at the Number 4 hatch, and with all four of the holds being emptied at once, it looked as though we might finish the work within a week. The sun was very hot, and there wasn't much fresh air in the holds, so the work of checking wasn't exactly pleasant. I was willing to keep at it day and night, however, if doing so would enable me to gain my discharge any sooner. About dark, however, on this first day, it began to rain, and the Filipinos immediately started for shore in their cascoes. They declined absolutely to work in the wet. When I saw that nothing further could be done, I told Mr. Casey that I was going ashore without asking permission of anyone. "I'm not afraid of being put off the ship, now," I said, "and if they want to make a row about my absence, they can do it. I'm going to get my mail from home, and as soon as I've done that, I'll come back again."

A Night Visit to Manila

So I called a banco, or canoe, and was rowed into the mouth of the Pasig River. The water was quite rough in the bay, and it looked several times as if the boat might be upset, but this only added to my enjoyment of the adventure I was having. It was much more exciting to land in the Philippines without permission than to do so in the regular way, and I felt like some explorer who had just escaped his captives. The city didn't appear to have any too many lights, and the rain gave everything a dreary appearance, so I didn't feel any great desire to stay in Manila longer than was necessary. The boatman landed me at a wharf, and I had no difficulty in finding a carriage-driver who understood English. I

gave him the address to which I had my letters sent, and told him to drive there as quickly as possible.

After about fifteen minutes the carriage stopped in front of a building which bore the familiar letters Y. M. C. A., and I knew that I was all right. I went inside and asked for my mail, and when I had received it I started out again. The secretary in charge, who knew that I was coming, wanted to know if I wasn't going to stay, now that I had arrived. "Well," I explained, "I haven't really arrived yet, since I was ordered to remain on board the transport. But I am visiting Manila incognito, so to speak, and will have to return to the ship this evening." He warned me about the danger of the bay being rough after dark, and said I must be careful what boatman I hired.

A Dangerous Trip

At the wharf I tried to find the same boatmen who had brought me in, but they had disappeared, and I had to content myself with a couple of men who looked anything but pleasant. They agreed to row me out for a dollar Mex., which is fifty cents in American money. We started bravely, but when we rounded the end of the breakwater, I saw that the waves were even higher than when I landed, and that there was real danger that we might be swamped. The boatmen then began a little drama which they acted to a most successful finish. They pretended to be almost exhausted by the tremendous effort they were making, and finally they stopped altogether. This frightened me, for the waves tossed the banco about as if it were only a feather. I could see the *McClellan's* lights gleaming about half a mile away, and for once I wished myself on board. One of the boatmen began to talk in broken English. I could understand only about half of what he said, but I realized its meaning. He said that they would have to turn back unless I would agree to give them two dollars then and there. I saw by their expressions that they were in earnest, and I knew that I was altogether in their power, so I handed out the money. This was what they wanted, so they picked up their oars and went ahead as if nothing had happened. When we came alongside the transport I thought the canoe would never get up to the gangway, on account of the heavy sea; but after a time I gave a leap and grasped the side ropes. I was in water up to my waist before I could climb up the steps, but I didn't notice that at all, after my exciting experience. Mr. Casey said that he didn't expect me back at all that night, and that I was very foolish to risk being upset in order to be on hand for the morning work.

None of the officers appeared to know anything of my taking "French leave" and the next day the checking went on as usual, and we worked until midnight. At supper time, when I had a few moments on deck, I could see the carriages driving on the Luneta, and the crowds of people attending a band concert there. I thought of what a good time Howard and Kenneth Eddy must be

having, and it seemed harder than ever to be obliged to remain on board the ship. The days passed more slowly than at any time during the long voyage from New York. We worked up to midnight every day, and the only encouragement I had was to see the piles of merchandise decreasing hourly, as they were sent ashore. It seemed to me that there were canned goods enough to last the whole army in the Philippines for years to come, and candy sufficient to sweeten the water of Manila Bay. There were army wagons, too, and supplies for the hospital corps, to say nothing of thousands of bags of oats. We never suspected that there could be such quantities of things stored in the hold of the old *McClellan*, and we realized for the first time that she had some other object in coming to Manila than to bring out the Congressmen.

Free at Last

When a week had passed there was very little remaining to be checked, and on the eighth day I told Captain Linder that I had done my duty and now wanted my discharge. He had nothing to say, but sent me to the first officer, and when that gentleman filled out the blank by saying that my conduct was "very good," I almost fainted. I had every expectation that he would put me down, "bad" or "indifferent," and this commendation was all the more welcome because it was unexpected. When I had the discharge safely in my pocket, and had received the money which was due me from the Quartermaster's clerk, I went down to the little hole next to the engine-room to get my belongings together. Timmie was there to help me, and so many of the sailors crowded into the space that I could hardly move. Old Dan Driscoll brought me a fine canvas bag in which I could carry things that I couldn't crowd into the suit-case. It was an excellent piece of workmanship, and something which I hope to keep always. "Now," he said, when he gave it to me, "you are a sure enough sailor. You've got your discharge and you've got a sailor's bag, and I don't know, by jiminy, but what you've got a sailor's walk, as well." Everyone laughed at this, but there was some truth in the remark. I had observed myself, when I went ashore, that I had the jackie's swagger, and I felt rather proud of it. It was only natural that I should have some of a sailor's ways, after three months in the forward deck.

There were tears in my eyes when I thought that I was really leaving the old ship for the last time, and there was no telling when I would see my sailor friends again. Mr. Casey was the one I would miss most during the next few weeks, and I couldn't be sure of seeing him, even in Manila, because he went ashore so seldom. Timmie gave me his promise that he would get his discharge on the first of the month, which would come in a week. He had fully decided to throw in his fortunes with mine, and go home with me across the Pacific, after we had visited Japan and China.

I said farewell to the *McClellan* about six o'clock in the evening, when the crew was at supper. I hoped to get away without them seeing me, because I

knew there would be a lot of noise and a consequent loss of temper on the part of the officers. But Mike, the messman, saw me as I was going down the gangway, and immediately the rail was lined with my friends. They all had some farewell advice to give me, and there were numerous hopes that we'd all meet again in New York at Christmas time. I'm sure most of the men were as sorry to have me go as I was to leave them behind, and I could see them waving at me until my canoe rounded the breakwater and the transport was out of sight.

A Cloud with a Silver Lining


I certainly felt relieved to know that I had my discharge safe in my pocket, and that I was done with my life as master-at-arms. I was wearing one of the Singapore duck suits and a straw-hat, so that none would ever know that I had been a petty officer, and I felt as if I wanted to forget that I had ever been on a ship in my life. I had a lonely feeling, too. New York seemed very, very far away, as I looked about and saw the tropical scenery and the low-roofed buildings of the Philippine capital, and I wondered what further adventures would be mine before I was privileged to walk down Broadway again. Nature seemed to celebrate the evening on which I gained my freedom, for there was one of the most gorgeous sunsets I ever witnessed. The whole western sky was indescribably beautiful, and the colors were such as are never seen in more northern climes. I decided at once that I would surely like a place where there were such displays of color, and everything that I saw during my first evening in Manila pleased me very much. The scene in the Pasig River, which was crowded with boats of every description, reminded me of the busy Thames in London, and when I left the wharf and started about the city to find a lodging, I found everything I saw to be of interest. What particularly delighted me was the number of Americans I saw in the streets. Of course the natives largely predominated, but there were a sufficient number of soldiers and civilians to make me feel more at home than in any city we had visited since leaving New York.

I visited two or three places which had advertised lodgings to let, and didn't find any of them sufficiently reasonable in price, so I was feeling rather discouraged, when all at once someone yelled, "Hello, there, Jimmy Legs." I looked around, and there were Howard and Kenneth Eddy, running after me down the street. "I thought you were coming to see us just as soon as you landed," said Howard. I told him that I thought I'd better find myself a bed before I made any calls. "Well, we've got a bed for you," he said, "and mother wants you to come right to our house. We've told her all about how you're working your way around the world, and she says that you've got to stay with us as long as you're in Manila."

This was better fortune than I expected to find in far-off Manila, and when I reached the Eddy's pleasant home that evening, and was made as welcome as an old friend, I decided that darkest clouds do really have silver linings.

CHAPTER LVII

Among Our Little Brown Brothers

 FOUND Manila quite as interesting to visit as a great many European cities which no tourist would think of missing, and I was at no loss to spend my time profitably during my stay there. The streets of our colonial capital are teeming with life and movement, and the Pasig River, which divides the city into two sections, is a very lively stream. It reminded me somewhat of the River Thames in London, but that was the only possible comparison with the British metropolis. In all other particulars Manila is like no other city on earth. It is simply Manila, with winding thoroughfares, decaying buildings, and a population which harmonizes with the surroundings.

I had frequently heard of the "new" and "old" cities of Manila, and I soon ascertained that most Americans consider the "old" city unfit to live in. It is surrounded by a high wall and a stinking ditch of water, and includes within its area the finest churches and public buildings of the Islands. Its pavements are bad and the sewerage is not what it ought to be, and the air is not so good as in the suburban districts, yet I found the Walled City the most interesting part of Manila to visit. I thought it fine to drive through the great gates over the draw-bridge and through the narrow streets; I loved to think of the thousands of strange people who had passed through the gates in centuries past.

For a few days after my arrival I always sallied forth with one of the Eddy boys, to see something of the antiquities in this picturesque city which was to be my home for a time. It seemed to me that there were so many churches that I could visit a different one each morning, and still not see them all. In the afternoon I went with my friends to drive on the famous Luneta. Every person who knows anything about Manila knows of this driveway along the bay, where the aristocracy of the city take the air in the cool of the evening. It is surely one of the finest driveways in the world, and there is always an interesting crowd in evidence there. There were Spaniards, Filipinos, Mestizos, Chinese, Japanese, Germans, English and Americans in large numbers, and there was always as great a variety of vehicles as of people. The people were always so interesting that I sometimes failed to admire the gorgeous sunsets as they deserved. They are not to be surpassed in any part of the world, and from the Luneta one had an excellent view of the western sky. I have witnessed some magnificent sunsets in different parts of the world, but never any more impressive than these across Manila Bay.

Impressions of the Filipinos

But what interested me more than any buildings or natural beauties were the Filipino people. For various reasons, I found them of greater interest than the Egyptians or Arabs or any other new peoples which I had seen on my journey, and though I observed them as carefully as possible, I couldn't say, when I left Manila, that I knew very much about the Filipino character. Governor Taft told me that he had been in contact with them for fifteen months, and that he certainly didn't know what to think of them, and of course I couldn't learn much in a few weeks. My first impressions were decidedly favorable. The women appeared modest and ladylike, and though their dress is peculiar, it is picturesque, and they invariably looked clean. But when I observed so many of the women smoking cigars and cigarettes in the public streets, my feelings underwent a change. I later discovered that their appearance of cleanliness is often brought about through a liberal use of powder, which covers up the dirt and gives an impression of a careful toilet.

My chief impression of the Filipino men was that they are dreadfully lazy, and devoid of ambition. The average Filipino works no more than is absolutely necessary to keep himself supplied with rice, and a little money to bet on cock-fights. He is shiftless and irresponsible, and unless he can be taught in some way to work, the industrial development of the Philippines is bound to be slow, unless the Chinese are permitted to enter the country.

All the Filipinos have a conceit which is ridiculous, when one considers their history and present attainments. They firmly believe themselves to be as worthy and intelligent as any other people on the globe, and that their group of islands is the richest in the world. Their unbounded faith in their ability would be amusing, if it were not the cause of a great deal of trouble for the American authorities. When an officer wishes to appoint a village Presidente, and asks a Filipino if he is capable of filling the position, the man is sure to answer in the affirmative. And if he is asked if he knows Spanish, he says "Si, si, mucho," when, in reality, he knows only a dozen words. They have an idea that there is no limit to Filipino capabilities, just as there is no limit to their self-conceit.

Aguinaldo himself has been a striking illustration of this characteristic. He is convinced of his fitness for any position the people might offer him, though he cannot speak or write Spanish with any approach to accuracy, and knows practically no English at all. Soon after my arrival in Manila I sought an interview with the fallen chief, and through the courtesy of General Chaffee it wasn't difficult to arrange. I found him living in a fine house, with a guard of American soldiers, and numerous servants to make him comfortable. When I entered his presence, I found that Aguinaldo is very much like the average Filipino in appearance, save that he is taller than most. He has pompadour hair, high cheek bones and a prominent mouth. His face is badly pockmarked, which doesn't add to the



A COCK-FIGHT — THE NATIONAL FILIPINO SPORT



THE WALLED CITY FROM THE LUNETTA

beauty of his appearance. They say that he is extremely sensitive about these evidences of smallpox, and when he sits for a photograph he insists that the artist must obliterate them in the finished pictures.

Visit to Aguinaldo

Our conversation was not lengthy, and was carried on through an interpreter. Aguinaldo expressed some impatience at being kept in ignorance concerning his ultimate destiny, but he didn't appear worried at the prospect before him. I think he knew very well that he would be released by the American authorities before many months had passed. I told him that he ought to appreciate being able to live in comfort with his family after he had been separated from them so long, but he replied that he couldn't be content while he was a prisoner, and while conditions in the Islands were so unsettled. The ex-dictator carried himself with great dignity of manner, and required a deal of ceremony in the conduct of his household. His innate love for show was well illustrated when he carried a band of music with him during his retreat before the United States troops. He was determined to keep the band, whatever else he left behind.

Before I took my departure, Aguinaldo assured me that he had only the kindest feelings toward my countrymen, a bit of information which I thought ought to be cabled to this country on account of its importance (?). Why shouldn't he feel kindly toward the people who had treated him so well, and who had done everything to make him happy and comfortable in his retirement?

The city of Manila is more truly the centre of all Filipino wealth and activity than is Paris the capital of France, and London the incarnation of all that is great in England; but I thought it would be a great mistake if I continued my homeward journey without seeing something of the people and the scenery and the people up the country. So when Howard Eddy told me that he had arranged for us to make a trip up the Pasig River and the beautiful Laguna de Bay, I was delighted. He and Kenneth never tired of arranging pleasant things for me to do, and I was glad indeed that I had been able to make such friends.

We were to travel in a steam launch which was bound for Santa Cruz, and our experiences began as soon as we started up the Pasig. The river-bank was bordered with dense tropical vegetation, and among the trees and vines were many native huts constructed of the nipa-palm, and standing on stilts. Men and women were gathered along the bank to wash their clothing, beating out the dirt with stones, and ruining the fabric in the operation. By noon there were no natives at all to be seen, and I concluded that they were probably taking a siesta during the heated spell.

It was a great panorama of tropical beauty I saw before me, when the launch entered the Laguna de Bay. I was reminded of the lovely lakes of Switzerland. The purple mountains stretched away as far as eye could see, and in the little

valleys along the shore were tiny Filipino villages, each with its church spire, and each flying the flag of American liberty.

Bunking with the Soldiers

We boys did not care to go as far as Santa Cruz on the first day, and about five o'clock in the afternoon the launch reached a village where we decided to disembark and spend the night. It proved to be a mere hamlet in size, and there was no hotel where we could obtain a bed for the night. We discovered, however, that a troop of the Fifth United States Cavalry was quartered in the town, and of course the soldiers said they would be glad to take care of us, if we could put up with soldier's fare. I told them that what they had would probably be delicious, compared to what we had grown accustomed to on the transport. The soldiers were sleeping in some buildings connected with the church, and when I remarked about this, they explained that the church and all its accessories were in reality the property of the United States Government. It seemed that the insurgents had been in possession of the building, and that when Uncle Sam's troops captured it, it became American property.

Of course the soldiers gave us a good supper, and after we had eaten a hearty meal of bread and beans and bacon, we started out with one of them to see the village sights. We called on several of the native families, and were able to learn something of the home life of the people. We found that they were exceedingly hospitable. In every case the mistress of the house would offer us some cigarettes, and when we refused them she was never disconcerted, but calmly lit one herself. The conversation during these calls was necessarily limited, for we boys could speak no words of the Tagala language, and our soldier friend knew only a few. After he had exchanged a few phrases with our hostess, he would get up to leave, and we couldn't help wondering whether the natives had really been much cheered by our company. The native huts were very similar in their furnishings. The floors and walls were bare, and there was hardly ever any furniture except the straw mats and the utensils which were necessary for cooking. They sat on the floor, ate from the floor, and slept on the floor.

It was after dark when we returned to the old church from our ramble. The great building stood grim and black in the centre of an open square, and it seemed a lonesome place, indeed. We three seated ourselves in the doorway, and I was listening to the harrowing account of how some soldiers had been murdered by the natives, when all at once I noticed there was music in the air. We listened as it approached us, and I couldn't help shuddering; there never was a more melancholy tune. "I guess there's a funeral coming," said the soldier. "What," I asked, "would they be having a funeral at this hour of the night?" The soldier laughed. "Of course," he replied, "the natives hold them at night, because that is the most suitable time for a celebration."



NATIVES OF THE MOUNTAINS OF LUZON



TYPES OF FILIPINO WOMEN

A Farcical Funeral

In a few minutes the procession appeared around the corner. The village friar walked first, and after him came the body of the dead, carried on the shoulders of four men. Then followed the band of musicians, playing the funeral march, and a crowd of mourners, who were howling most dismally. There was something weird and uncanny about the scene, and when the soldier suggested that we attend the service within the church, I at first refused. But afterwards I reflected that I might not have another chance to see what a Filipino funeral is like, and we went in. It was a pitiful affair, that service. The coffin was rested on the floor, near the door, for the great church was in total darkness save for a few candles carried by the funeral party. The priest murmured a few words in Latin, there was some response from the mourners, and then the procession started for the cemetery. The whole affair didn't occupy more than five minutes, and when it was over the friar went home, having performed what he considered his whole duty.

Our friend suggested that we should accompany him to the burying ground, and I promptly told him that I wasn't in the habit of visiting cemeteries at that hour of the night, and that I would rather not go. But Howard thought it would be a great lark, and I finally agreed to accompany them. We walked much faster than the funeral party, who were keeping step to a slow march, played by the band, and we reached the cemetery some time before they arrived. It was so very dark that we had difficulty in keeping in the road, and when we reached the wall we had trouble in finding the gate. Once inside, we saw the candles of the gravediggers, who were at work at the far side of the cemetery, and we went over to watch their operations. On the way, I stumbled over something which rattled like bones, and I jumped in the air and shuddered. "Do you suppose that those were bones of people?" I asked my friend. "Why, yes," he said, "but don't let that alarm you. When the natives don't pay their rent for their lots, the bones of their ancestors are simply dug up, and thrown aside. They don't mind it, so why should you?" Why indeed? Probably this was one of the queer customs of the country. The knowledge that there were bones of dead people all around me, however, didn't add to my enjoyment of the occasion, and I wished I hadn't come.

"Coffins to Let"

When the procession arrived, the coffin was placed on the ground, and the body was taken out and wrapped in a straw mat. The soldier observed my surprise at this proceeding, and explained that the coffin would be carried back to the village to be used on another occasion. "Very few of the natives in this village could afford to bury the coffin," he said. "They merely rent it for the day, and return it to the undertaker, after the body has been removed." There was no

religious service as the body was lowered into the grave. The mourners howled, and made a lot of noise, but I couldn't see that any of them shed real tears.

If there had been any feeling of sorrow at the departure of the dead, it was soon forgotten on the way back to town. The band played a lively two-step instead of a funeral march, and when the party reached the house of mourning there was dancing and feasting until the early hours of morning. Howard and I were disgusted at such lack of a sense of propriety. I felt like getting away from the Filipinos as soon as possible, and tried to banish the memory of that awful funeral from my mind. But I am afraid the cemetery scene will remain with me always, to make me distrust and dislike my Filipino "brothers."



CHAPTER LVIII

A Gimpse of the Edge of China



AFTER a few days "upcountry" Howard and I returned to Manila, and I began to make preparations to start on my homeward journey. I had expected that Timmie would leave the transport and return home with me, but he and Mr. Casey called to see me one day and explained that the plan had been upset by Captain Linder. He had insisted that Timmie would have to stay on for three weeks longer, and finish out his month. "It do beat all," remarked Mr. Casey, with feeling, "how that man contrives to make so many people unhappy. He's got the old Nick in him, sure enough." Timmie and I laughed. This was strong language from Mr. Casey, and we marveled that he should so express himself. We weren't worrying about Captain Linder now. I was out of his way for good and all, and Timmie knew he hadn't much longer to serve. Our chief concern now was to find some means by which we two could get together again.

It was my plan to go from Manila to Hong-Kong, and see something of that city and of Canton. That would give me an idea of what China is like. Then I thought I would go over to Japan, and visit some of the more interesting places in the Chrysanthemum Kingdom before returning to San Francisco. I had already arranged, through Colonel Eddy, to return from Nagasaki to America on board another transport, where I could act as assistant clerk to the Quartermaster, in payment for my board and passage. I had saved most of my wages as master-at-arms, and had earned a little more while I was in Manila, so that I felt sufficiently rich to travel a little on my own account before returning home. I suggested to Timmie that he might try to get a position of some sort on board this same transport on which I was to travel, for in that way we could cross the Pacific together, anyhow. He thought this was an excellent idea, and before I left Manila he had been successful in his effort. He would join the ship at Manila, and I would join her at Nagasaki, and everything would be all right.

I was rather sorry to say good-bye to my good friends when I left for Hong-Kong, and Mr. and Mrs. Eddy and the boys tried hard to persuade me to stay longer; but I was firm in my determination to see China and Japan, though I greatly appreciated their kindness. Mr. Casey and Timmie and a few others from the *McClellan* were at the wharf to say good-bye, and we arranged that we were all to meet in New York at Christmas time. It was a sad parting, nevertheless, for much might seem to change our plans.

Chinese Passengers

The ship on which I was to travel to Hong-Kong was not very large, and the passengers were mostly Chinese. While sailing up the China Sea I had ample time to study their singular traits of character. They paid about twelve dollars each for their passage, boarding themselves. They had a vast amount of baggage,—more trunks than a devotee of fashion on her way to Newport, for most of them had made money in Manila, and were returning to their native land to enjoy it for the remainder of their days. Each family carried a small portable furnace, a bag of charcoal, baskets of potatoes, with rice, salt-fish, shrimps, crabs, and hampers of live chickens and ducks. They waste nothing. Standing on the bridge of the steamer, I could look down upon the crowd preparing and eating their meals. All sorts go into the stew-pan when a Chinese is the cook—the chicken in bits, the tongue, the comb, the whole body down to the toes, even the intestines, after being well-washed and cleaned! Then bits of dried fish, small shrimps, dried crabs, the roe of fish, potatoes, small squashes, and other vegetables of the tropics, all cut into small pieces, mixed, stirred, and cooked. For utilizing odds and ends of food the Chinese far surpass the French, or any other nation.

The curiosity of the Chinese passengers was unbounded. They are ingenious in their way of making knickknacks—puzzles, porcelain, bamboo chairs and baskets—but they cannot comprehend machinery. They are never weary of watching the motions of the engine, and gaze by the hour, with all the wonder of children, upon the cranks, wheels, and pistons, which to them seem to be alive. It is related that many years ago, when steamers first appeared in Chinese waters, the ingenious mechanics of Canton resolved to construct a steamboat. They rigged a junk with paddle-wheels, put up a funnel, painted great eyes at the bow, and wondered why their boat didn't start. The outside was all right they knew, and they couldn't understand that the motive power was wanting.

All the Chinese on the ship were inveterate gamblers. As soon as they had finished their breakfast the majority of them prepared to spend the day in gambling, using dominoes. They stake very little at a time—playing usually for their dinner or supper. Many of them were very wealthy. They may have gone to the Philippines as coolies. Their rice cost them, perhaps, a cent a day, and out in the harbor there were lots of fish which they could catch at night. After they had earned a few dollars, they left off being coolies, and set up as small merchants, and gradually, by cheap living and careful dealings they accumulated small fortunes. Now they would be able to enjoy their ease for the rest of their days.

Gradually, as the vessel neared Hong-Kong the junks multiplied around us—unwieldy, clumsy craft, with sails so constructed that a reef can be taken instantly without going aloft; not one reef, but a half-dozen if necessary, reducing the mainsail to a small bit of canvas when the storm grows wild. The junk-builders seem to have no particular place for putting the masts. Sometimes there is but

one, which is amidships, then there is a tall mast in the middle, and a short one at the stern. A framework like a carpenter's staging is usually built out over the helm; the rudder is a clumsy affair of plank and timber, larger than that of a man-of-war.

As we approached land there was a considerable commotion among the Chinese passengers. They were nearing home, and were giving thanks to Joss by setting gilt paper on fire and throwing it overboard. They were also packing up their pots and kettles, gathering together their baskets and boxes, and straining their eyes for the land.

Land is Sighted

The Captain told me to look steadily into the northwest. Turning my eyes in that direction I saw two black specks on the horizon; a nearer view showed that they were conical hills, rising abruptly from the sea. Soon numerous other islands appeared, all of them with shores so bold that we could run within cable's length of the wave-washed rocks. The Portuguese called them the Ladrões—the "islands of thieves." Chinese pirates formerly lived upon them, and watched their opportunity to plunder native or foreign craft. The Powers have suppressed most of the pirates, but the freebooters of the China coast are not all dead. The junks are nearly all armed, for fear of these robbers of the sea.

At last we rounded a point of land, and a mountain-side covered with buildings burst into view. As we steamed into the harbor of Hong-Kong I stood on deck, gazing at the beautiful scene. The town of Hong-Kong lay to the south of us, at the foot of the mountain which rises abruptly from the sea to a height of nearly two thousand feet. It appeared to be a city of palaces—large edifices, with colonnades and verandas, the residences of the merchants. Steamers, ships and Chinese boats were all around us. Northward we could see the mainland—verdure-clad hills, lofty mountains, deep ravines, patches of yellow earth, here and there, contrasted with the greenness, lending rare beauty to the picture. The Bay of Naples is broader, that of Sidney affords a safer anchorage, perhaps, but there are few ports in the world which for beauty and picturesqueness equal Hong-Kong. It is so completely land-locked that vessels are but little exposed to the terrific typhoons which occasionally sweep over the China Sea.

Vessels visit Hong-Kong from every quarter of the globe. It is the great mail centre of the East—mails to Europe, to Australia, Batavia, Manila, Japan, and the United States. Mail steamers are leaving almost every day, and there is daily service to Canton and Macao, so that Western enterprise has made itself felt in this neighborhood. The town is said to be healthy, and the only drawback is the heat, the thermometer in the summer ranging from eighty to ninety degrees.

I went ashore in a sampan, which was propelled by a sturdy Chinese woman, and after I had settled myself in a moderate-priced hotel, I went out to look about the town. I discovered that there were almost no horses at all to be seen. A

few of the English residents keep dogcarts, but there isn't much inducement to keep horses in a place where the longest possible drive is only five miles. Nearly everybody rides about in sedan chairs, which are carried by two Chinese, or if the distance is great, by four. The chair is a kind of bamboo box, with a light frame-work; it has green painted canvas to shelter one from the sun, and curtains at the side, which may be rolled up or let down at pleasure, and is supported by two long, springing, bamboo poles, which the bearers place on their shoulders.

My first ride in one of these strange vehicles was a queer sensation. I was first lifted from the ground, and then found myself springing up and down, and moving along with a wave-like motion. I could hardly keep from laughing outright at this remarkable mode of traveling—shut up in a hen-coop, carried by men in blue cotton blouses, shoes with soles an inch thick, that turn up at the toes, and wearing hats with brims three feet in diameter, curving up from circumference to centre like the lid of a teapot, each bearer having a pigtail hanging down his back like a bell-rope.

The Curse of Opium

At night I walked through the native quarter and looked into some of the opium dens. They were all well-patronized; some of the patrons were reclining on couches, and others were lying on mats, with bamboo pillows under their heads. It was a disgusting sight to witness such degradation. The opium is first reduced from a solid to a liquid form by boiling it in water. When ready for the pipe it is about the color and consistency of tar. It is so powerful in its effects that the hundredth part of an ounce is sufficient to intoxicate a beginner, though an old stager can stand as much as a quarter of an ounce. If the drug is used regularly at a certain hour every day, the smoker in a short time cannot get past the hour without his pipe. He becomes restless, nervous, feverish, irritable, out of sorts, and endures terrible torture. After he has taken a few whiffs of the opium he is the happiest of mortals.

Once a man has formed the habit of taking opium, there is no breaking it off. The victim is doomed. It is an expensive habit, and costs the inveterate smoker about fifteen dollars a month. The vice in a short time leads to listlessness, indolence, neglect of business, incapacity, disease and horrible death. The Chinese have a saying that opium smokers make the night day and the day night. Those who give themselves up to the pipe are called "opium devils," and the name is surely appropriate. The story of the forcing of the opium trade upon China is known to the world, and will always remain one of the darkest blots upon the history of the English people, who waged the war of 1840 ostensibly to avenge an insult to the British flag, but in reality to force opium upon a government laboring to suppress the traffic. No excuse can be offered for the conduct of England; it will ever stand forth in history as the high-handed barbarian act of a nation which puts forth the highest claims to civilization.

CHAPTER LIX

Canton, a Typical Chinese City



ONE day was sufficient for me to visit the principal points of interest in Hong-Kong, and on the morning following my arrival I boarded a steamer for Canton, one of the most typical of Chinese cities. There is a fine line of vessels running between the two cities, and the accommodations would have been creditable to any American boat. A few Europeans and Americans had the forward deck to themselves, the first-class cabin passengers having that portion of the steamer. The upper deck aft was filled with Chinese who were traveling first-class, and these people passed the hours on board in smoking or in gambling. Second-class natives crammed the lower deck, and I was glad that I had saved my money and could now afford to travel with the Europeans. Although the natives could travel on junks for one-third the cost of a passage by steamer, they prefer to pay the higher price and make a fast trip. The Chinese are not slow to accept some of the appliances of modern civilization. They patronize the steamers and the railroads, and engineers have been encouraged to lay out new lines as rapidly as possible. No Chinese will ever go on foot if he has money enough to ride.

We steamed out of the harbor, past the ships of war and other vessels which were at anchor, and gained the bay, which lies to the west of the island of Hong-Kong. The town of Macao, where the Portuguese, in advance of all Western nations, obtained a foothold in China, lies upon the southern side of the bay. It has lost its commercial importance, and is now a seaside resort of the Europeans of Hong-Kong.

Fifty miles of steaming brought us to the site of the Bogue forts, which were the scene of so much fighting in former days. Nowadays the grass is springing fresh and green where the mandarins marshaled their soldiers. The scenery in the neighborhood is charming; no high mountains, but a succession of hills, which, combined with the water views, make it a locality of rare beauty. The river is deep enough for the largest ships to reach Whampoa, the port of Canton. This town is an uninviting place, many of the houses being built upon bamboo poles thrust into the mud. Many foreign ships were at anchor here, taking in cargoes of tea, or waiting their turn in the dry-dock, which foreign capital has built on the southern bank of the river, where there are also shipyards for the repairing of steamers. A little farther up the stream we passed among a great fleet of salt junks, with enormous eyes at the bow, with flaming dragons painted on the sides

—so lumbering and crazy to all appearance, that a single wave would crush them; but they sail boldly out to sea and down the coast, and return safely with their cargoes.

The Metropolis of China

The main portion of Canton, with its population of nearly two million, lies on the north bank, in a bend of the river. The name was given to the city by the Portuguese, who called it after the province of Kwang-tong, of which it is the chief city. Hundreds of boats are moored along the shore of the river, or swing at anchor in the stream. They swarmed around our steamer, loaded to the water's edge with chests of tea. There was a great struggle for the first chance at our gangway, and much quarreling among the boat men and women. In the West, such struggling would probably be accompanied by bruised faces and bleeding noses, but these easy-going Celestials wage only a war of words. Seldom do they come to blows over such provocations, for the Chinese are usually loath to fight.

Many of the boats in the river at Canton are occupied by whole families, and terrible accidents sometimes happen to them. Often they are drawn under the great paddle-wheels of a steamer, and the frail crafts smashed to kindlings. When this happens it is the demolishing of a house, the breaking up of a home. While the poor wretches are struggling in the water, instead of picking them up, their neighbors are plundering the wreck. This is certainly one of the worst phases of Chinese character. Human life in China is cheap because there is so much of it, and property is dear because there is so little of it; and perhaps it is only natural that they should seek to save that which will be most valuable to them. They will draw in a floating chest, and help themselves to its contents, before they will think of throwing a rope to the owner. It is hard for an American to understand such an attitude in a human being.

There are not a great number of Americans and Europeans resident in Canton, and this is not to be wondered at, for the city is not an attractive place in which to live. Beyond the rowboats in the river I looked upon a vast collection of mean houses. Here and there a square brick tower could be seen rising above the roofs, and I was told that these were the pawnbroker's establishments. Away out on the hills—the White Cloud Hills, as they are called—toward the north, is the outer wall of the city, and a great square building in the Chinese style of architecture, called the "Five-storied Pagoda." Westward rises a spire, that of the English church. There is hardly another dome or tower to relieve the dreary monotony of low roofs, and there is nothing else to attract the eye.

Characteristics of the City

It is said that in Canton, better than in any other city, one can study the characteristics of old China, for the city has changed but little in recent times.



A STREET IN HONG-KONG



INTERIOR OF AN OPIUM DEN IN CANTON

After leaving the steamer I passed down a narrow passage, and soon found myself in one of the principal streets, which would be classed as a lane or alley in an American town. The widest thoroughfare in the city would scarcely admit a carriage drawn by horses. Keeping the points of the compass in mind, so that I could find my way back to the foreign quarter, I entered the labyrinth of streets. The houses generally are two stories in height, with tiled roofs, projecting eaves overhanging balconies—shops in the lower story, rooms for the family above. Nearly every door-post, cornice, curved roof and ridge-pole is adorned with dragons. Each shop has an elaborate perpendicular sign-board, painted in brilliant colors, while flags and banners are suspended from cords across the street. The ignorant foreigner is led to think that he has struck some great holiday, when in reality this is only the ordinary appearance of the streets.

The goods in the various shops are displayed in a most tempting manner, and I longed for money with which to buy some of the beautiful things I saw. There were porcelain vases, worth hundreds of dollars; lacquered wares, elaborately ornamented; silk robes, elegantly embroidered; fans manufactured from peacock's tails, for the Chinese officials, and glittering sedans for the wealthy classes. The street was filled with a motley crowd. Hucksters with baskets or trays on their heads were shouting with shrill voices the excellence of their vegetables, and the jinrikisha men were yelling constantly for people to get out of their way.

In the markets, there were all sorts of food on sale. Beside the carcasses of little pigs were hanging the carcasses of fine, fat curs, and there were any number of puppies and little kittens on sale, to be utilized as food. In some shops were to be seen rats and mice, for though I had never believed that the Chinese would eat these animals, I discovered that the tales in the school readers were not exaggerated, but only too true. In a country so densely populated as China, everything that can assist in sustaining life must be brought into requisition.

At a Native Concert

There is one street in Canton which is the resort of minstrels, fortune-tellers, gamblers, astrologers and quack doctors. I passed a building in which a company of musicians were giving a concert, and I decided to attend. I worked my way through the crowd at the door, and when I had entered I was invited to take a seat immediately in front of the performers, who were three women sitting on a raised platform, with faces painted vermilion, and their hair stiffly starched and decorated with flowers. Their voices were shrill and sharp, and their singing was little more than a distressing wail. They were accompanied by an orchestra composed of a one-stringed fiddle, a drum and a gong, which made a deafening noise. I soon had enough of this so-called music, and was glad to reach the street again, where the noise was less penetrating. The crowd in the street is always

interesting. I noticed a number of them stop for a minute at the gambling-stalls, to try their luck at cards, dice or dominoes. The stakes were usually a few "cash"—small copper coins, ten of them equivalent to a cent. Nearly all Chinese have a passion for gambling, and when they have nothing else, they do not hesitate to pledge their clothing. The fortune-tellers, too, were doing a rushing business, numerous young men being apparently anxious to learn what the fates might have in store for them.

After I had tired of wandering through the streets, I took a ride in a sampan, to see something of the life along the river. For captain and crew I had a woman and a girl, and I was interested to learn that the girl could speak some few words of "pigeon English," which is a queer mixture of several languages, much used in business transactions. "Pigeon," is the best pronunciation which the Chinese can give of the word "business," hence the name. I could scarcely understand anything the girl said, though she was persevering in her effort to carry on a conversation. The river at Canton abounds in fish, and thousands of poor wretches, who have no other home than their boats, draw a large portion of their sustenance from the water. Fish are reared for the market in ponds, but those which ascend the river from the sea are taken in vast numbers by hook and line, by nets and by trained cormorants. These birds have a great appetite for fish, a keen eye to see, and are expert in catching them. The fisherman makes them work not only for their own living, but for his. A ring is slipped upon the neck of the bird, to prevent it from swallowing the fish. It dives, appears with its prey, is taken on board the boat, fed a few morsels, just enough to sharpen its appetite, tossed over again, to reappear perhaps without a fish, when it is chastised, and tossed rudely into the water without being fed.


Docile Ducks

There are many animals which live in boats and never experience the sensation of stepping on dry land until they are taken to market. Large numbers of ducks are reared on the river in boats set apart for the purpose. They are hatched in ovens, and soon learn to obey the quack of their master or mistress. They are permitted to take a swim several times a day, but a call from the keeper brings them quickly on board. The last one usually receives a good drubbing, which so quickens its memory that it is seldom tardy a second time. They are kept until full-grown, and are then sold for a good price in the markets.

Certainly there are no more economical people in the world than the Chinese. They slave away, day after day; living on almost nothing. I found it depressing to be among people who were obliged to put up with such extreme discomfort, and I longed more than ever to be back in America, where every man has enough to eat and wear, at the least. No wonder the Chinese swarmed into California, where they could not only live in comfort, but grow rich at the same time.

CHAPTER LX

The Chrysanthemum Kingdom

 FROM Canton I returned to Hong-Kong, and after two days in that city I sailed for Nagasaki, the western port of Japan, and one of the principal commercial cities of the Orient. The harbor of Nagasaki is approached through a narrow inlet, which is so concealed from view by small islands that mariners unacquainted with the coast are sometimes puzzled to find it. Not till we were close inshore could I see any opening among the hills, and then, as we steamed through the narrow passage, I saw before me one of the most beautiful bays to be found in a journey round the world.

Before me was the island of Pappenberg, a conical hill barely a mile in circumference, with a perpendicular precipice a hundred feet high upon the southern side. When Christianity was suppressed, more than three hundred years ago, it was the scene of a terrible slaughter. Twenty thousand men, women, and children were driven up the slope, upon the northern side, and pitched headlong down the declivity upon the rocks below. No Christian is allowed to visit this place, but our ship passed within a cable's length of the rocks on which the martyrs to the faith gave up their lives. Fishermen were casting their nets along the shore, where the mangled bodies were tumbled into the deep. The tall, gray cliff, with its emerald crown, is an everlasting memorial to the martyred dead:

Like sheep to slaughter led,
Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate;
For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
In patient virtue great.

The harbor is formed by a deep indentation of the coast, two miles in length, about a mile wide, and surrounded by high hills. At the right hand, as a ship enters, are the residences of the foreigners on the hillside, and beyond them is the city, with its suburbs rising upon the slopes of the lofty hills. It has a population estimated at about a hundred and fifty thousand. The streets are wider than those of Chinese cities, cross at right angles, and are well paved. Everything that I saw in this first city of Japan created an excellent impression upon me, after my visit to China. The people are hardier than the Chinese, have a more manly physique, and are less mild-tempered. The only way in which I could see that they were inferior to the Chinese was in their moral nature. Young women go about the streets clad in a single garment, and it is no unusual sight to see a family

bathing in their own house, without taking the trouble to place a screen between themselves and the open door. In the public bath-houses, men, women and children lay aside their clothing and bathe together with as much freedom as a flock of ducks. The handsomest buildings in the native quarter of Nagasaki, as in many other Japanese cities, are devoted to immoral uses. The keepers of the establishments purchase girls of their parents, lodge them in good apartments, teach them to dance, sing, play, or write, and instruct them in domestic economy. It is said that a girl in such an establishment has a far better chance of obtaining a husband than those who are not thus educated. Such are morals in Japan.

First Views of Japan

Conditions, however, are improving every year. The Japanese are becoming more sensitive to the opinion of Western nations, and are beginning to realize that truly civilized nations have a greater sense of modesty. One meets with strange contrasts in going around the world. In Egypt and India modesty consists in covering the face, even though the body may be exposed; but in Japan it has not been thought immodest to expose face and body alike.

Girls belonging to the upper classes practice music, painting, and the composition of poetry. Their music is not so thunderous and ear-splitting as that of the Chinese, but it is equally wanting in rhythm and harmony. Their voices are invariably pitched in a high key when they sing, and their songs are nothing more than wailings. They are more accomplished in painting than in music, though their mistakes in perspective are often amusing to Western eyes. It is nothing unusual to see a picture with a boat in the foreground, in which are several gayly dressed ladies, one of them holding an umbrella which shelters several vessels in a distant harbor, as well as a large town surrounded by groves and gardens. In brilliant coloring the Japanese are unsurpassed. Boxes, screens, tea-trays and other articles are seen displayed in the bazaars, highly ornamented. Usually the designs are rude attempts at landscape, with Fujiyama, the "matchless mountain" of the empire, as a prominent feature. The stork, the guardian bird of Japan, is another frequent figure.

In Nagasaki, as in Canton, I longed to purchase some of the beautiful things I saw in the shops, but I knew that if I was to reach New York safely, and accomplish my plan of working my way around the world, I would have to be very careful about my expenditures. There were several places I wanted to visit in Japan, and I must take care to have sufficient money for railroad fare when I reached San Francisco.

The Beautiful Inland Sea

From Nagasaki I sailed through the Inland Sea to visit Osaka, one of the chief commercial cities of Japan. It is one of the most interesting voyages in the



GOING TO THE TEMPLE IN KOBE



A BUSINESS STREET IN KIOTO

world. The beautiful scenery begins as soon as one leaves the harbor and continues until another port is reached. Ten miles north of the entrance to Nagasaki harbor is seen a wonderful specimen of natural architecture—two granite columns, one hundred and fifty feet high, at a guess, and fifty feet apart, rugged, sharpened at the top, with a great boulder of a thousand tons, chucked like a wedge between the pillars, forming a stupendous gateway through which an entire squadron of ships might sail in grand procession. One wonders how it ever came there. By what volcanic upheaval was it tossed high in the air, to fall like a wedge into its position? Or did it tumble from a mountain cliff which had been worn away by the waves. Certainly there is nothing so wonderful as the handiwork of God, which brings into existence such marvels.

The course for a hundred and fifty miles was along the western shore of Kiusiu. The climate of this region is said to be variable, but far more healthy than the corresponding coast of China. The country is all well-wooded, owing to the care taken by the government to preserve the forests. People are not allowed to cut down a tree until they have planted one to take its place. The bamboo, pine, and oak grow side by side, and their great contrast is a pleasing feature of the Japanese landscape. The Straits of Si-mo-na-sa-ki, through which the Inland Sea is reached, is the great waterway of the Japanese Empire, the passage between Nippon and Kiusiu. After passing through, one of the officers pointed out the island of Siro-sima, distinguished by rocks, which rise perpendicularly three hundred feet from the sea, seamed, scarred, worn by the waves, crumbled by storms and shaken by earthquakes. The passengers look into deep caverns, and hear the surf thundering in the grottoes of the rocks.

The southern mainland is a panorama of beauty. The hillsides are beautifully terraced, set off with shrubbery, groves, orchards, houses in sunny nooks, and a cemetery with white headstones. People from the town are strolling along a sandy beach, and hundreds of boats are dancing on the waves in a sheltered cove. The steamer sweeps past numerous islands, green gems on the glassy deep, and we catch glimpses of pleasant homes—snug cottages, almost hid from sight by the dense foliage of overhanging trees.

"Loveliest Scenery in the World"

Early the following morning the passengers were roused from sleep by the stewards. "If you want to gaze upon the loveliest scenery in the world," said the mate, as we reached the deck, "now is your time."

He had not exaggerated, for before us we beheld the glories of the Inland Sea in the light of the approaching dawn. Our course was towards the rising sun. About us were the beauties of a thousand isles. Some of them were but specks on the water—emerald gems in settings of polished silver. On the larger ones there were fields, forests, wooded hills, shaded ravines, and mountain cliffs—

beautiful beyond description. The passengers stood entranced and speechless before the ever-changing loveliness, and we all gazed until our eyes grew weary. How I wished that all my friends could behold the indescribable glories of this Inland Sea.

When we finally reached Osaka, I remained there only one day. It is one of the great cities of the empire, and is known as the Venice of Japan, being traversed by a river and numerous canals. It is said that there are more than five hundred bridges across the streams, all of them of stone, and of fine architectural beauty. The inhabitants are thrifty, and engage principally in the manufacture of cotton goods, silk, sugar, paper and the products of flax. I was interested, of course, in all that I saw of the people and their manner of living. Japan was a country which differed in almost every respect from every other place I had visited, and practically everything I saw was new.

From Osaka I made an excursion to Kioto, one of the wealthiest cities of the empire, and for a long time the capital of the Mikado. There was much there to see, and I would have remained a longer time if I had been less anxious to reach Yokohama and Tokio. Already I was wishing that I had planned to spend several weeks in this delightful country, but it was too late now to change my plans. The transport would doubtless be at Nagasaki at the appointed time, and I would have to be there, too, if I wanted to reach San Francisco.



CHAPTER LXI

More of Japan—Across the Pacific



THE capital of Japan is of course the chief point of interest in the eastern section of the empire. To reach it I was obliged to travel to Yokohama, which is only twelve miles from Tokio, and from which there is an excellent railway. Yokohama is the great centre of foreign traffic in Japan. Twenty-five years ago it was an insignificant fishing village, but to-day it has a large population and an ever-increasing importance as a commercial mart. The western half of the city is occupied by the foreign merchants. It is regularly laid out, the streets crossing at right angles, and there are many modern improvements which show the energy of the foreign inhabitants.

I spent no time in Yokohama, being desirous of devoting all my hours to seeing something of Tokio, which was formerly known as Yedo Yedo, which means "river door." It is situated at the head of the bay at the mouth of what the Japanese call the "Great River," though in the United States it would be classed as an insignificant stream. The city proper is divided into three parts—the Siro, or castle; the Soto-Siro, or outside of the castle; and the Midzi, consisting of the town and suburbs. The castle is a city by itself, containing the palace of the Mikado, the residences of the royal family and of the principal statesmen. These royal palaces have little of the magnificence of the palaces of Europe, and it is only within the past few years that they have been furnished with any of the modern conveniences which we consider so necessary to our comfort in America. Since the Japanese have admitted foreigners to residence in Tokio, and since so many of them have traveled in Western countries, they have greatly changed their manner of living, so that the Mikado is now surrounded by much of the luxury of European courts. Many of the well-to-do natives wear European dress, and the officials and government servants are attired in uniforms modeled on Western styles.

The Capital City

That portion of the city called the Soto-Siro is the only one that is densely populated. Here the tides of life flow from morning till night, but the other sections of the city are almost as quiet as a country town. The eastern suburb, on an island, containing an area of seven square miles, is a retired locality. It is traversed by canals, which are the boundaries of municipalities. In the western section, upon the streets leading to the bridges, are shops and warehouses. Farther

eastward are residences of merchants, temples, and palaces of the nobility. The Midzi, or suburbs, contain an area of about twenty-four square miles, in which are numerous fine residences and temples. The entire area of the city is about thirty-six square miles. Tokio was formerly considered to be the most populous city in the world, but it is now credited with less than two million inhabitants, and is therefore surpassed by London, New York and Paris, and probably by Chicago.

I think I was rather disappointed in what I saw of Tokio. There are few handsome shops, no triumphal arches, no statues, no monuments; nothing of what constitutes the beauty of the Occidental capitals. The Japanese dwellings, though extremely clean, are small, and look rather poor to American eyes. The parks and temples are interesting, but the streets are not exactly what one would expect to find in the capital city of a great and powerful empire like Japan. The city is being rapidly improved, and perhaps it will one day deserve the reputation for splendor and magnificence which has been given it by some writers. The temples were much like those at Nagasaki and Osaka in their general appearance, yet they presented sufficient variation to make them worth visiting. They help one to become acquainted with the habits, customs and religious life of the Japanese.

A journey to the beautiful town of Nikko completed my Japanese experiences, and I returned to Nagasaki to await the arrival of the ship which was to take me home. I wasn't sorry when I saw it steam into the harbor, and I waited impatiently at the landing-stage to see whether Timmie would be among those who came ashore. I knew that he would probably land in the first boat load if he were on board, and, sure enough, I discovered him waving his hat from the launch which had gone out to get the ship's laundry. We were both delighted to see one another again, and hired a jinrikisha to drive us about town, so that we could talk over our individual experiences since I left Manila.

"I have a piece of news for you," said Timmie, after we had been riding a few minutes. "What is it?" I asked, for I couldn't imagine what he could have heard that would interest me. "Your friends, the Eddy boys, are on the ship, and are going home to America," he said, "and they want us to meet them at the landing-stage at one o'clock."

A Happy Meeting

This was indeed surprising news. Howard and Kenneth had said nothing about returning to the United States for several months. I could hardly wait for one o'clock to arrive, so that I could see for myself that they were in Nagasaki, and were really going home with us. When we met them, and the greetings were over, they explained that they were going home to attend school, since their father would probably have to remain in Manila for a year or two longer. "My," exclaimed Howard, "won't we four have a jolly time across the Pacific."

We did have a jolly time. I found the Quartermaster of the transport to be



A COMMON VEHICLE IN RURAL JAPAN



IRRIGATING FIELDS OF RICE

an exceedingly pleasant man, and my duties as his assistant clerk were not at all difficult. We boys found plenty of time to get together, and we couldn't help contrasting conditions with those which had existed on the *McClellan*. We often talked over the experiences of the voyage out from New York. Some of them had been very unpleasant at the time of their occurrence, but they all seemed pleasant enough in retrospect. "I bet you'd take the whole trip over again if you had the chance," said Kenneth, one day. "I don't believe I would," was my reply. "There are parts of it which I wouldn't mind repeating, but there others that I'm willing to miss."

There was nothing very exciting about the voyage across the Pacific. There was hardly ever a ship to be seen on all the broad expanse of water, and we sighted no land after the coast of Japan had disappeared until we saw the Golden Gate. We had the usual experience of living through an extra day in the calendar, and it was the source of much amusement on board. All vessels coming East, across the 180th meridian, add the extra day in order to equalize the time between the two hemispheres, and a number of our passengers were greatly concerned for fear that we would have two Sundays in one week. It happened, however, that we crossed the meridian on Saturday, and so we had the queer experience of going to bed on Saturday night, and rising again on Saturday morning, according to the ship's calendar.

The Extra Day

There was one dear old lady on board who insisted that there couldn't be two Saturdays in one week, and that the second one was in reality the Sabbath Day. She was horrified when she observed a game of quoits in progress on the deck. "You'll be sorry," she said, "when you reach San Francisco, and find that you were playing games on the Lord's Day."

During the rest of the voyage her calendar was all upset. According to her reckoning we held religious services on Monday, instead of on Sunday, and she insisted that we would reach San Francisco on a Tuesday. When she found by the newspapers that it was only Monday, after all, she hardly knew what to think, and probably she hasn't yet straightened the matter in her mind.

It was very easy for me to understand why the extra day was necessary. In crossing the Atlantic and in going through the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, the clock had been put forward about twenty minutes each night, while I was asleep. In this way I regularly lost a part of my sleeping-time. I figured that when I reached the Pacific I had about twenty-four hours due me in sleep, and I jokingly told the Quartermaster that I didn't expect to get out of bed on the extra day. But I worked as usual, and probably I will never regain the sleep that I lost.

We were all delighted to arrive in San Francisco, where everything is in such striking contrast to the scenes of the Orient. In the majestic harbor we

looked upon a forest of masts; tow-boats moving across the harbor, with great ships in their wake, like ants tugging at burdens thrice their size. Before us was the great city spread over the hills, house above house, steeple beyond steeple; streets crowded with cars, coaches, drays, and alive with well-dressed, well-fed, happy human beings. School-children were housed in comfortable buildings, studying their lessons. The screaming of the locomotive echoed across the bay from Oakland. In this city were to be found all comforts and luxuries; we were back again in the land of law, religion and liberty. "There's nothing like it in all the world," said Timmie, as we stood together on the deck, viewing the scene before us. "Now that I'm back, you can bet I'm going to stay awhile."

"That's the way I feel, too," said I.






BUSY MARKET STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO



FIRST GLIMPSE OF AMERICA FROM THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER LXII

America Again—Fourth Trip Abroad

T was about eight months after the evening when I first determined to go around the world, that a crowd of my friends were gathered in Jack Irwin's house. They were there to welcome me home from my trip, and to congratulate me upon my success in accomplishing my ambition. It was a memorably pleasant occasion, for after many months of absence it was delightful to be back once more among these friends who had followed me around the world with their good wishes. "You've got to tell us all about it," said Jack, and he sat back in his chair, as if he really expected that I could tell about a 27,000 mile journey in a couple of hours.

I was glad to narrate the principal incidents of the trip, and they were interested in hearing how I managed to work my way for such a distance. They knew that I had worked my way, because I had more money on my return than when I had started, and none of it had been received from the United States. So I described my experiences as Jimmy Legs, and how I had earned some money in the Philippines and had then traveled through Japan and China. No doubt it seemed a remarkable story. I had taken one of the most interesting trips imaginable, had visited parts of four continents, had traveled more than 27,000 miles in all, and had returned with money in my pocket.

It was delightful to be again in the neighborhood of New York, for I had learned to appreciate the beauties of that city more than ever before. In all the world there are but three truly aggressive nations—England, America and Russia—and together they are to give civilization to seven hundred millions of the human race. I returned home feeling proud that I belonged to America, whose influence in the Far East has been so beneficent and far-reaching. I lost many prejudices during my trip, and I gained some new views. It is evident to any traveler that America does not possess all the virtues in the world. We have something yet to learn. If we have larger liberty than any other people, we must confess, on the other hand, that there are no cities anywhere so badly governed as some that we have in the United States. It will be possible for us to revise our liberty without detriment to ourselves. America has become the great teacher of the nations, and we should realize the importance of our position. The people of Europe are keeping step to the march of the great Republic. Our country is moving on as no other nation ever advanced, and the world is following in our path.

It was my expectation that my journey around the world would complete my traveling experiences for many months to come, but when I read of the coronation of King Edward which was to take place in London in 1903, I couldn't resist the desire to be present for that celebration. So I crossed the ocean once again, and when the festivities were over, I went to Holland to interview Paul Kruger, the heroic ex-President of the South African Republic. That experience alone was enough to repay me for the trip.

I have crowded a great many adventures and a great deal of traveling into five years, and they have been years that I will always remember. It is an education to travel and see the world, a better education in some respects than can be obtained in any other way. I have learned a great deal about life and human nature, and most that I have learned has been encouraging. I have found that men and women all over the world, as well as in America, are always glad and willing to help those who help themselves, and that a rolling stone, if it gathers no moss, certainly gets a deal of polish.

THE END.

